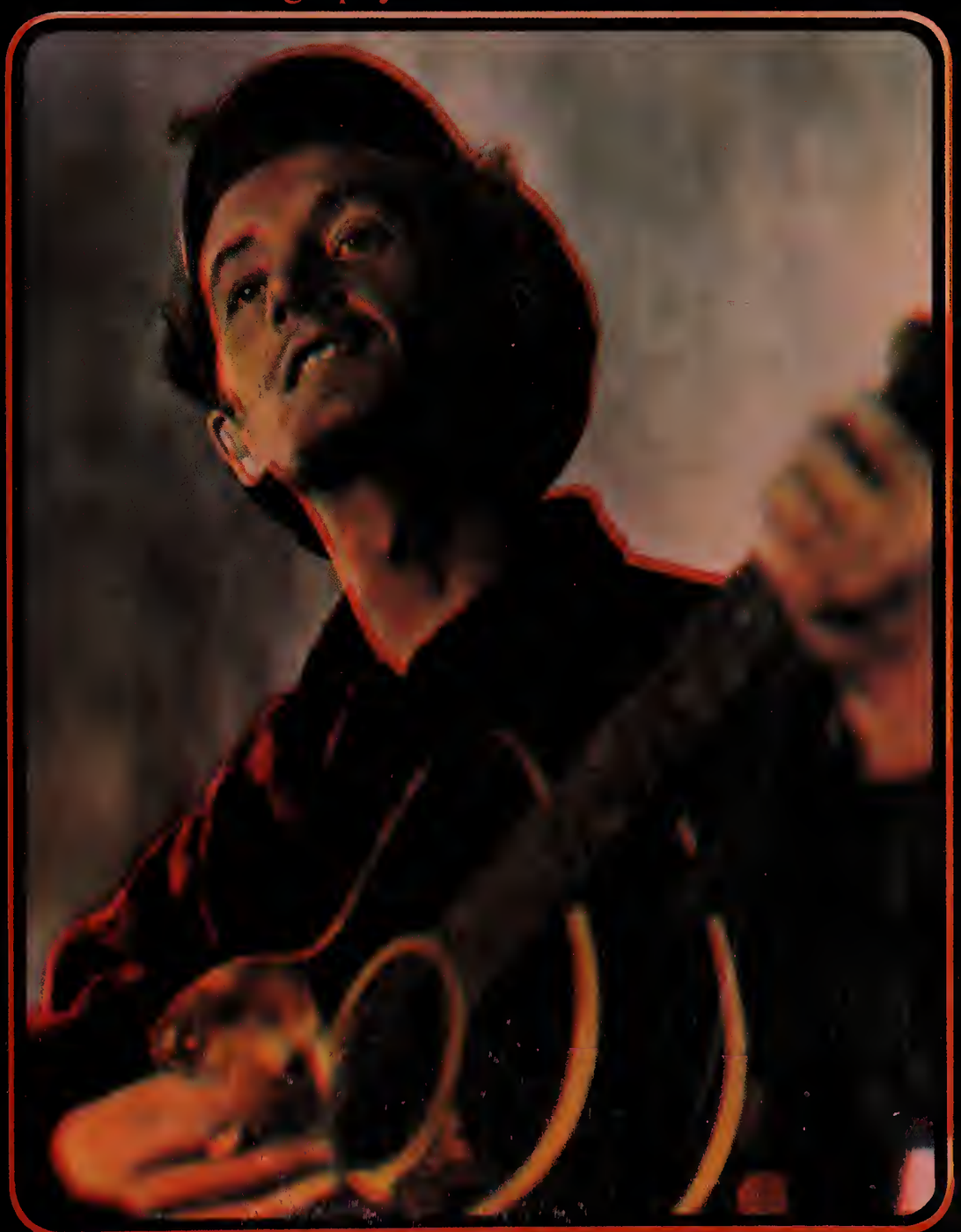
The Woody Guthrie Songbook

Complete Music and Lyrics for Sixty Original Songs,
Writings, Drawings, Memorabilia, and a
Pictorial Biography of America's Great Folk Hero



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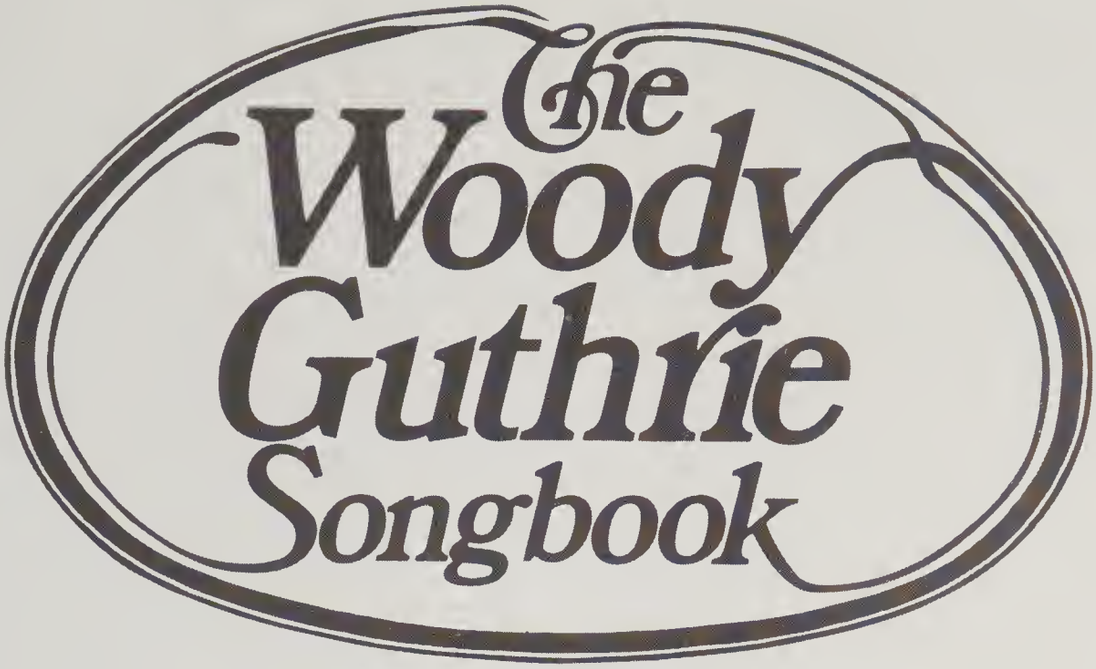

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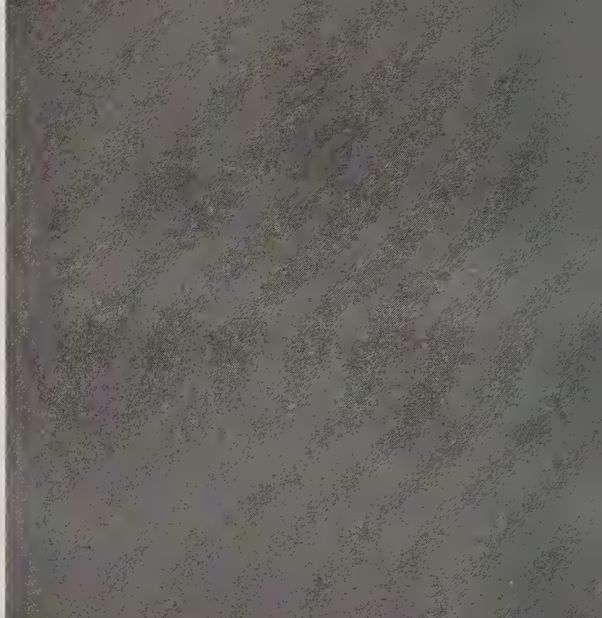
"I knew that my trail would be a story that whirls, and a song that spins in the middle of the sun, a hunt for the universe on the points of our needles. I knew the tale would be a freewheeler, a quick starter, but a high running, circling chorus that keeps on repeating over and over, and would sing every song to be sung under the one tune and the one name and would shake under the fires and gates and furnaces, a track that would go everywhere. . . ."

Woody Guthrie
American Folksong



The quintessential Woodrow Wilson Guthrie, as photographed by Robin Carson for Bound for Glory, *Woody's autobiography, in 1943.*

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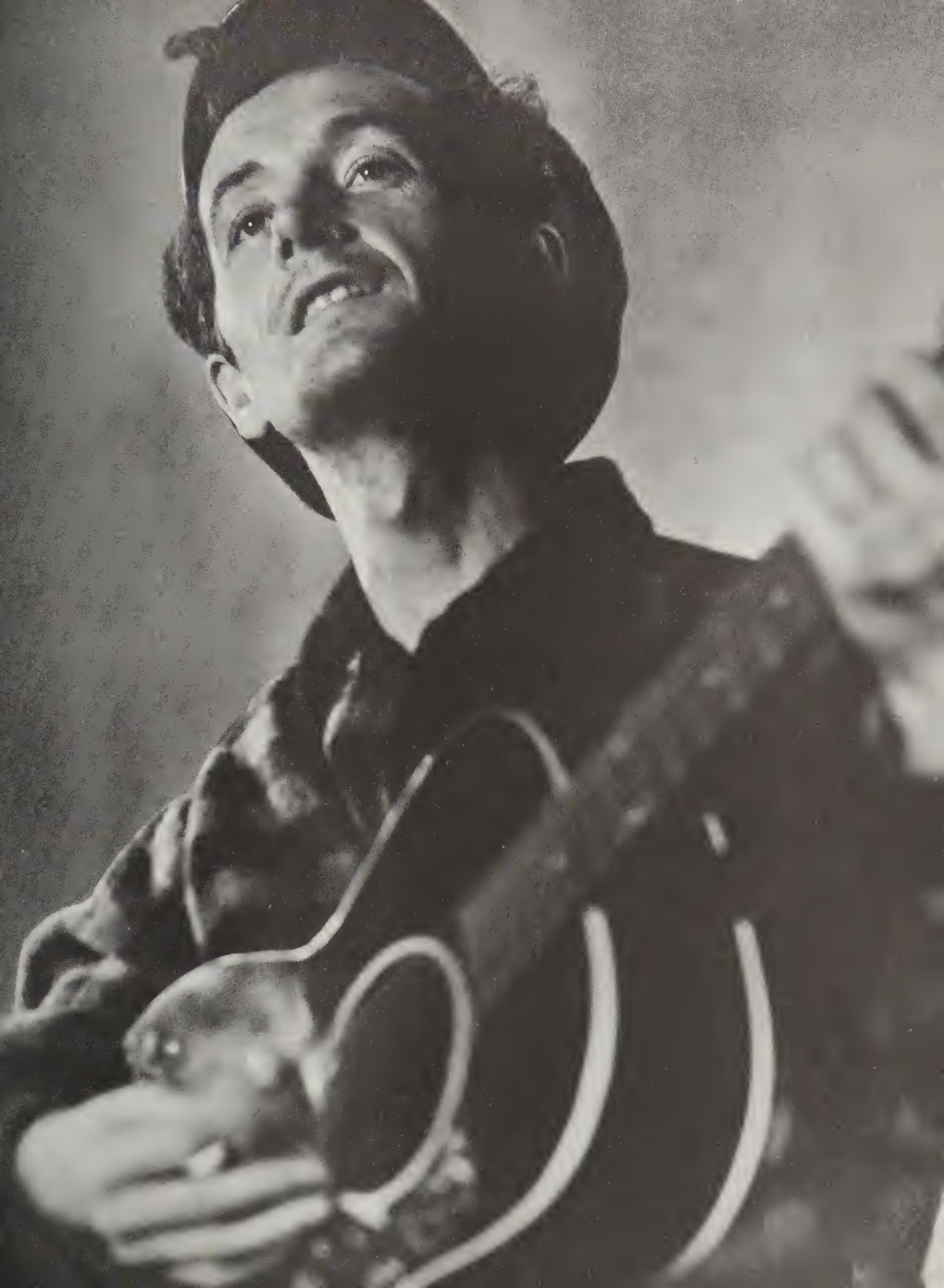


Early Woody

by Will Geer

It was the summer that Hitler marched into Poland. That was the summer that Woody Guthrie and our Folksay troupe of four took off for the lettuce fields of Brawley, the date orchards of Indio, and the grape yards of Arvin and Weed Patch. We played in the migratory camps, sang ballads, and did sketches, little plays they were, wherein I was a banker, Woody a tailor, and Glen Gordon a farmer. We played Woody's "Ballad of the Philadelphia Lawyer," wherein he was the cowboy, Herta Ware was the Hollywood maiden, and I was the Philadelphia lawyer.

Most of our audience came from the Oklahoma Dust Bowl and roared and slapped their thighs when Woody sang about familiar things in his songs, such as "The Dust Bowl Blues," "Do Re Mi," and "So Long," We traveled north and swam naked in the Kern River. We went south and floated belly up in the Salton Sea. We went back to Arvin and played for a thousand Oakies. We heard that Woody's wife Mary was in labor in Glendale and took off in Woody's old tin lizzie. Coming down the Grapevine, a front wheel came off the car and rolled down the road ahead of us. "Hell's bells," cried Woody, "let's catch up with it!" Well, we did and landed in the ditch. When we got to the hospital, Woody's first boy was born. He named it William, after me, and just twenty-one years later William was killed in another such automobile accident.

Woody had got his job in *Fight for Life*, because his wife was "fragant," as he called that state of motherhood. He had a nice little scene in it out at the back lot of the old Columbia Ranch. He sat on the steps of a New York brownstone and waited to hear a baby's birth cry. The lady hairdresser had to use a curling iron and flat iron to press down Woody's reluctant curly locks, but it was all for naught, because Woody's scene ended up on the cutting room floor. The fact that there has never been an actual piece of film on Woody is a tragedy in itself, for there will probably be many films made on his life. They will never be able to capture his spirit of life, his perky little walk and talk, or the saint and the devil that was in him, 'cause he was forever showing those two sides of his Human Coin.

Perhaps not even film could have captured that spirit of enquiry or the great sense of compassion which drove Woody to write whole ballads about the state of Los Angeles traffic, the condition of the Lincoln Heights jail, a young girl lost in a well, a boat sinking—and all of it sort of bound up with what, to me, was the greatest thing he ever said: "I finally learned *how*, if not *why*, 98% of the people spend 98% of their time trying to hide the little simple facts of life, truth and love, from one another." Is it any wonder we don't even have pictures, photographs of him, that express all this? The sculptress Melba Arthur, who's doing Woody's bust, says she has only a dozen pictures of Woody and every one looks different. Isn't that odd, because during his time, everybody said Woody's songs all sounded alike? Now they're beginning to realize that there were a lot of real hits still lingering around in Woody's books. It makes me think of the songs he used to scribble off on an old piece of grocery sack and put in our icebox, as payment for some goodie he picked out. That's the astonishing thing about Woody, how prolific he was. He'd write a new ballad every hour or two. He wrote constantly all day long and for the thousands of ballads we have, there's literally hundreds of thousands we don't have. The fact that chorea (Huntington's) got him when he was forty and stopped the brain from going is an almighty sad thing. As Burl Ives put it the other day: "Woody was the authentic genius of our time."

At our first uptown Hootenanny in 1939, Alan Lomax compared Woody to Walt Whitman, and nowadays the students crowded around our Folksay Concerts ask me: "Where did Whitman say, 'I see nothing obscene, no

matter where my Ten Senses scrounge around!'?'' He didn't, that's pure *Woody!* It's fun to scramble Woody and Whitman up together on the subject of love or ecology.

One of the great joys of life is discovering someone that feels and thinks as you do and won't let you keep it bottled up inside. Such a one was Woody. He loved to force you out of hibernation and get you mad enough to spit back.

Not only was Woody a good guitar picker, he was a great teacher too. One day I pulled him out of one of those big radio stations advertising ''six or seven watts,'' where he was amazing everybody by taking old tunes and adding new lyrics to them, right off the top of his head. As we were leaving, someone asked: ''Woody, would you teach me how to play the guitar?'' ''Shore thing,'' said Woody. ''Just plank your ass against a barn, start fiddlin' with the strings, and when you get a crowd around you big enough to take up a collection, you know how to play the guitar.'' Pretty sound advice for anyone that desires recognition in the theatre of Life.

It was the tail end of the thirties when Woody hitched across the country to join us in Tobacco Road and Skid Row. He stopped in Oklahoma long enough to put on his long johns for the Blizzard of '38. The words that swirled through his head came straight from his heart.

> This land is your land, this land is my land,
> From California to the New York Island;
> From the redwood forest, to the Gulf Stream waters;
> This land was made for you and me.

If Congress ever gets this country back on the road, it should declare Woody's song Our National Anthem. ''Love and Truer than most,'' as Woody sez.

As Woody put it, ''Okemah was one of the singingest, square dancingest, drinkingest, yellingest, preachingest, walkingest, talkingest, laughingest, cryingest, shootingest, fist fightingest, bleedingest, gamblingest, gun, club, and razor carryingest of our ranch and farm towns, because it blossomed out into one of our first Oil Boom Towns.''

woody
Guthrie

Charlie Guthrie clerking in a store in Pampa, Texas (left), sometime before his marriage. The Guthries (right), circa 1922. Woody's brother George is seated on the ground at Charlie's feet. Woody (wearing straw hat), was about nine at this time. Nora Belle Guthrie is standing in the rear and is beginning to show signs of the Huntington's disease that put her in the hospital by the time Woody reached fourteen.

The Guthrie home (Old London House) in Okemah, Oklahoma, still stands. In Bound for Glory, *Woody describes how all the kids would gather on his porch—the highest spot in town—to watch the freight trains in the distance.*

This Train Is Bound for Glory

by Edward Robbin

Woody's high school picture, Okemah, where he spent two years (front row, center). Although he did not receive much formal education, he became a totally self-educated man and read voraciously throughout his life.

Woody Guthrie is dead.

He was fifteen years dying, torn by an incurable muscular disease that made it impossible for him to play the guitar and make the songs and music that bubbled and then surged in him all through his life. In his autobiography, *Bound for Glory,* Woody says he made his first song when he was two years old.

Listen to the music
Music, music
Listen to the music
Music band

And through the fifteen years of slow dying, echoes of the growing recognition of the genius who had written over a thousand songs must have come to Woody in the sanitarium in New York. Many of the songs are part of the language, are sung by thousands who do not even know his name—will be sung, as folk songs are, for generations to come.

I think it was in 1939 when I met Woody. I was a news commentator for the *People's World* broadcasting daily on KFVD, a radio station owned and operated by Frank Burke. The station was New Deal, progressive in outlook, somewhat equivalent to educational FM stations today.

Frank Burke was one of the leading liberal humanists and had worked closely with liberal and labor forces in the progressive coalition that won a recall election in Los Angeles, and eventually brought Culbert Olson to the governor's chair.

One of Woody's earliest groups, Okemah. Note the tie and white shirt, products of his middle-class upbringing. Middle class in Okemah meant something entirely removed from urban or suburban middle class.

When Woody hit the road, he was easily proletarianized, and found no difficulty identifying with the "hundreds of thousands of stranded, broke, hungry, idle, miserable people that lined the highways."

Woody had a sustainer program on the station. In other words, Burke allowed him free time to sing and play his guitar every day. He was on the air every day just ahead of me.

I didn't care much about stock western music and cowboy songs and I assumed that was what Woody was singing so I had never listened to his program.

One day Woody stopped me as I was going into the studio. He wore blue denims, an open shirt, western work boots that laced up. He had a tousled curly brown head of hair, a young sun- and wind-beaten face and he always carried the "gittar."

"I listen to your program all the time. But you never listen to mine," he said.

"Sorry, Woody, I'll come early and listen tomorrow."

"I want you to because I wrote a song about something you talked about."

I wondered what that could be. It didn't make me too comfortable. Another folksinger on the station, Stuart Hamblen, had been making nasty red-baiting and personal attacks, so I had no reason to welcome what a cowboy singer would be saying about my program.

Anyway, the next day I came early and Woody took me right into the studio with him. This was the week that Tom Mooney was released from San Quentin and I had devoted much time to the case on my program. If I remember correctly, I had interviewed Mooney on the air. Woody started by mentioning that I was in the studio and rambling in his way about politics and life, then said he wanted to sing a song he had just written. He sang a long ballad telling the story of Tom Mooney, how he had been framed and was now free. Then he told some anecdotes and sang some of his dust bowl songs. Woody had a big audience. He received more mail than anyone else on the station and many of the letters had beat-up dollar bills or quarters in them to help him stay on the air. The people who listened to him were his own—the "Oakies," the people he sang and talked about. Those were the days when Steinbeck's *Grapes of Wrath* and Carey MacWilliams' *Factories in the Field* were not just literature and sociology but living daily problems that we saw and grappled with. Thousands of dust bowl "refugees" were trying to find a home and food for their children and some of them scrawled penciled letters to Woody and talked of their troubles.

I listened to the songs for the first time, songs about the black dust that had covered the land, uprooted a people and sent them sprawling over the landscape in broken-down cars, trucks, wagons, looking for jobs and a new home.

So long, it's been good to know you,
This dusty old dust is getting my home,
And I got to be drifting along.
A dust storm hit and it hit like thunder;
It dusted us over, it dusted us under;
It blocked out the traffic, it blocked out the sun
And straight for home all the people did run.

After the program, I asked Woody who wrote all those songs. "Most of them I wrote, some I heard or stole or changed." "How many songs have you got?" "I've got this book." He showed me a thick folder he was carrying, and another about as big. "But I lost a couple books somewhere on the road coming cross country."

I asked Woody to come home with me to dinner and there he entertained the children with more songs and I leafed through his thick songbook. Then I asked whether he'd be willing to sing his Tom Mooney song at a mass meeting that night. I told him it was a big left-wing celebration for Tom Mooney's release being held at the Embassy Auditorium.

Left wing or chicken wing, Woody said, didn't make any difference to him. If there were people, he'd be glad to sing.

The Embassy Auditorium was jammed that night. The main speaker was Robert Minor, who had played a great role in the struggle for Mooney's freedom. With difficulty, I persuaded the chairman to make room somewhere on the program for my protégé, Woody, to sing a song he had written about Tom Mooney. The

(following page) A mustachioed Woody with his country and western group, Panipa, Texas, circa 1937–38.

After his mother's death, the Guthrie family began to disintegrate, and Woody hit the road for several years, ending up in Pampa, Texas, where he did odd jobs and played music. "I married a fine Irish girl by the name of Mary Jennings and we lived in the ricketiest of the oil town shacks long enough to have no clothes, no money, no groceries and two children, both girls, Sue and Teeny."

chairman looked at the skinny, booted, raggle-taggle character toting a guitar and he looked at me as though I were a little balmy, but it was a great day for everybody and he finally shrugged and consented.

Meantime, typically, the speeches went on and on. Minor didn't get to speak until around ten-thirty. Woody had fallen fast asleep sitting in the front row. Sometime after eleven, the chairman motioned to me, I woke Woody and he went to the platform.

Those were different days. The folk song cult had not begun. Political meetings were not customarily interrupted with guitar-playing entertainers, so the speech-dazed audience perked up as Woody started to strum his guitar.

He sang his Tom Mooney ballad and the house literally came down. Then Woody sang his dust bowl ballads. Mind you, this was only days after Culbert Olson had become governor of California in one of the greatest political revolutions California had seen. And one of the factors in this political revolution had been the plight of thousands of migrant farm workers who had poured into California in spite of vigilantes and state police—who were oppressed, beaten, exploited, living in shacks, dumps, under bridges, their kids running dirty and half-naked in the fields, hungry, beaten, starved, picking the fruits and following the crops and still pouring into the state, fleeing the "black dust" and bankruptcy of their lives in Texas and Oklahoma. . . .

And there was this skinny lad on the stage, the very embodiment of these people, singing in their voice, with bitter humor, with the dust of his hard traveling still on him, a troubadour, a balladeer, a poet who had ridden the rails and the jalopies, worked the orchards and the fields, lain in the jails, faced the cops and the clubs of the vigilantes—here he was drawling out his hard bitter, humorous songs:

> Oh, if you ain't got the do re mi, boys,
> If you ain't got the do re mi,
> Better go back to beautiful Texas—
> Oklahoma, Kansas, Georgia, Tennessee.
> California's a Garden of Eden,
> A paradise to live in or see.
> But, believe it or not, you won't find
> it so hot,
> If you ain't got the do re mi.

After that night, I became a kind of booking agent for Woody. Everywhere groups and parties wanted Woody to sing and he never said no. Then I brought him out to meet Will Geer, who lived in Santa Monica. Later he met Pete Seeger and the Almanac Singers was born.

Now I read the long articles about Woody, how the Secretary of the Interior has named a piece of a dam the Woody Guthrie substation, how he has become a national monument, a kind of institution of folk music, and I begin to worry about his memory.

But the other night at midnight, I went to a memorial meeting organized by ACT and led by his friend Will Geer, and over two thousand youngsters turned out to listen and sing his songs. Then I didn't worry about his memory anymore.

Because, all his life, what Woody stood for and sang about and talked about was the people he lived amongst, their work and their laughter and their struggle.

Woody was a guy who couldn't stand to see kids with swollen hungry bellies. He wanted his people to have jobs and better pay. He was a passionate union man. He wanted people to have good houses and land to grow things and above all, freedom to sing and speak and grow and drink and gamble and have whatever kind of fun and happiness this place can provide.

And later, Woody wrote one of the most beautiful songs about love of country that has ever been written:

> This land is your land, this land is my
> land,
> From California to the New York Island;
> From the redwood forest, to the Gulf
> Stream waters;
> This land was made for you and me.

This song had a more pertinent meaning than we get out of it today because Woody and his people had been stopped at state borders, harassed by the state police, as though they were foreigners come from a strange country.

In 1940, or thereabouts, Woody beat his way across the country to New York, and there, for a change, he began to make some records and some money. He bought himself a brand new Buick, and the following year, he came back to Los Angeles with his wife Mary and three kids. The car was beaten and dirty, its windows broken, its fenders dented, the family broke and hungry. He had ridden it like a broncho across the country. They all stayed with us in Echo Park—and then I moved them into an empty little shack next door to my house.

I've known a lot of writers. I've never known any to write like Woody. Most writers struggle and suffer over their writing. With Woody, the words and songs poured out like a mountain stream. It was as though the wisdom and humor and trouble and foolishness and laughter of his people were bottled up in him and he had to let it out.

About this time, he started to write a little column of pungent sayings or commentary for the *People's World*. These were printed on the front page of the paper under the title "Woody Sez." He would give me a whole bundle of such sayings to choose from and many were full of humor and wisdom.

Now that he and his family were settled in this little shack, Woody also started to write his book, *Bound for Glory*, a wonderful and tragic story of his childhood and growing up in Texas and Oklahoma.

The tragedy lay in the way the furies of fire and hereditary disease pursued Woody's family. His home was destroyed by fire—his sister was burned to death; his mother died in an insane asylum; his own little girl was later to burn to death in New York; and Woody himself finally died of Huntington's disease in a sanitarium after fifteen years of illness.

Fire, tragedy, fatal disease—but don't weep for Woody. He had a rich full life and left a wonderful heritage, and he could well have written of his own life when he sang:

> This train is bound for glory, this train.
> This train is a-leaving town,
> Hitting the road and heading down
> This train is bound for glory, this train.

Woody and his first family at Central Park Zoo, circa 1940. Woody is holding Sue, Mary has Bill Rogers, and Gwendellyn Gayle is pointing, at lower left. Shortly before shipping out as a Merchant Marine, Woody and Mary were divorced. "She was right from her side and I was right from my side," as Woody put it.

"Woody is just Woody. Thousands of people do not know he has any other name. He is just a voice and a guitar. He sings the songs of a people and I suspect that he is, in a way, that people. Harsh voiced and nasal, his guitar hanging like a tire iron on a rusty rim, there is nothing sweet about Woody, and there is nothing sweet about the songs he sings. But there is something more important for those who will listen. There is the will of a people to endure and fight against oppression. I think we call this the American spirit."

John Steinbeck

Woody and Cisco Houston in the mountains of northern California, sometime shortly before the war. Cisco, a folk singer with a fine tenor voice, became one of Woody's great friends.

Living & Dying & Singing

The way I figure, there are two kinds of singing and two kinds of songs. Living songs and dying songs.

There's all kinds of living and all kinds of dying. Out in Hollywood they have a place that doesn't do anything but make up lunches for dogs—every day a different meal, every meal balanced and tested for vitamins. The movie stars shell out $20 a week and every day a shiny white truck drives up and delivers the dog's lunch. That's one kind of dying.

Down in east Arkansas the Negro leader of a sharecropper tent colony was beaten to death by vigilantes. He led his people out on strike and the vigilantes beat the side of his head in.

The legendary Almanac Singers. From left to right are Woody, Millard Lampell, Bess Hawes, Pete Seeger, Arthur Stern, and Sis Cunningham. "We made up war songs against Hitlerism and Fascism homemade and imported. We sang songs about our allies and made up songs to pay honor and tribute to the story of the trade union workers around the world."

(following page) Woody and Burl Ives relaxing in Central Park, New York City, in 1940.

They did it with clubs. They slammed him in the groin and his testicles swelled to the size of footballs. The old man lay on a heap of rags and blankets dying, and the whole colony gathered around: He told them, "They got ouah hands tied. Untie us and see what we can do!" Then he died. That's one way of living.

The dying songs—the ones about champagne for two and moon over Miami—you hear them on the juke boxes, in the movies and over the radio. That's because the guys who run the juke boxes and the radio want to pass out dying songs. Songs that tell working people, "There's nothing in work that's any good. Nothing in your life is decent. So keep still and listen to us—we're the artists, the singers, the musicians. Some day, if you're good, and work hard, you'll get to be boss. Then you can wear white tie and tails and have songs made up about you." That's what the dying songs say.

HOBO NEWS REVIEW
HOBO NEWS
SOUVENIR EDITION

"I can see a world where we all eat, work, talk, plan, and think together with all of our smokes and wheels rolling and all of our selves well dressed and well fed. These are the upland echoes of the things that stir and sing along his big muddies. These are the plans and visions seen in the kiss and whisper of tall jack pines falling into the chutes to make your papery pulps. These are the freedoms. These are the samples of the kinds of soul art that the Negro, Indian, Mexican, the Irish, the Jew, the Russian, the Greek, Italian, all of us, have to bring to be seen and heard."

History Singing

Whatever has happened here or yonder, it's left us plenty to talk and sing about.

Po' Howard's dead and gone,
Left me here to sing this song;
Po' Howard's dead and gone,
Left me here to sing this song!

Listen to your radio. Go to the movies. Play your phonograph records. Go down to the record shop and take a look at the titles, play them over, and listen.

What percent of these songs would you call rock-bottom American? What would you say was really worth having around the house? What percent say most, anything at all, or least about politics? What about work, hours, wages, prices, love, marriage, kids, groceries, and school? What about making a better world to live in by fixing the one we got?

Which song does this best? What are the rules for making a song of this calibre? Can you write an American Folk Song? Will your song last? Will people keep singing it after you're down in the cypress grove?

Has America got a history worth singing about? Is the history of today, the fast-traveling current events of this very minute, worth singing about? What section of the American people are carrying the real load, doing the real work, the real fighting, the real living, loving, courting, and song-making right this minute? Who is keeping American history alive and moving? Who is holding progress back? Who is going forward and who is drifting backward?

What do you think about the average run of Hollywood and Broadway stuff? Is Tin Pan Alley a full-blooded American? Are all showfolks screwball? Artists, too? Where do they get that way? Who pays some actors and artists such ungodly high wages, and why?

Are songs hard to write, sing, and spread? What do you write them about? Where do you go to sing them? Who'll back you? Where do you find the material? Ideas? People to listen?

Oscar Brand's WNYC folk music program. Seated with Woody are Fred Hellerman (foreground), Jean Ritchie (back), and a smiling Pete Seeger.

(following page) Woody at McSorley's, N.Y.C., during the war.

Why do some songs spread so fast and last so long? Why do others fall by the side of the track? Do the leading song writers, like radio script writers, take it for granted that we've got a 11-year-old mind? What do kids think about our old-time songs and ballads?

Do the "Hits of the Week" give a decent picture of life in America as she is lived?

Is there an actual, outright frameup to control the making up and the spreading around of songs, stories, plays, articles?

Is Organized Labor big enough and smart enough to furnish its own self with entertainment of all kinds; can union dollars be spent entirely in union night clubs, halls, and theaters that deal 100% with the striking, picketing, marching, militant history of Trade Unions in the United States?

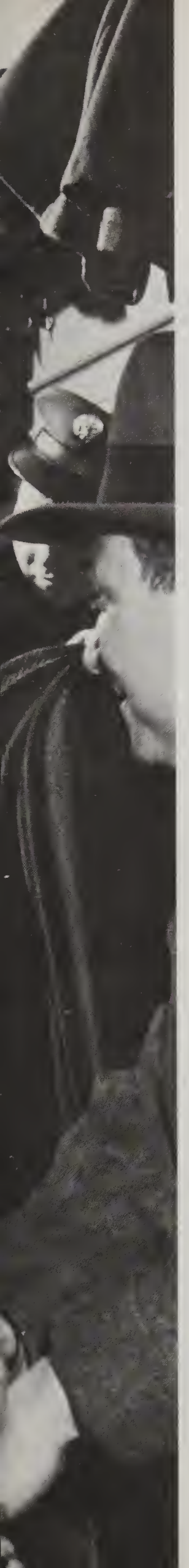
How far toward Hollywood or B'dwy can any kind of a talented person go, and still keep in touch with, and honest to, the working people?

Where have theater groups lost the scent of the trail in the past? What has grown out of people's theaters in the past? Why did they scatter, and fold up? Who went where? Where can you find the new sprouts, what are they doing, and what have they learned from past experience?

Do Longshoremen, Inland Boatmen, Teamsters, Truck Drivers, Steel Workers, Auto Workers, Warehousemen, Seamen, Ladies Garment Workers, Ladies Auxiliaries, etc., like the average run of people's theater well enough to get worked up about it and get in back of it, and keep it growing . . . ? If not, why not? If so, why?

Who could you call the masses of people? What part do they play in any cultural job to be done? What do people want? Are they looking for "something" in their entertainment, and not finding it? What is that certain "something," and will people "know" it when they run onto it?

PASSENGERS
U.S NAVY



What about this word ''contact'' with the people? Is there a ''contact''? Is it a place, a condition, or a state of mind? Is it like a piece of string that is easy to break? Does an education cut you loose from your people? Is it better to stay ignorant and be natural? With a union education, will folks gradually give (working class) artists better backing, and a bigger, freer, market for better work?

Do the broad masses of people have a ''language''? What is it? Is it a proposition of forgetting your accent and just naturally being honest, straight, upright, etc.? Can this ''language'' of the masses be wrote down in a dictionary? When you hear workers everywhere saying, Buddy, listen, you talk our lingo, see . . . what do they mean? What part have songs played in making this language, keeping it going, and making it easier to savvy? What sort of lingo sticks in a song and what sort peters out? Where 'bouts along Broadway does this language get louder and louder, but faker and faker? Why is this the natural thing in the show biz as she is run? Who makes money out of it? Who pays the bills? Is it high priced? How could a Trade Union theater use exactly this same kind of lingo and still keep on a solid footing?

Woody serenading New Yorkers in a subway during the early days of WW II. Although this shot may appear contrived, it was commonplace for Woody to sling his guitar over his shoulder wherever he went and break out in a song whenever the mood struck him.

Woody loved kids. One of his great pleasures was to have children improvise funny words and sounds to his songs, which set a precedent for an entire generation of folk singers and music teachers.

A radio production of "The Martins and the Coys," two feuding country families. Woody played the Martin that falls in love with a Coy, after which the two families get together to fight Hitler and sing "You Fascists Bound to Lose." Burl Ives is second from right, Sonny Terry is fourth, and Cisco is in the back, fifth from right. Lee Hays is behind Woody.

Woody joined performers to help reelect FDR in 1944.
Marjorie Mazia Guthrie (below, left), a dancer and teacher with the Martha Graham Company in New York.

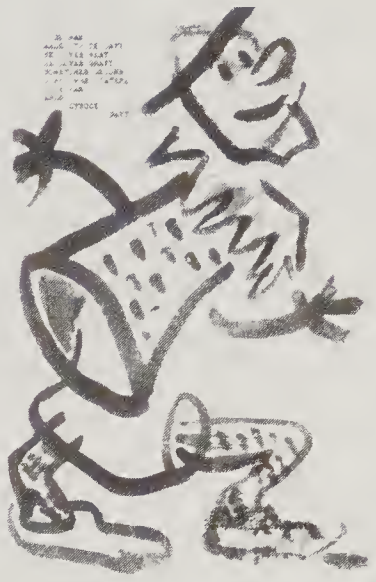
During the war, Woody shipped out with his guitar and two seamen buddies, Cisco Houston and Jimmy Longhi. Their boat was torpedoed off Sicily, and the three men visited bomb-gutted Palermo, where they walked up a mountainside singing songs to P.O.W.'s and were greeted by hundreds of ecstatic Sicilians. His second ship was torpedoed off Cherbourg, Normandy. Woody, counting his blessings, later remarked: ''I had time to be in three invasions with the Merchant Marines, to get torpedoed twice, to walk all over the British Isles, Canada, Mexico, to see forty-six of our forty-eight states, to get a divorce from one woman and turn right around and marry myself off to another one!'' He returned to the States only to be drafted into the Army on the very day Hitler surrendered, serving for eight months. He dropped letters into the company suggestion box that contained a multitude of Woody Guthrie panaceas for the U.S. Army.

Editor's Note

This is one of the few Army pictures of Woody, taken at Scott field. Woody is at the extreme left, looking typically disheveled (he couldn't get a uniform to fit right).

Cisco Houston and Woody cut loose at the Merchant Marine Hall in Chicago, sometime during the war.

Woody (left) relaxing at 3520 Mermaid Avenue, Coney Island, sometime after the war, holding part of ''Hoodis'' in his hand. Woody and Marjorie were fond of junk sculpture. After collecting hundreds of pieces of junk, they would sit down with the children and glue them all together in collage form, then pour glue over the entire thing. After darkening the room, they would train a light on the structure, watch the light dance off it, and Woody would ask: ''Who dis?'' Below, Woody, Marjorie, and young Arlo Davy Guthrie. The ''Davy'' was ''stuck in'' at Marjorie's insistence in case Arlo did not like his name when he grew up. Actually, he was named after a funny character in a children's book that resembled Woody. Woody's version of the character Arlo is above. Woody spent a great deal of time drawing and singing with his kids. His drawings illustrated his books and newspaper columns.



Editor's Note

THE SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR
WASHINGTON

April 6, 1966

Dear Mr. Guthria:

It gives me great pleasure to present you the Department of the Interior's Conservation Service Award. In conjunction with this award we are also naming a Bonneville Power Administration substation in your honor. It will be known hereafter as the Woody Guthria Substation in recognition of the fine work you have done to make our people aware of their heritage and the land.

You sang that "this land belongs to you and me," and you sang from the heart of America that feels this about its land. You have articulated, in your songs, the sense of identification that each citizen of our country feels toward this land and the wonders which it holds. You brought to your songs a heart as big as all outdoors and we are fortunate to have music which expresses the love and affection each of us feels, though we are unable to express it so eloquently, toward this land... "from California to the New York Island--from the Redwood Forest to the Gulf Stream waters."

Yours was not a passing comment on the besuties of nature, but a living, breathing, singing force in our struggle to use our land and save it too. The greatness of this land is that people such as you, with crestive talent, worked on it and that you told sbnut that work--told sbout the power of the Bonneville Dam and the men who hsrnessed it, sbout the length of the Lincoln Highwsy and the men who laid it out. You have summarized the struggles and the deeply held convictions of all those who love our land snd fight to protect it.

Sincerely yours,

Secretsry of the Interior

Mr. Woodrow W. Guthrie
Brooklyn Stste Hospital
681 Clarkson Avenue
Brooklyn, New York

Enclosure

United States Department of the Interior

CONSERVATION SERVICE AWARD

In recognition of honorable contributed services performed in American with this Department's conservation activities

Woodrow W. Guthrie

is hereby awarded this certificate

my hand and seal this sixth day of April 1966

Secretary of the Interior

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
MARCH 3, 1849

ROBERT F. KENNEDY
NEW YORK

United States Senate

110 EAST 40TH STREET
NEW YORK 10017

April 18, 1966

Mr. Woody Guthrie
Brooklyn State Hospital
681 Clarkson Avenue
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Guthrie:

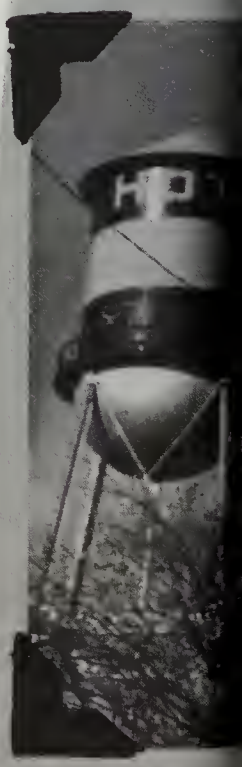
I have recently learned that you have received the United States Department of Interior's Conservation Service Award in recognition of your life-long efforts to make the American people "aware of their heritage and the land."

As one of the most creative and productive practitioners of folk music in the world, you are daeply deserving of this tribute. I have long been an admirer of your work, and I fully share the opinion of the many people who regard you as one of ths finest and most authentic artists our nation has ever produced.

With kindest regards.

Sincerely,

Robert F. Kennedy



STATE OF OKLAHOMA

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT

Proclamation

WHEREAS, July 14, is the anniversary of the birthday of a world famous native son of Oklahoma, Woody Guthrie, born in Okemah in 1912; and

WHEREAS, the songs and poetry of Woody Guthrie reflects the love of country and state and its people; and

WHEREAS, the words and music of Woody Guthrie reflects the voice of all America through song stating the worth of the common man; and

WHEREAS, through great personal adversity Woody Guthrie reflected a strength and hope that made this land great; and

WHEREAS, Woody Guthrie helped us all sing with pride, "This land is your land, this land is my land, this land was made for you and me."

NOW, THEREFORE, I, GEORGE NIGH, ACTING GOVERNOR of the State of Oklahoma do hereby proclaim July 14, 1972

WOODY GUTHRIE DAY

in Oklahoma.

In Witness Whereof, *I have hereunto set my hand and caused the Great Seal of the State of Oklahoma to be affixed.*

Done at the Capitol, in the City of Oklahoma City this 14th *day of* July *, in the Year of Our Lord one thousand nine hundred and* seventy-two *, and of the State of Oklahoma the* Sixty-fourth *year.*

ATTEST

SECRETARY OF STATE

GOVERNOR

In the last photo taken before his death, Woody, along with Majorie, Arlo, and Harold Leventhal, poses with award from Secretary of the Interior, Stewart Udall, in April of 1966.

The Guthrie family in 1962 at a party honoring Woody at Sheridan Square, New York City, also attended by Will Geer, Tom Paxton and Cisco Houston. From left to right are Joady Ben, Woody, Marjorie, Nora Lee, and Arlo Davy Although this photograph was taken some five years before his death, Woody is already showing signs of the debilitating Huntington's disease that so tragically cut short his life. His illness presented many sad problems. One was the steady stream of people who wanted to visit the legendary folk singer in the hospital. As the disease worsened, however, Woody could only lie, motionless and mute, unable to reach out and touch people in the warm, simple way he had throughout his life. Marjorie would bring him to their friends' home in New Jersey, the Gleasons, where people like Pete Seeger, Phil Ochs, Arlo and the young Bob Dylan would gather to sing and play for him. Since his death, Woody has been canonized by the generation of folk singers that he helped give rise to. His spirit remains indelibly implanted in the American consciousness.

Editor's Note

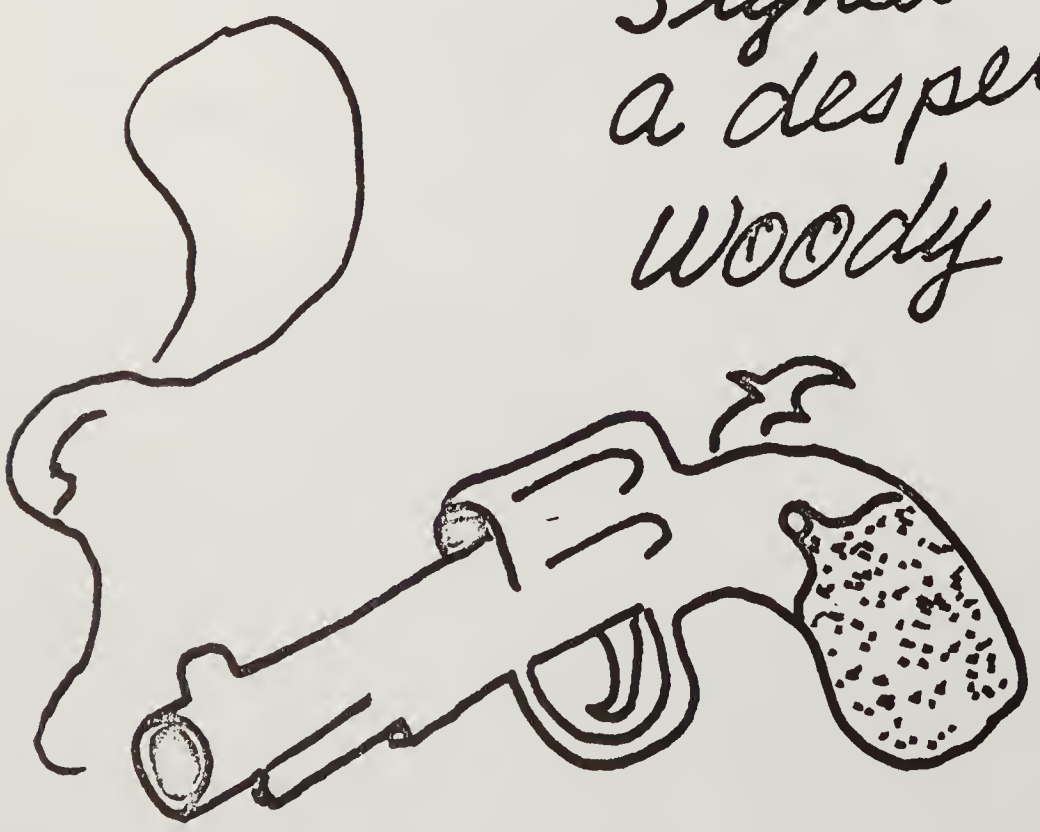
NOTICE!

all Songs in this book are filed in alphabetical Order

Put them back the same way.

and be sure you put them back.

signed
a desperate man,
Woody Guthrie



Belle Starr

Words and Music by Woody Guthrie

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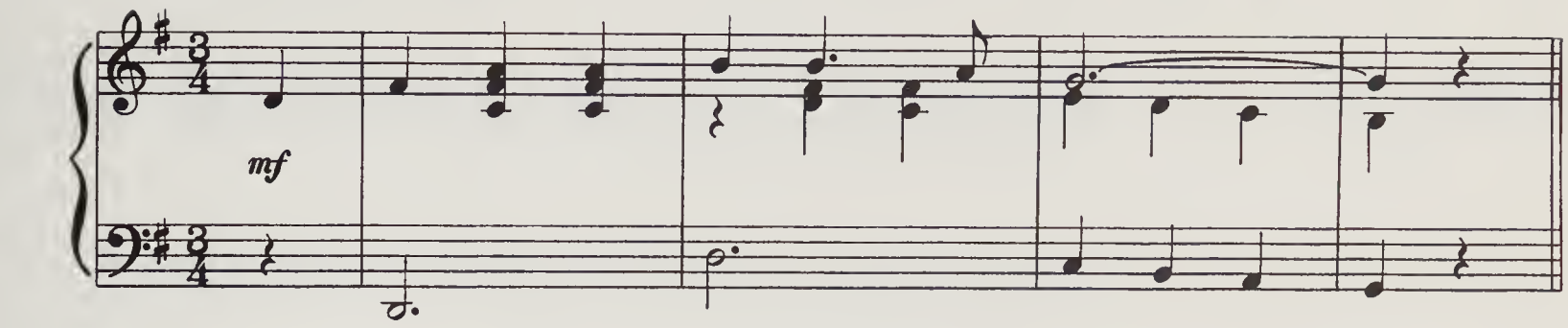
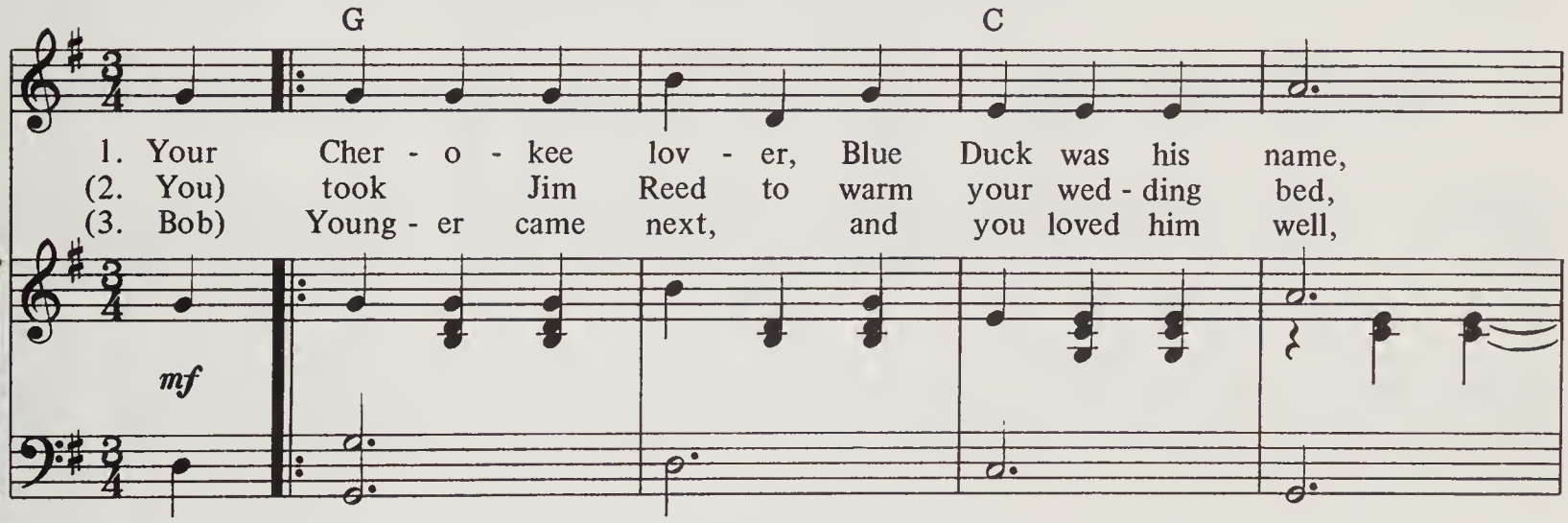
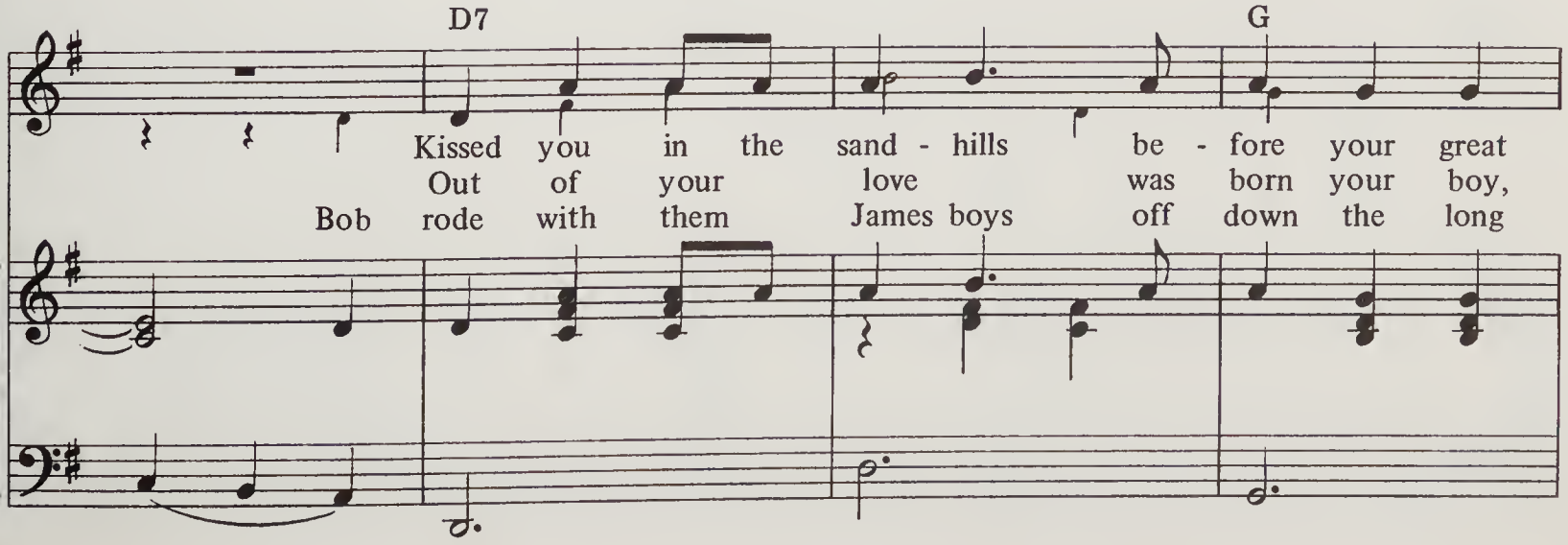
Moderate waltz tempo







D7 G

fame. Blue Duck stopped a bul - let eight -
Ed. Some pal killed Jim Reed in the
trail. Bob was caught in Min - ne - so - ta with

C D7

een eight - y - five, And Blue Duck's no long - er a -
dark of the moon, Your son, Ed, got blowed down in a
all of the gang, Bob died down in jail by the

For additional verses *For final ending*

G C G

live. 2. You
drunk - en sa - loon. 3. Bob
long rust - y chain. low.

slower

4. You made love to William Clark Quantrill,
And Clark's Civil War guerillas in Missouri's blue hills;
Quantrill hit Lawrence, Kansas, and he fought 'em dead still;
When he rode out, two hundred lay killed.

5. You tell me you could have, you whispered you might,
Loved Frank James yonder a couple of nights;
Frank fought the Midland Railroad almost to death,
'Round nineteen fifteen Frank drew his last breath.

6. Belle Starr, Belle Starr, my time's getting late;
I've told you all eight, now, I've told you their fate;
Your man, Jesse James, had one wife and one son;
Jess got shot down at home by the Ford brothers' gun.

7. Eight men, they say, combed your black wavy hair;
Eight men knew the feel of your dark leather waist;
Eight men loved your tan leather circling skirt;
Eight men heard the barks of the guns that you wore.

(Chorus)
Belle Starr, Belle Starr, tell me where did you roam (go)?
Since old Oklahoma's sandhills you did roam?
Is it Heaven's wide street now you're trying your reins?
Are you single-footing somewheres below?

Better World

Words and Music by Woody Guthrie

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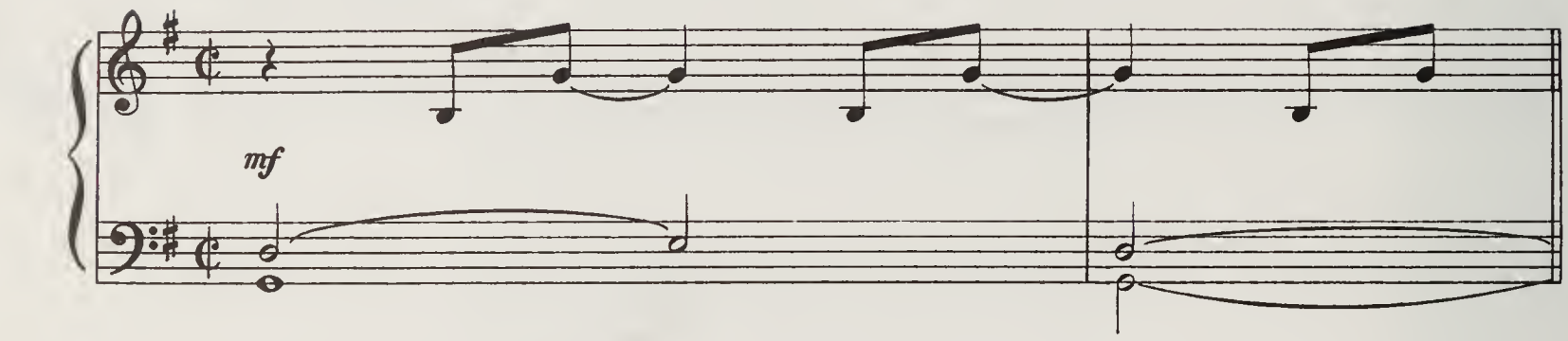
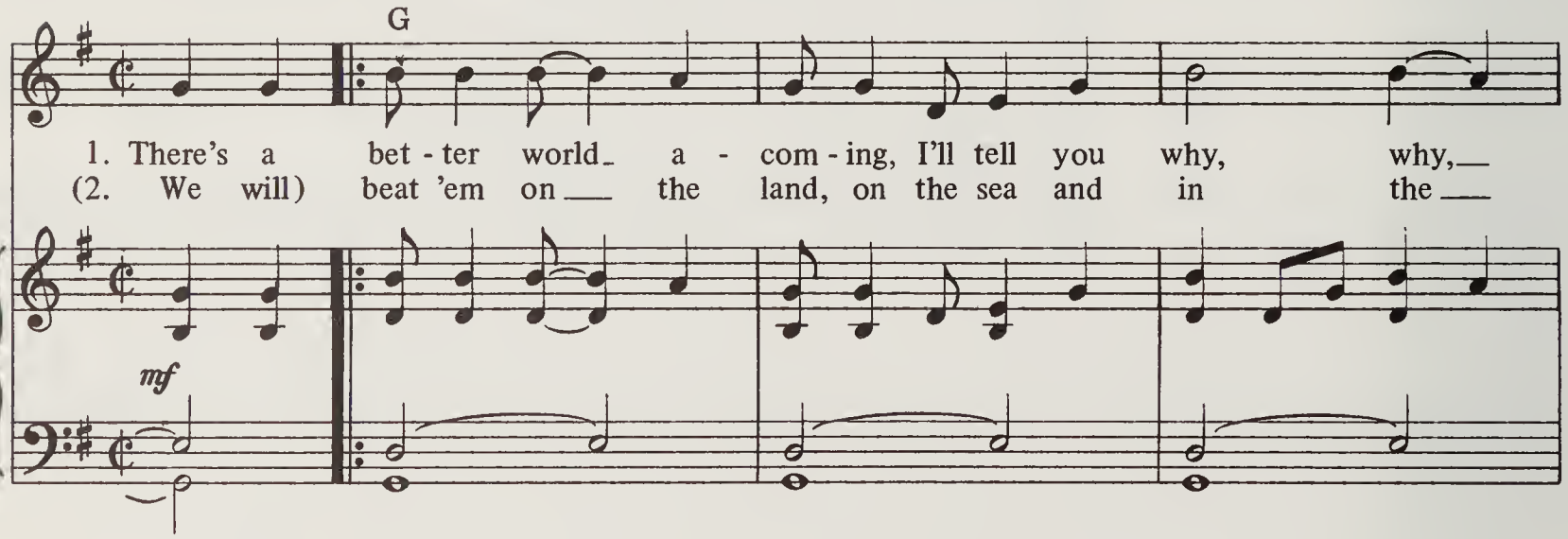
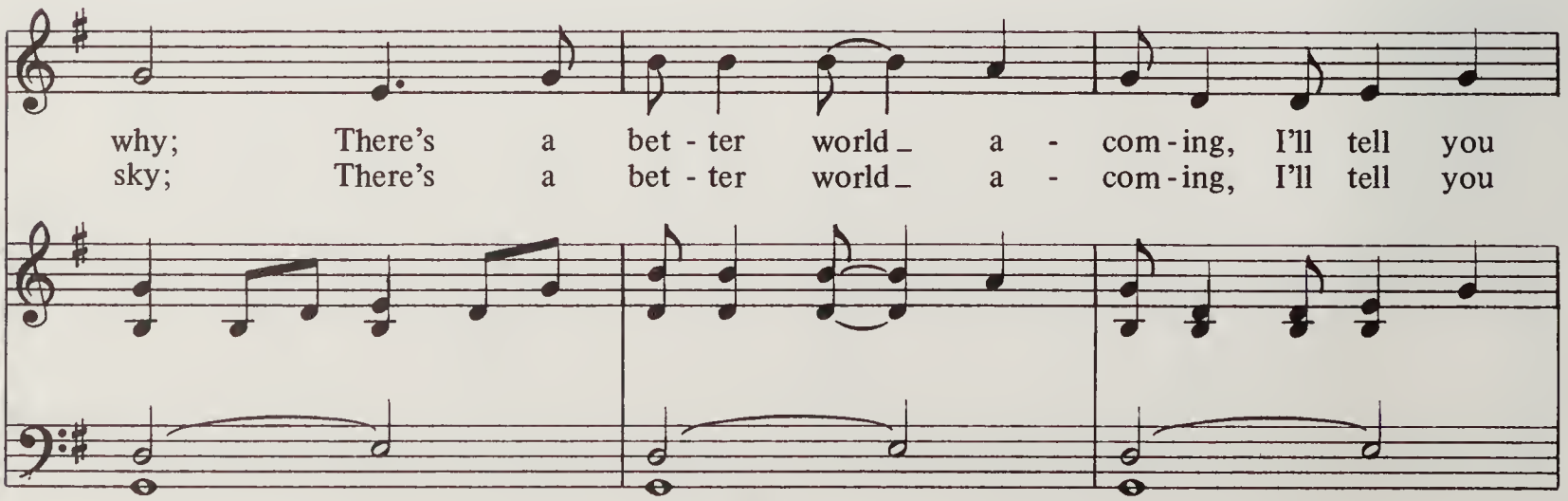
Bright and optimistic







G

why. When we'll all be
why. There's a bet-ter world a -

un - ion and we'll all be free; There's a
com - ing, don't you see, see; There's a

For additional words

G

bet - ter world a - com - ing, I'll tell you why.
bet - ter world a - com - ing and don't you see.

For final ending

G

2. We will see.

Better World (*continued*)

3. I see a better world a-comin', yes, I see, see, see;
   I see a better world a-comin', yes, I see.
   Out of marching, out of battling, out from rusty chains a-rattlin';
   See a better world a-comin', that I see.

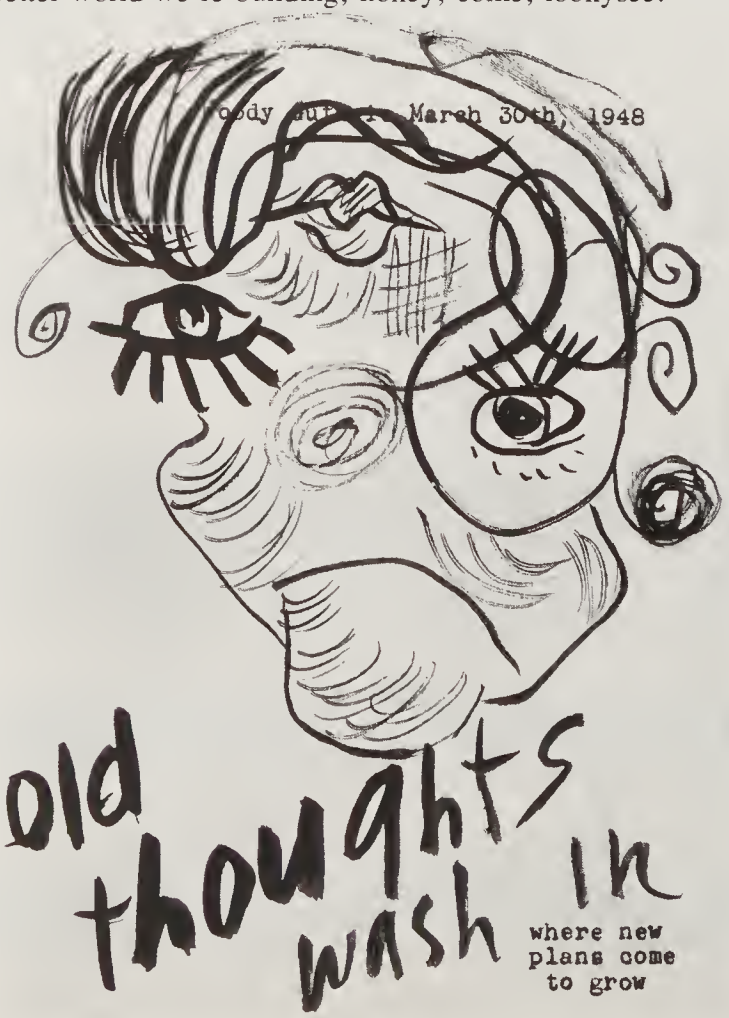
4. I see a better world a-comin', yes, I know and I know;
   I see a better world a-comin', yes, I know.
   Out of your storms and winds and rains, out of sorrow, out of pains,
   I see a better world a-comin', that I know.

5. I can see a better world a-comin', by and by, by and by;
   I see a better world a-comin' by and by.
   When you Nazis and you fascists get mowed down both low and high,
   I see a better world a-comin', by and by.

6. I see a better world a-comin', Ask me why? Tell you why;
   I see a better world a-comin', tell you why.
   I'll kill Jimcrow and race hate on the sea and in the sky,
   I see a better world a-comin', I've told you why.

7. I see a better world yon comin', 'twon't be long, not very long,
   I see a better world yon comin', no, it won't take long;
   I'm gonna bring you warlords down, scatter you warbirds on my new ground,
   I see a better world yon coming, won't be long.

8. Honey, it's a better world we're building, honey babe, come see for yourself;
   Honey, it's a lot better world we're building, come look see.
   Gonna use a little old atom power, build my new place from old ashes,
   It's a better world we're building, honey, come, lookysee.



Biggest Thing that Man Has Ever Done

(The Great Historical Bum)

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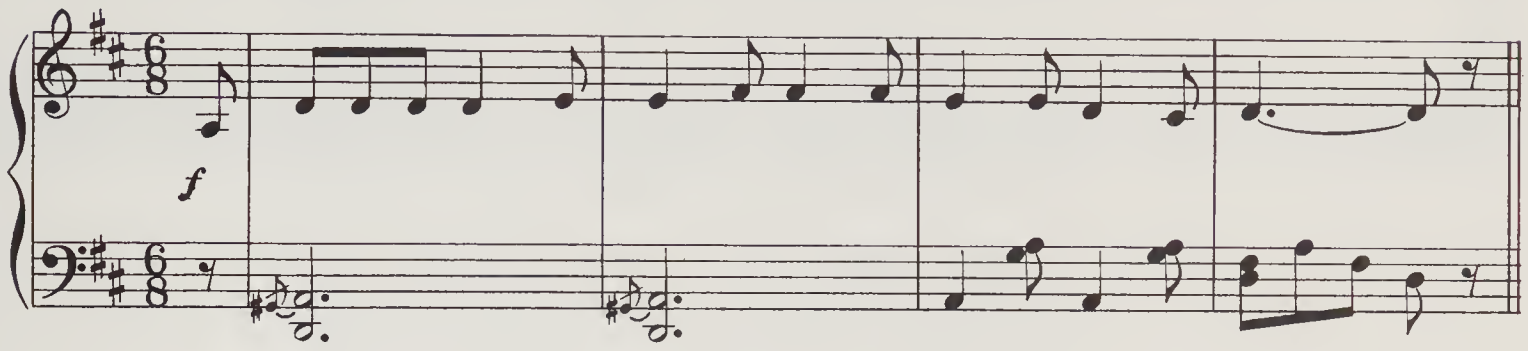
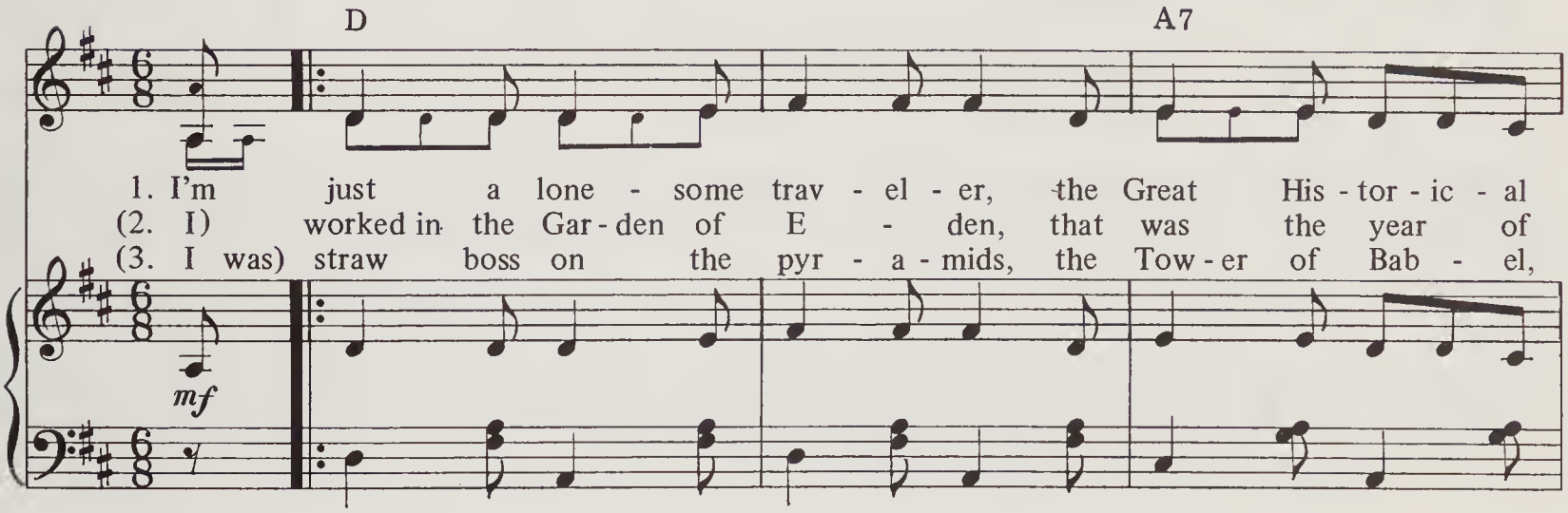
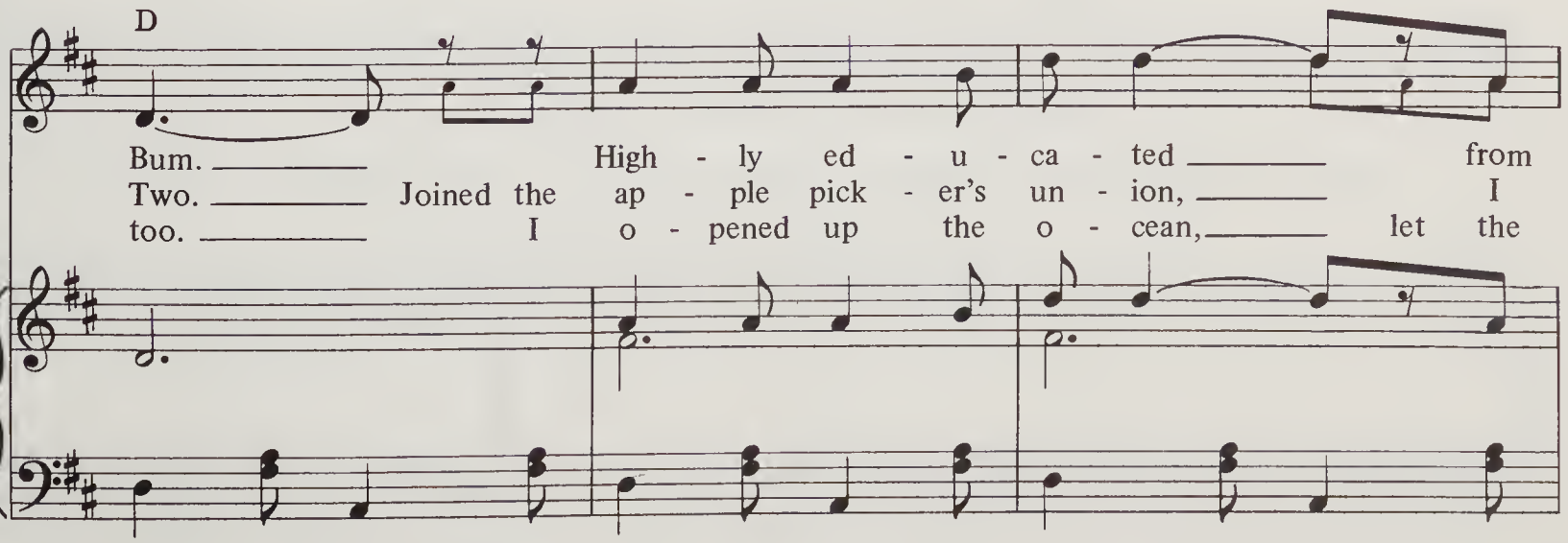
Rollicking tempo (in 2)







G A7 D

his - to - ry I have come; ____ I built the Rock of
al - ways paid my dues; ____ I'm the man that signed the
mi - grant chil - dren through; ____ I fought a mil - lion

G A7 D

A - ges, ____ 'Twas in the year of One, ____
con - tract ____ to raise the ris - ing sun, ____ } And that was a - bout the
bat - tles ____ and I nev - er lost a one, ____

f

For additional verses *For final ending*

A7 D A7 D

big - gest thing that man had ev - er done. ____ 2. I man has ev - er done. ____
3. I was

mf

4. I beat the daring Roman, I beat the daring Turk;
Defeated Nero's Army with thirty minutes' work;
I stopped the mighty Kaiser, I stopped the mighty Hun;
And that was about the biggest thing that man has ever done.

5. I was in the Revolution when we set this country free;
It was me and a couple of Indians that dumped the Boston Tea;
We won the battle at Valley Forge and Battle of Bully Run;
And that was about the biggest thing that man has ever done.

6. Next we won the Slavery War, some other folks and me;
I beat the chains from off their legs and set my people free;
The Slavery men they lost the war, and Freedom's men had won;
And that was about the biggest thing that man had ever done.

7. Next I took to farming on the great midwestern plain;
The dust it blowed a hundred years, it never come a rain;
Me and a million other folks we left there on the run;
And that was about the biggest thing that man has ever done.

8. I climb these rocky canyons where the Columbia River rolls;
Seen the salmon leaping the rapids and the falls;
'Twas there I built my Coulee Dam in the state of Washington;
And that was about the biggest thing that man has done.

9. Three times the size of Boulder Dam or the highest Pyramid;
It makes the Tower of Babel a plaything for the kids;
From the rising of the river to the setting of the sun,
My Coulee Dam's the biggest thing that man has ever done.

10. There's a man acrost this ocean, and I guess you know him well;
His name is Adolf Hitler, god damn his soul to hell;
We'll kick him in the panzers and we'll put him on the run;
And this will be the biggest thing that man has ever done.

11. There's warehouse guys and teamsters and guys that skin the cats,
Guys that run my steel mill, my furnace, and my blast;
We'll stop these Axis rattlesnakes and thieves of old Nippon;
And that will be the biggest thing that man has ever done.

12. I better quit my talking 'cause I told you all I know;
But please remember, pardner, wherever you may go;
The people are building a peaceful world, and when the job is done,
That'll be the biggest thing that man has ever done.

Buffalo Skinners

Words and Music by Woody Guthrie

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Racy and smooth

mf

Dm

1. Come all you old - time cow - boys _____ and
(2. I) found my - self in Drip - ping _____ in the
(3. Well,) I be - ing out of work right then _____ to the

mp

lis - ten to my song. _____
spring of eight - y - three, _____ When a
dro - ver I did say, _____

Dm

Please do not grow wea - ry, I'll
well-known fa - mous dro - ver come a -
"Go - ing out on the buf-fa - lo road de -

not de - tain you long.
walk - ing up to me.
pends up - on your pay.

Con - cern - ing some wild cow - boys who
Said, "How d'you do, young fel - low? Well,
If you pay good wa - ges, trans-por-

Dm

did a - gree to go
how'd you like to go
ta - tion to and fro,

And
I

Spend the sum - mer pleas - ant on the
spend the sum - mer pleas - ant on the
think I might go with you on the

For additional words | *For final ending*

trail of the buf - fa - lo.
trail of the buf - fa - lo?"
hunt of the buf - fa - lo."

2. I lo.
3. Well,
4. "Of

dim.

p

4. "Of course, I'll pay good wages and transportation too,
If you'll agree to work for me until the season's through.
But if you do get homesick and you try to run away—
You'll starve to death out on the trail and also lose your pay."

5. Well, with all this flattering talking, he signed up quite a train—
Some ten or twelve in number, some able-bodied men.
Our trip it was a pleasant one as we hit the westward road,
Until we crossed old Boggy Creek in Old New Mexico.

6. There our pleasures ended and our troubles all begun,
A lightning storm it hit us and made the cattle run.
We got all full of stickers from the cactus that did grow,
And outlaws watching to pick us off in the hills of Mexico.

7. Well, our working season ended, and the drover would not pay.
"You haven't got too much—you're all in debt to me."
But the cowboys never had heard such a thing as a bankrupt law;
So we left that drover's bones to bleach on the plains of the buffalo.

Dead or Alive

Words and Music by Woody Guthrie

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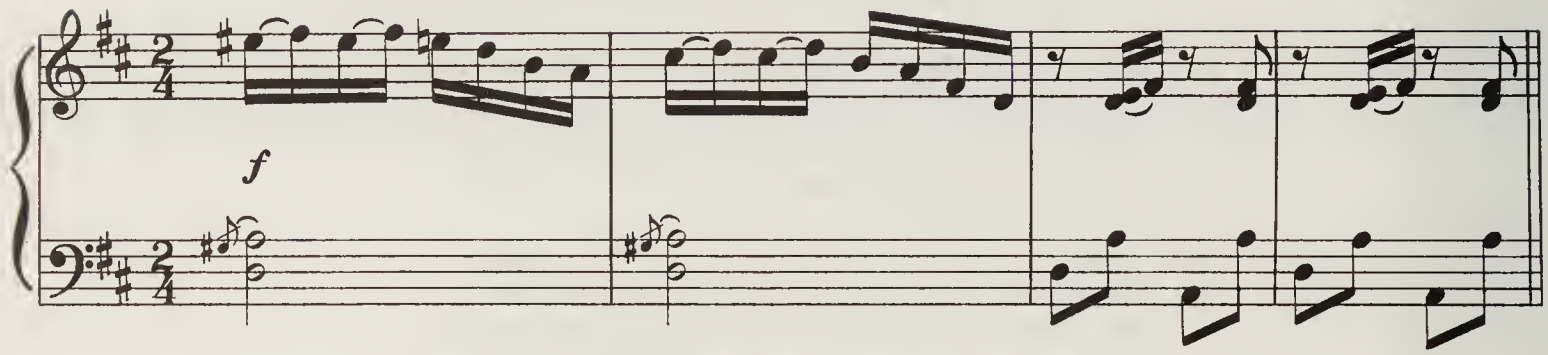
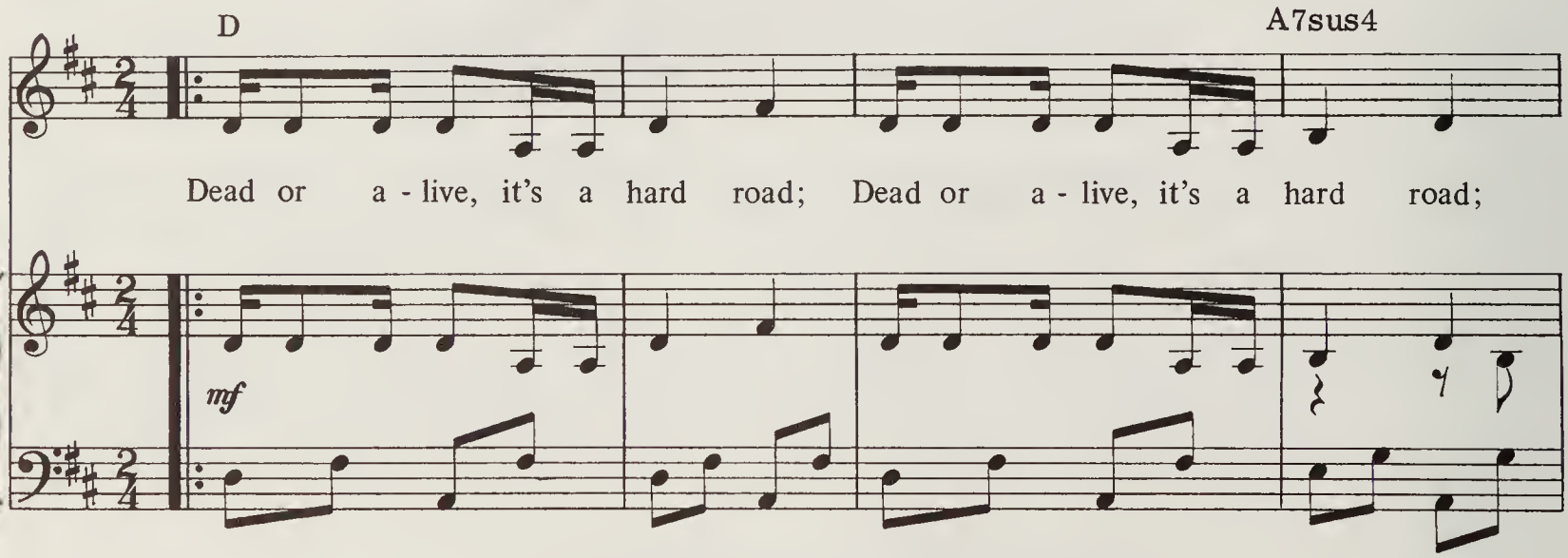
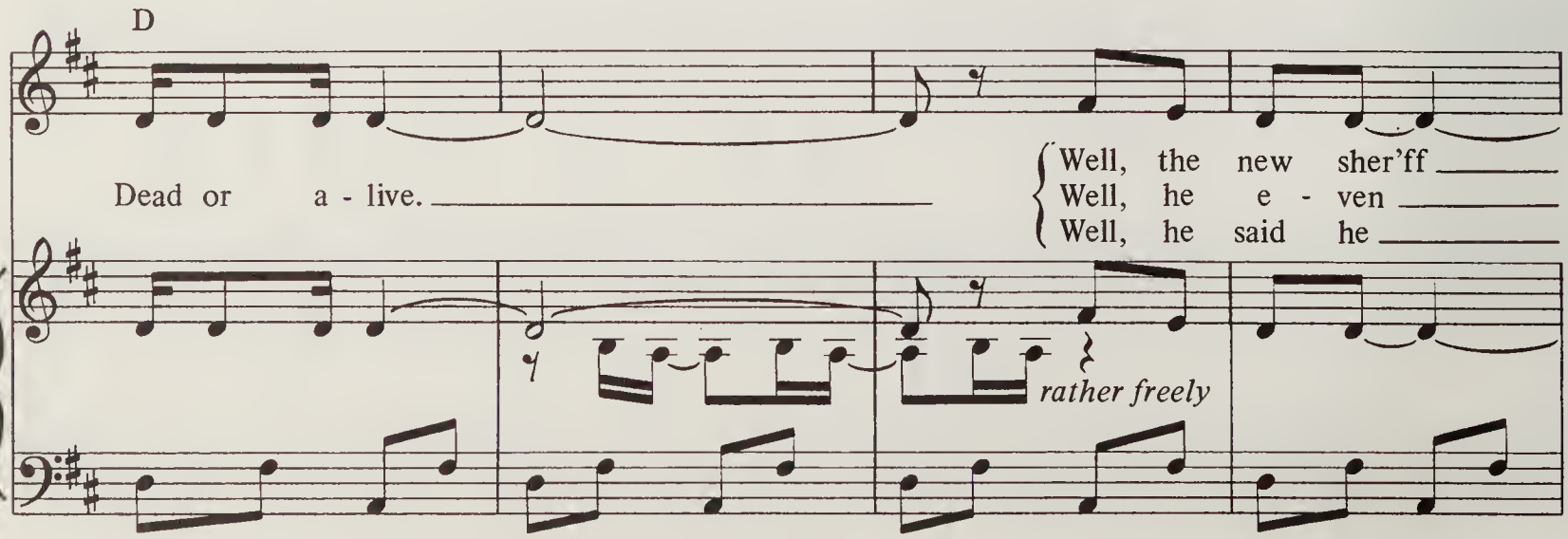
Deliberate and mocking



Chorus:





___ wrote me a let - ter, ___ And the new sher'ff _____
___ sent me my pic - ture, ___ And he e - ven _____
___ would pay ex - pen - ses, ___ And he said he _____

___ wrote me a let - ter: _____ Come up and see me,
___ sent me my pic - ture. _____ How do I look, boys,
___ would pay ex - pen - ses. _____ Dead or a - live, _____

a tempo

G D

dead or a - live, Come up and see me, dead or a - live. _____
dead or a - live? How do I look, boys, dead or a - live? _____
hey, _____ hey, Dead or a - live, ___ hey, _____ hey. _____

D A7sus4

Dead or a - live,— yes, sir, Dead or a - live,— yes, sir.

D

It's a hard road,—

A7sus4 G D

dead or a-live;—It's a hard road,— dead or a - live.

f

4. Well, he said he'd clothe and feed me;
   And he said he would clothe and feed me;
   Dead or alive, boy, boy;
   Dead or alive, hey, hey. (Chorus)

5. He said he'd furnish lodging;
   He said he'd furnish lodging;
   Dead or alive, hey, hey;
   Dead or alive, hey, hey. (Chorus)

6. Well, I'm sorry I can't come, sher'ff;
   I am sorry that I can't come, sher'ff;
   Dead or alive, pore boy;
   Dead or alive, hey, hey. (Chorus)

7. I don't like your hard-rock hotel;
   And I don't like your hard-rock hotel;
   Dead or alive, no, sher'ff;
   Dead or alive, no, sher'ff. (Chorus)

8. I've gotta go and see my little sweet thing;
   Gotta go and see my sweet thing;
   Dead or alive, yes, sir;
   Dead or alive, yes, sir.

Dead or a-live,—yes, sir, Dead or a-live,—yes, sir.
It's a hard road—

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt

Words and New Music Adaptation by Woody Guthrie

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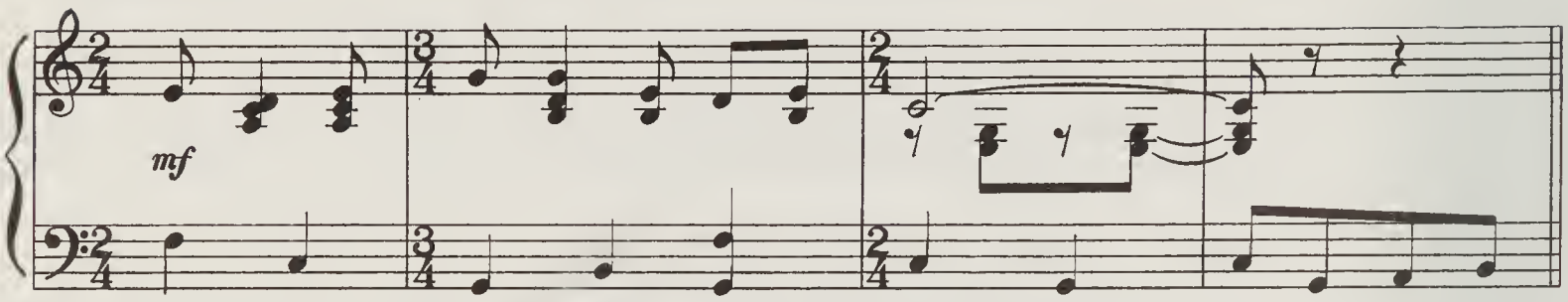
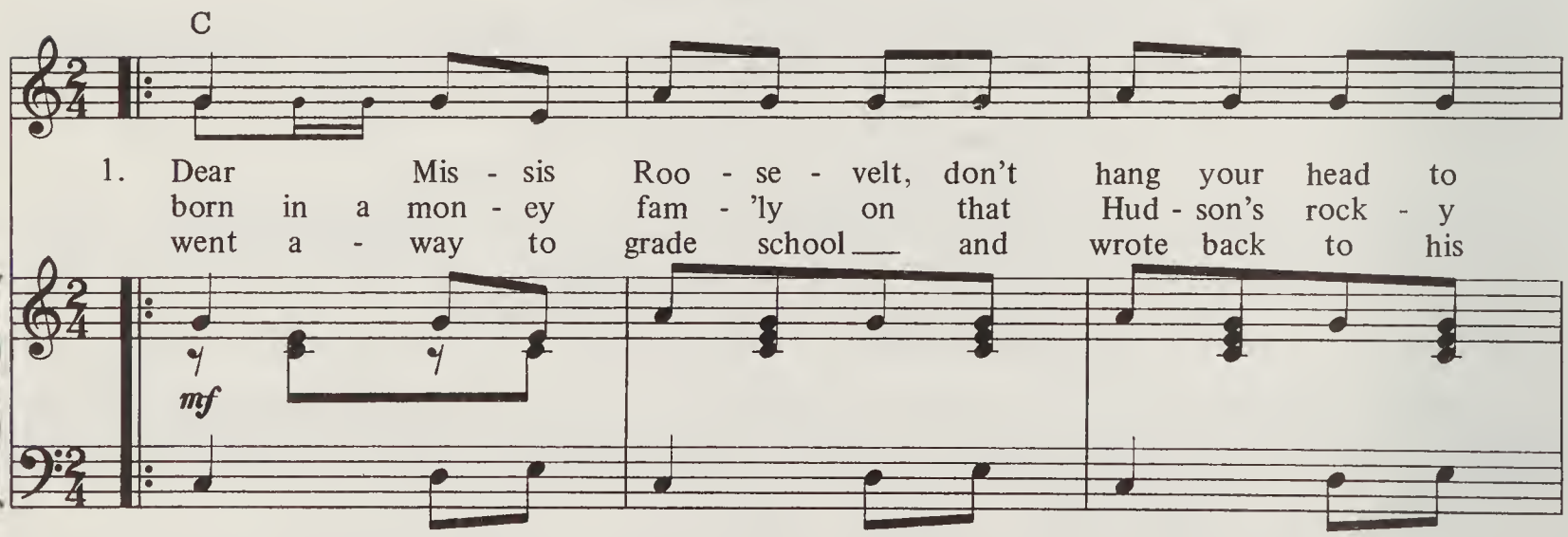
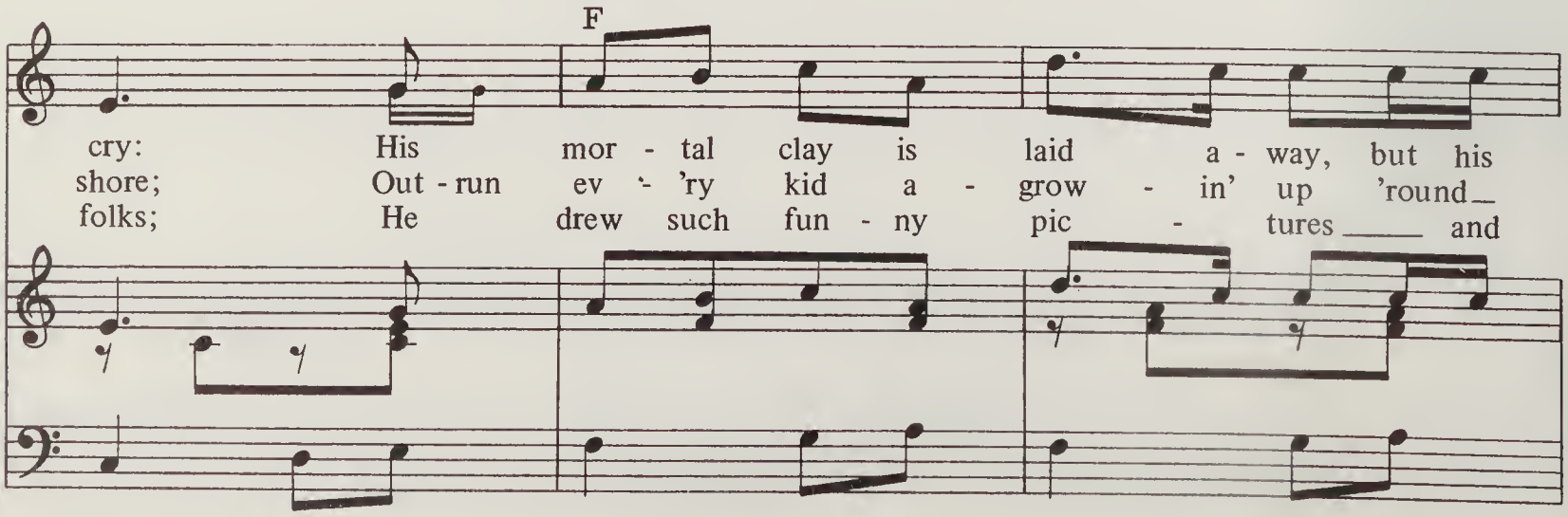
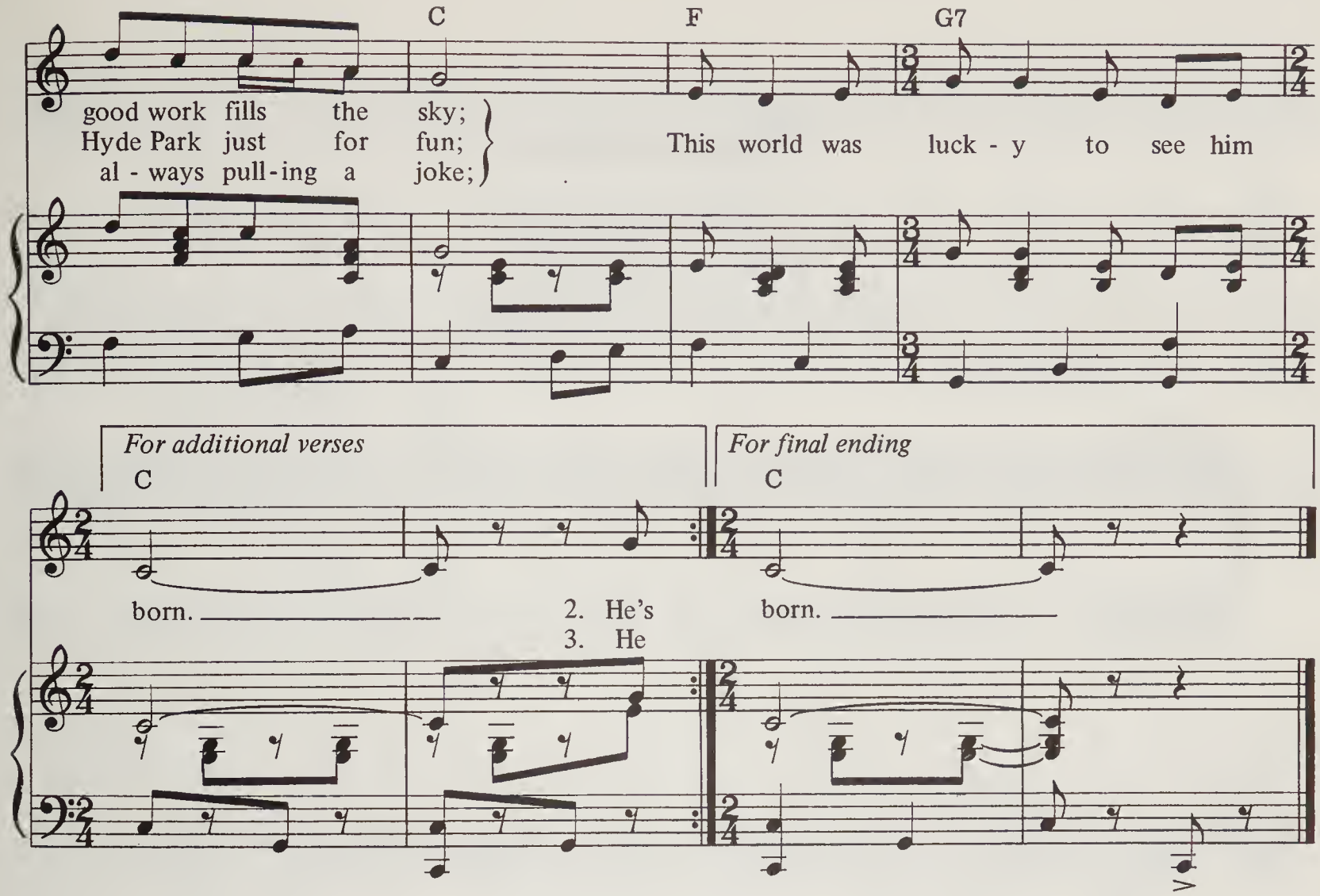
Moderately









4. He went on up towards Harvard, he read his books of law;
He loved his trees and horses, loved everything he saw;
This world was lucky to see him born.

5. He got struck down by fever and it settled in his leg;
He loved the folks that wished him well as everybody did;
This world was lucky to see him born.

6. He took his office on a crippled leg, he said to one and all:
"You money changin' racket boys have sure 'nuff got to fall";
This world was lucky to see him born.

7. In senate walls and congress halls he used his gift of tongue
To get you thieves and liars told and put you on the run;
This world was lucky to see him born.

8. I voted for him for lots o' jobs, I'd vote his name again;
He tried to find an honest job for every idle hand;
This world was lucky to see him born.

9. He helped to build my union hall, he learned me how to talk;
I could see he was a cripple but he learned my soul to walk;
This world was lucky to see him born.

10. You Nazis and you fascists tried to boss this world by hate;
He fought my war the union way and the hate gang all got beat;
This world was lucky to see him born.

11. I sent him 'cross that ocean to Yalta and to Teheran;
He didn't like Churchill very much and told him man to man;
This world was lucky to see him born.

12. He said he didn't like DeGaulle, nor no Chiang Kai-shek;
Shook hands with Joseph Stalin, says: "There's a man I like!"
This world was lucky to see him born.

13. I was torpedoed on my merchant ship the day he took command;
He was hated by my captain, but loved by all ship's hands;
This world was lucky to see him born.

14. I was a GI in my army camp that day he passed away,
And over my shoulder talkin' I could hear some soldier say:
"This world was lucky to see him born."

15. I guess this world was lucky just to see him born;
I know this world was lucky just to see him born;
This world was lucky to see him born.

Deportee

(Plane Wreck At Los Gatos)
Lyrics by Woody Guthrie
Music by Martin Hoffman

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Pushing ahead **Moderate tempo**

f *mf*

Verse:

E A E

1. The crops are all in and the peach - es are rot - t'ning, ____ The
(2. My) fa - ther's own fa - ther, he wad - ed that riv - er, ____ They
(3. Some of) us are il - le - gal and some are not want - ed, ____ Our

mf

A A/B E

or - ang - es piled in their cre - o - sote dumps; ____ You're
took all the mon - ey he made in his life; ____ My
work con-tract's out and we have to move on; ____ —

A E

fly - ing 'em back to the Mex - i - can bor - der, To
broth - ers and sis - ters come work - ing the fruit trees, And
Six hun-dred miles to that Mex - i - can bor - der, They

A A/B E

pay all their mon - ey to wade back a - gain.
they rode the truck till they took down and died.
chase us like out - laws, like rus - tlers, like thieves.

Chorus:

A E

Good - bye to my Juan, good - bye, Ro - sa - li - ta, A -

B7 E

dios, mis a - mi - gos, Je - sus y Ma - ri - a; ___

A E

___ You won't have your names when you ride the big

A A/B

air - plane, All they will call you will be de - por -

For additional verses *For final ending*

E E

tees. ___ 2. My tees. ___
3. Some of

8va

Dirty Overhalls

Words and Music by Woody Guthrie

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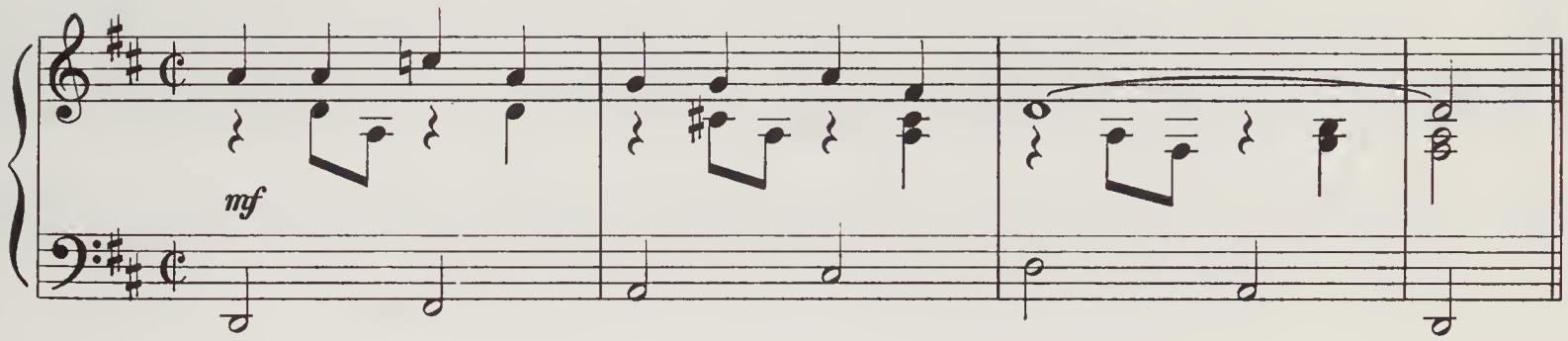
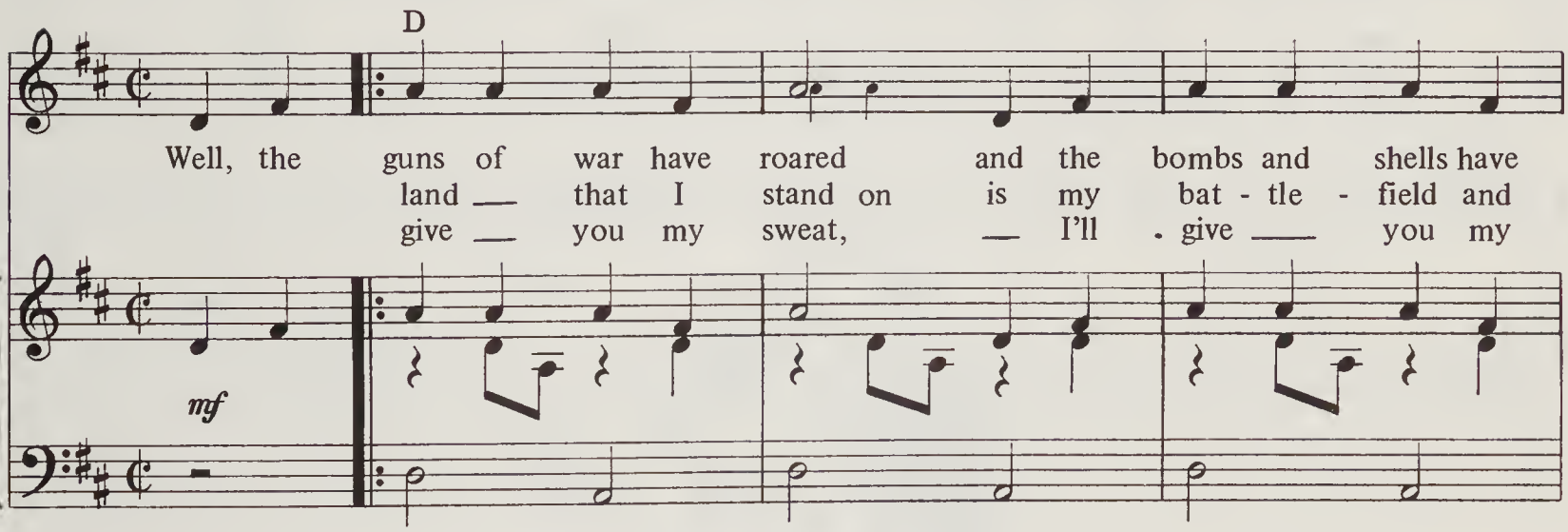
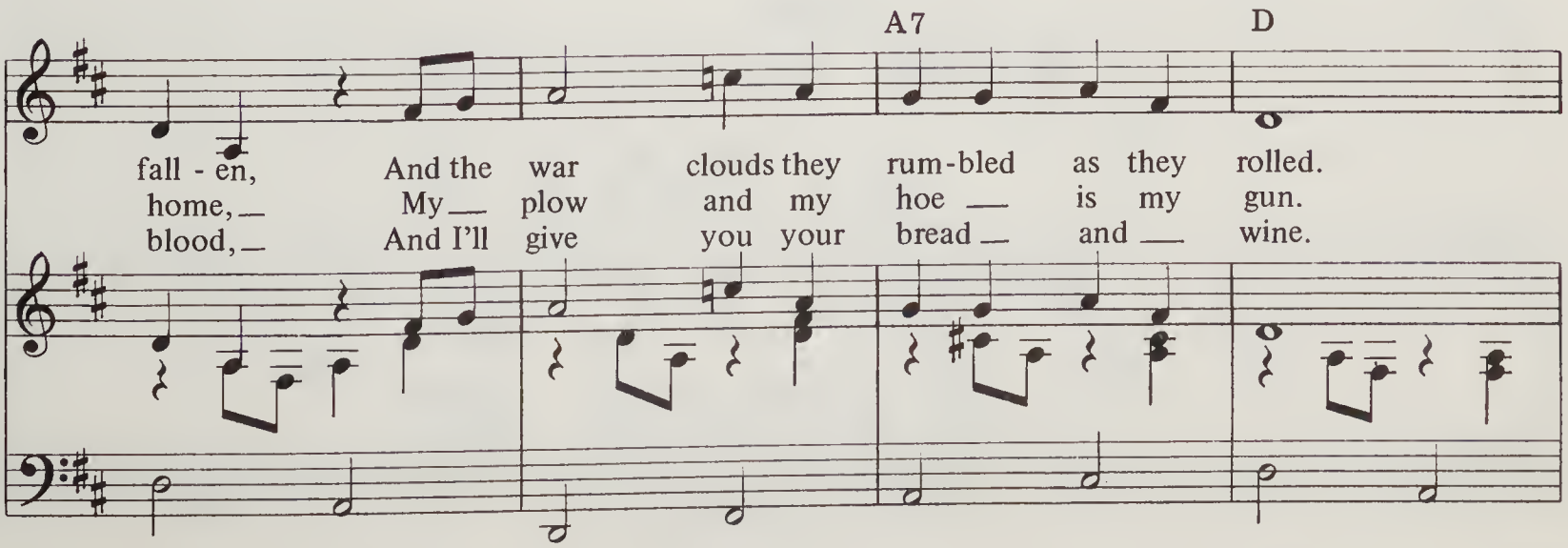
Nipping along







I was a sol - dier in the fight and I fought 'til we
Clothes don't _ make no dif-f'rence at all, we are work-ers and fight - ers
Be-fore I'd ___ be an - y man's slave, ___ I'd rot down in my

A7 D

won,_ My u - ni - form's my dirt - y o - ver - halls. ___
all,___ My u - ni - form's my dirt - y o - ver - halls. ___
grave,_ And you can lay me down in my dirt - y o - ver - halls. ___

1.2. 3. D

___ This piece of ___ Well, we set - tled · here to
_____ Well, I'll

stay, and I'll stick here all my days, I'll keep

A7 D G D

march - ing in my dirt - y o - ver - halls.

8va

YA GOTTA PICK
A LOT OF
COTTON
TO SMOKE A 5¢
CEEGAR !

Don't You Push Me Down

Words and Music by Woody Guthrie (Melody based on a traditional theme)

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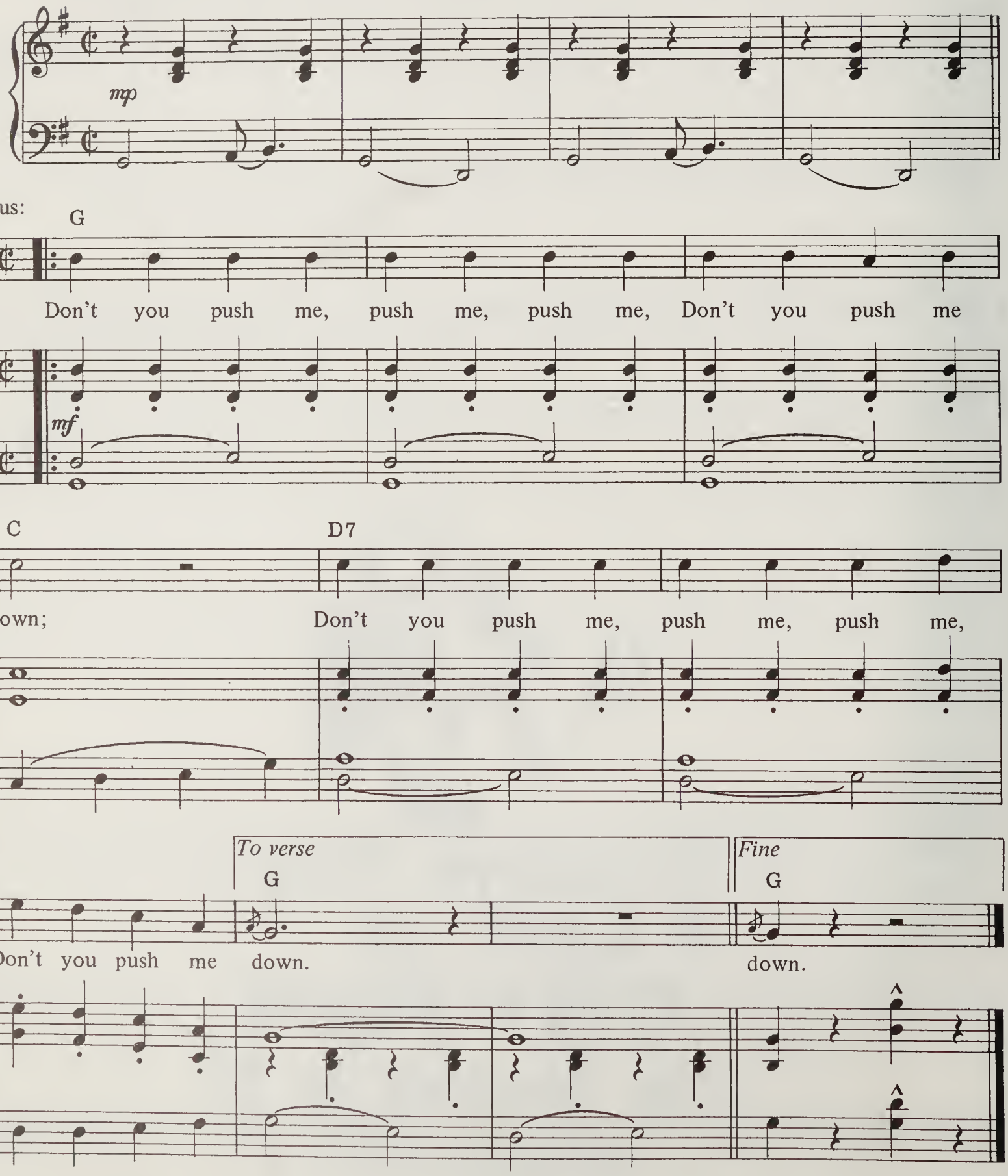
Bright, with spirit



Verse:

G C G

1. You can play with me, You can hold my
2. You can play with me, We can build a
3. You can play with me, We can play all

C D7

hand, We can skip to - geth - er Down
house, You can take my ball ____ And
day, And you can use my dish - es If

G

to the pret - zel man. You can wear my mom - my's
bounce it up and down. You can take my
you'll put them a - way. You can feed me

C G C

shoes, Wear my dad - dy's hat,
skates And ride them all a - round,
ap - ples And or - ang - es and plums, And

D7

You can e - ven laugh at me,
You can e - ven get mad at me,
you can e - ven wash my face,

Repeat three times,
Last time to Fine

G

But don't you push me down. No,
But don't you push me down.
But don't you push me down.

Do Re Mi

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Briskly

f

G C

Lots of folks back east, they say, leav - in' home ev - 'ry day,

mf

D7 G

Beat - in' the hot old dust - y way_ to the Cal - i - for - nia line.

C

'Cross the des - ert sands they roll, get-ting out_ of that old dust bowl, They

D7 G

think they're go-ing to a su-gar bowl,_ but here is what they find:

D7

Now the po-lice at the port of en-try

mf

say, "You're num-ber four-teen thou-sand for to-

Chorus: G

day." Oh, if you ain't got the do re

mi, folks, if you ain't got the do re

D7

mi, _____ Why, you bet-ter go back_ to beau - ti - ful

Tex - as, _____ O - kla - ho - ma, Kan - sas, Geor - gia, Ten - nes -

G

see. ___ Cal - i - for - nia is a gar - den of

E - den, A par - a - dise to live in or

C G D7 G

see. But, be - lieve it or not, you won't

C G C D7

find it so hot, if you ain't got the do re

1. G mi.

2. G mi.

dim.

If you want to buy you a home or farm
That can't do nobody harm,
Or take your vacation by the mountains or sea,
Don't swap your old cow for a car,
You'd better stay right where you are;
You'd better take this little tip from me.
'Cause I look through the want ads every day,
But the headlines on the papers always say: (Chorus)

THEM: AFTER ALL WHAT IS MONEY?
US: DERN IF I KNOW — NEVER HAD ANY!

Dust Bowl Refugee

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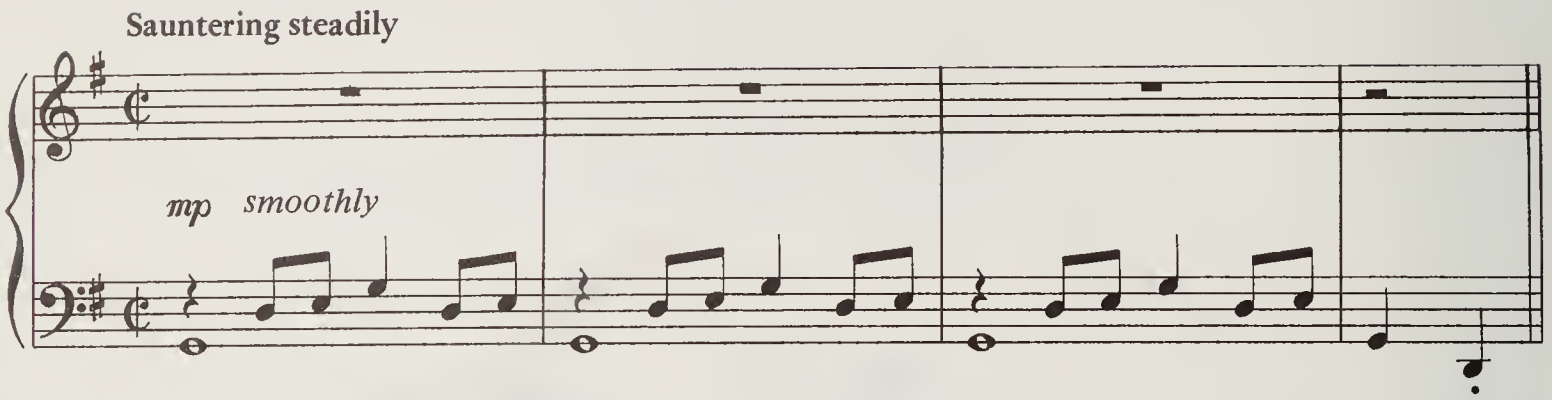

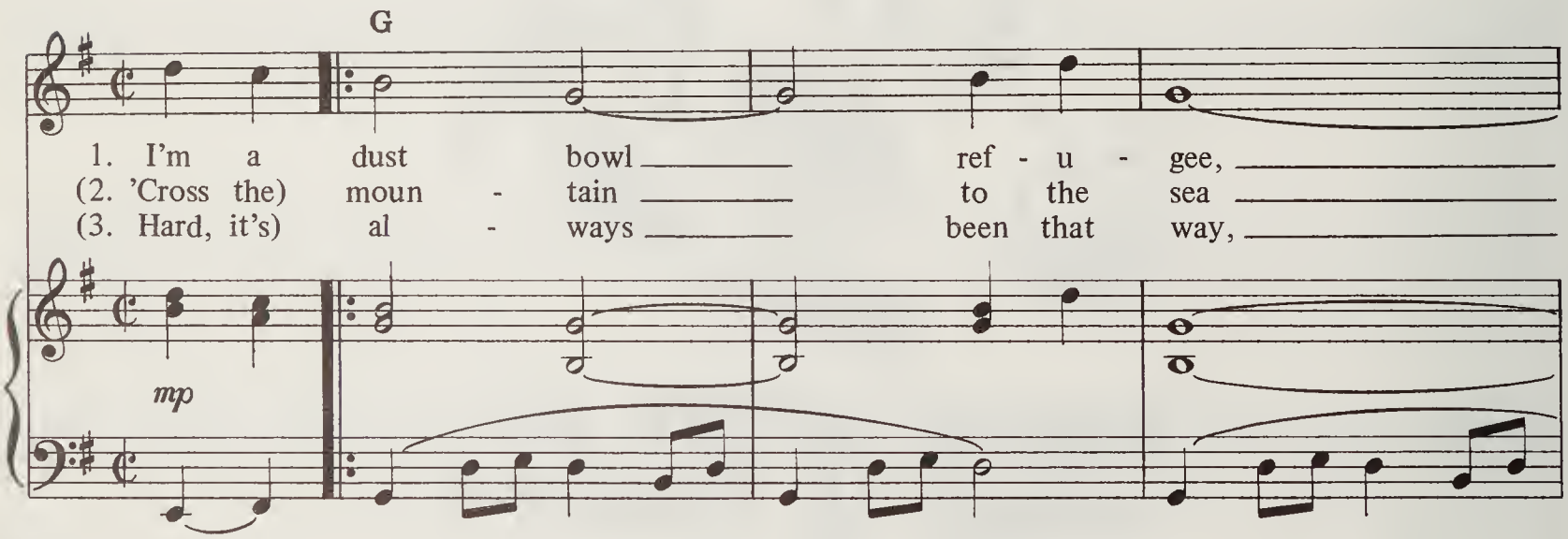

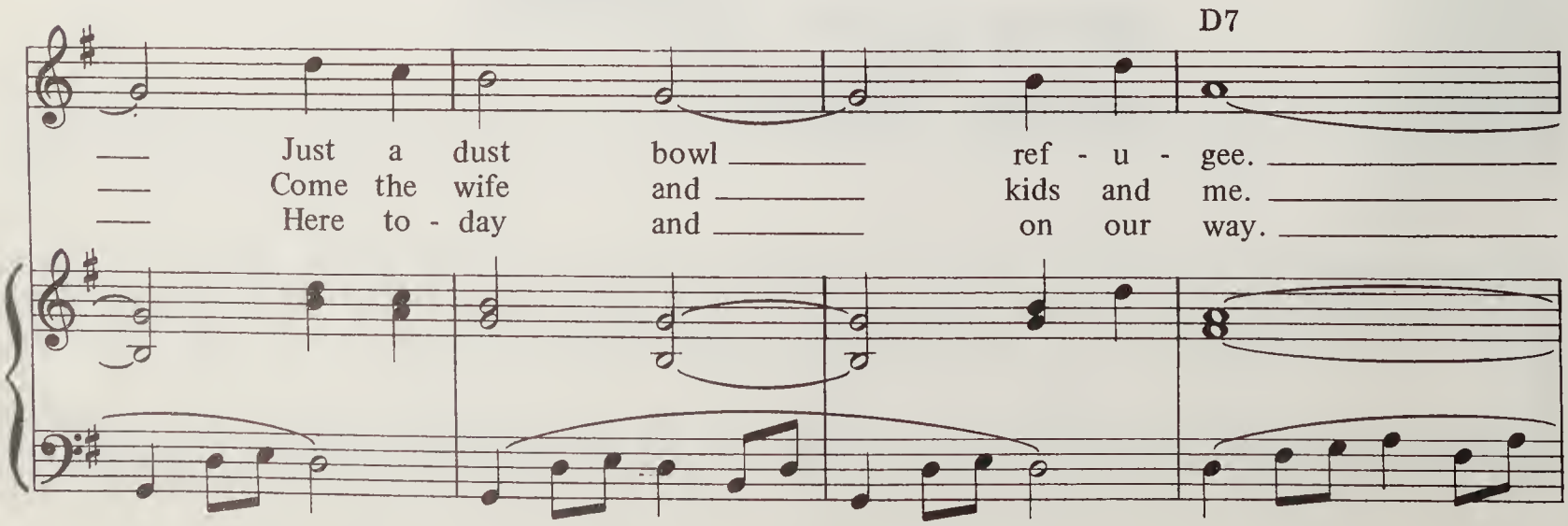

G

From that dust bowl to the peach bowl,
It's a hot old dust - y high - way
Down that moun - tain, 'cross the des - ert,

D7

Now that peach fuzz is a - kill - in'
For a dust bowl ref - u -
Just a dust bowl ref - u -

For additional words

G

me.
gee.
gee.

2. 'Cross the
3. Hard, it's
4. We are

For final ending

G

gee.

Dust Bowl Refugee (*continued*)

4. We are ramblers so they say,
   We are only here today.
   Then we travel with the seasons,
   We're the dust bowl refugees.

5. From the southland and the droughtland
   Come the wife and kids and me.
   And this old world is a hard world
   For a dust bowl refugee.

6. Yes we ramble and we roam,
   And the highway, that's our home.
   It's a never-ending highway
   For a dust bowl refugee.

7. Yes, we wander and we work
   In your crops and in your fruit.
   Like the whirlwinds on the desert,
   That's the dust bowl refugees.

Dust Bowl Refugee

I just think how I think is right and let you do the same. I don't care what political party believes it or any part of it. I didn't never want to be no politician, they's too many crooked ones without me.

You are the dust bowl refugees and your feet have made one of the most important trips of the twentieth century, from a valley of dust, and out of a land of high blizzardy winds, you've fought your way to a better land and a greener valley, where the rain drops are large and the wind is almost tender.

You have traveled the great high mountains and you have rolled along down the hillsides and on down below sea level to beat your way across the sand of the desert that shakes and quivers in the hot sun.

You rolled across several of the United States and you wound your way along the shady and pretty sights of the great trees and orchards and gardens of flowers and nice things to eat.

And you were met by a wild mob of guards and armed deputies who stopped you only for a second with angry words of all kinds and they actually met you as if you were an army of outsiders invading their country, when really you were looking for a job of work to do with your hands and you were running away from idleness and debt and a great natural calamity, the great and terrible dust storms that struck your lands and your homes and your loved ones.

But you made California. Some, many of you made the trip several times and every trip was to look for work, and more work, and fair and decent treatment and honest pay.

Always remember that you are a great people, for not all people would sweat so much and walk so far to find a job of work.

It is people like you migratory workers and work hunters that make the human race a greater race, and it is a race, and you will win and also save that race.

1940

Dust Can't Kill Me

Words and Music by Woody Guthrie

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Brightly

f

C

1. That old dust storm killed my ba - by,
(3. That old) land - lord, he got my home - stead,
(5. That old) trac - tor got my home, boys,

mf

G7 C

But it can't kill me, Lord, And it can't kill me.
But he can't get me, Lord, And he can't get me.
But it can't get me, Lord, And it can't get me.

2. That old dust storm killed my fam - 'ly,
4. That old dry spell killed my crop, boys,
6. That old trac - tor run my house down,

For additional words

G7 C

But it can't kill me, Lord, And it can't kill me.
But it can't kill me, Lord, And it can't kill me.
But it can't get me down, And it can't get me.

For final ending

C

3. That old me.
5. That old
(7. That old)

rit.

7. That old pawn shop got my furniture,
But it can't get me, Lord,
And it can't get me.

8. That old highway, it's got my relatives,
But it can't get me, Lord,
And it can't get me.

9. That old dust might kill my wheat, boys,
But it can't kill me, Lord,
And it can't kill me.

10. I have weathered many a dust storm,
But it can't get me, boys,
And it can't kill me.

11. That old dust storm, well, it blowed my barn down,
But it can't blow me down,
And it can't blow me down.

12. That old wind might blow this world down,
But it can't blow me down,
And it can't kill me.

13. That old dust storm killed my baby
But it can't kill me, Lord,
And it can't kill me.

14. This old dust storm it's a-kickin' up cinders,
This old dust storm cuttin' down my wheat,
This old dust storm it pushed my shack down,
But it didn't get me, girl,
It cain't stop me.

15. This old dust storm it's a-kickin' up gravel,
This old dust storm she's a sight to see,
Blows so dark, dark that I cain't see daylight,
But it didn't get me, girl,
It cain't stop me.

16. This old dust storm it's a-kickin' up hardrock,
Kickin' up loose dirt from sea to sea,
If this old dirt blinds me, I still can feel ya,
It cain't stop me.

17. This old dust storm it's a-diggin' my farm up,
This old dirty dust storm it's a-chokin' me.
Money man broke me and this weather might break him,
But it cain't stop me, girl,
It cain't stop me.

18. I caught me a ride down this twisting highway
With a tough truckdriver and he says to me:
"This hard wind blows my truck plumb sideways,
"But it cain't stop me, girl,
"It cain't stop me."

19. I caught myself a ride off down a Texas freight train,
Name on the boxcar was the Santy Fee,
Old wild dust storm it stopped that freight train,
But it didn't stop me, girl,
It cain't stop me.

20. Caught myself a good ride on a big Lincoln Zephyr,
Rolled me so dangblang fast that I couldn't see,
Dust storm cracked up that there Lincoln Zephyr,
But it didn't stop me, girl,
It cain't stop me.

21. It blowed me out there towards Arizona (Aryyzzeenoo)
To the town of Tucson and it stranded me,
Darn nigh starved there at cotton boll gravvin',
But it didn't stop me, girl,
It cain't stop me.

22. It blows me southwards, blows me northwards,
Blows me back westwards and blows me to the east,
It dug a Grand Canyon for to be my graveyard,
But it didn't stop me, girl,
It cain't stop me.

23. Girly, I'm still a-blowin', I'm still a-goin',
Rumblin' and a-tumblin' right back your way,
Wild weeds that rumble and big storms that rumble
Just didn't stop me, girl,
Just cain't stop me.

Dust Storm Disaster

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Quickly in 2

f

G D A7

1. On the four - teenth day of A - pril ___ Of nine - teen thir - ty -
(3. From) O - kla - ho - ma Cit - y ___ To the Ar - i - zo - na
(5. The) ra - di - o re - port - ed ___ We lis - tened with a -

mf

D

five ___ There struck the worst of dust storms ___ That
line ___ Da - ko - ta and Ne - bras - ka ___ To the
larm ___ The wild and wind - y ac - tions ___ Of this

A7 D G

ev - er filled the sky. 2. You could see that dust storm
la - zy Ri - o Grande. 4. It fell a - cross our
great mys - ter - ious storm. 6. From Al - bu - querque and

D A7 D

com - ing The cloud looked death - like black And through our might - y
cit - y Like a cur - tain of black rolled down We thought it was our
Clo - vis And all New Mex - i - co They said it was the

For additional words *For final ending*

A7 D D

na - tion It left a dread - ful track. 3. From gain.
judg - ment We thought it was our doom. 5. The
black - est That ev - er they had saw. (7. From)

Dust Storm Disaster (*continued*)

7. From old Dodge City, Kansas,
   The dust had rung their knell,
   And a few more comrades sleeping
   On top of old Boot Hill.

8. From Denver, Colorado,
   They said it blew so strong,
   They thought that they could hold out,
   They didn't know how long.

9. Our relatives were huddled
   Into their oil-boom shacks,
   And the children they were crying
   As it whistled through the cracks.

10. And the family, it was crowded
    Into their little room,
    They thought the world had ended,
    And they thought it was their doom.

11. The storm took place at sundown.
    It lasted through the night.
    When we looked out next morning
    We saw a terrible sight.

12. We saw outside our window
    Where wheatfields they had grown,
    Was now a rippling ocean
    Of dust the wind had blown.

13. It covered up our fences,
    It covered up our barns,
    It covered up our tractors
    In this wild and dusty storm.

14. We loaded our jalopies
    And piled our families in,
    We rattled down that highway
    To never come back again.

The Dying Miner

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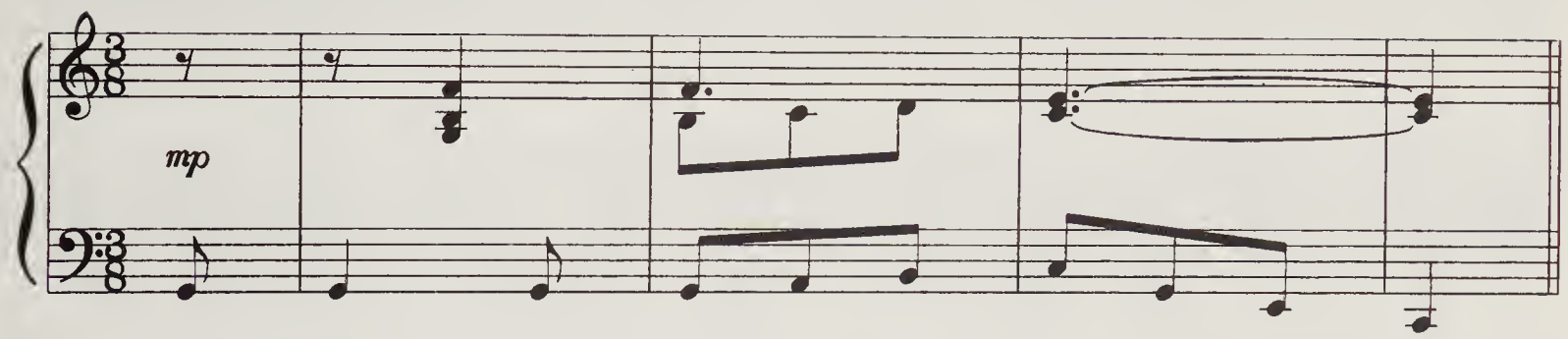
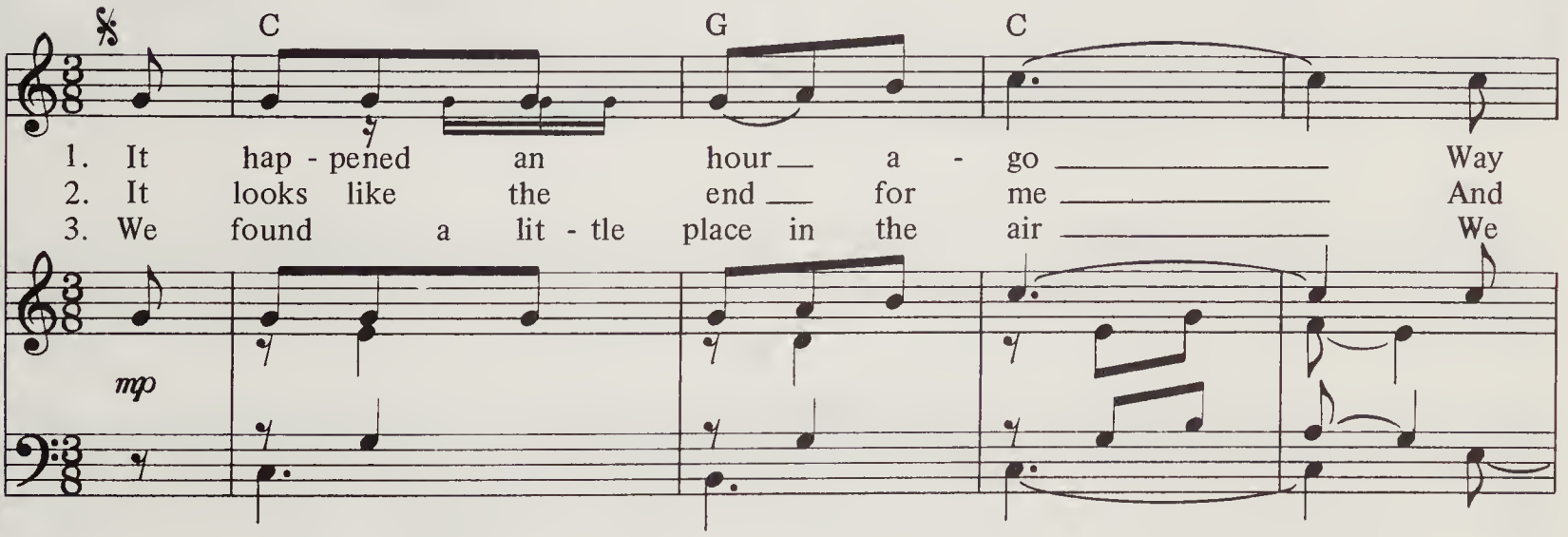
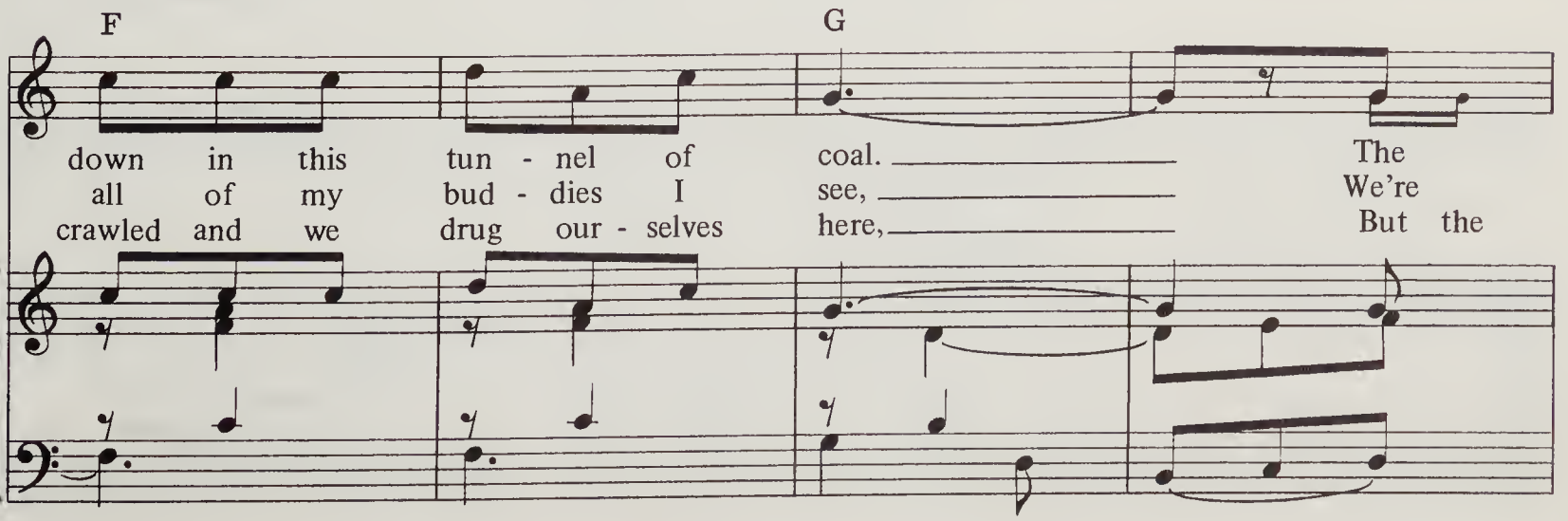
Gently, without dragging





1. It hap - pened an hour a - go Way
2. It looks like the end for me And
3. We found a lit - tle place in the air We



down in this tun - nel of coal. The
all of my bud - dies I see, We're
crawled and we drug our - selves here, But the

C F G7 Dm

gas caught fire from some - bod - y's lamp, And the
all writ - ing let - ters to the chil - dren we love, Please
smoke is bad and the fumes com - ing in, And the

G7 C

min - ers are chok - ing in smoke.
car - ry our word to our wives.
gas is burn - ing my eyes.

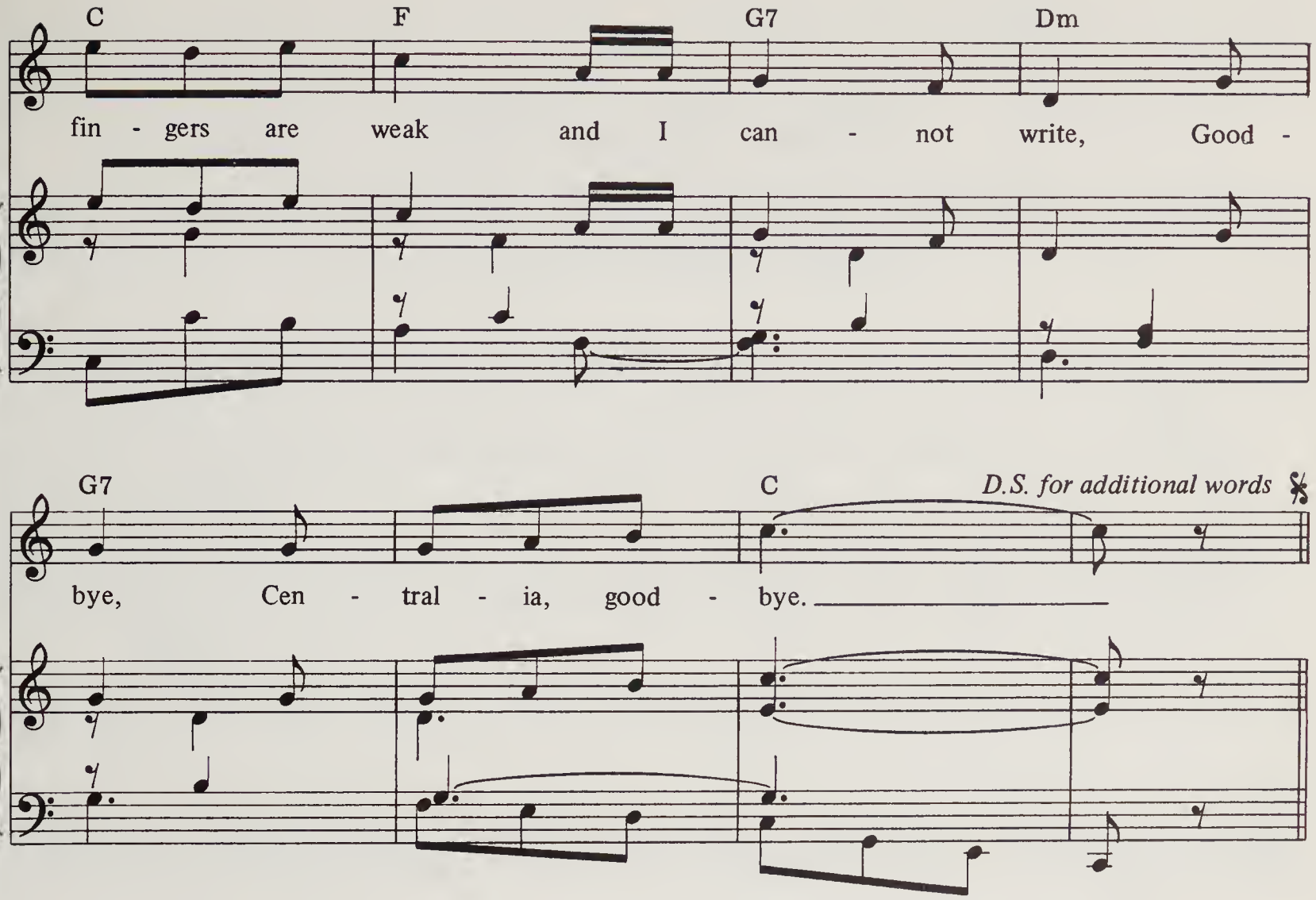
Chorus:

C G7 C C7

Dear sis - ters and broth - ers, good - bye, Dear

F G

moth - er and fa - ther, good - bye. My



4. Forgive me for things I done wrong
   I love you lots more than you know
   When the night whistle blows and
      I don't come home
   Do all that you can to help Mom.

5. I can hear the moans and the groans
   Of more than a hundred good men
   Just work and fight and try to see
   That this never happens again.

6. My eyes are blinded with fumes
   But it sounds like the men are all gone
   Except Joe Ballantini, Fred Gutzier,
      And Joy
   Trapped down in this hell hole of fire.

7. Please name our new baby Joe
   So he'll grow up like big Joe
   He'll work and he'll fight to fix up
      The mines
   So fires can't kill daddies no more.

East Texas Red

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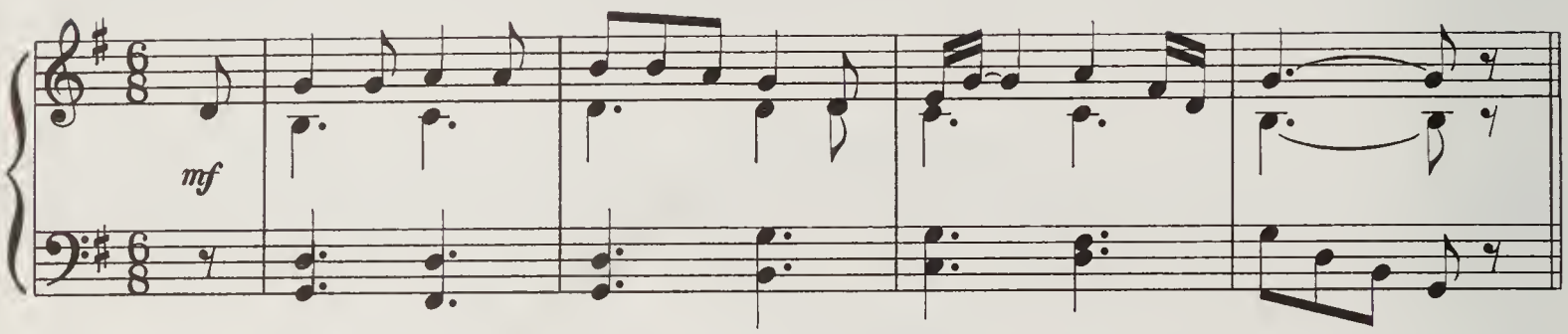
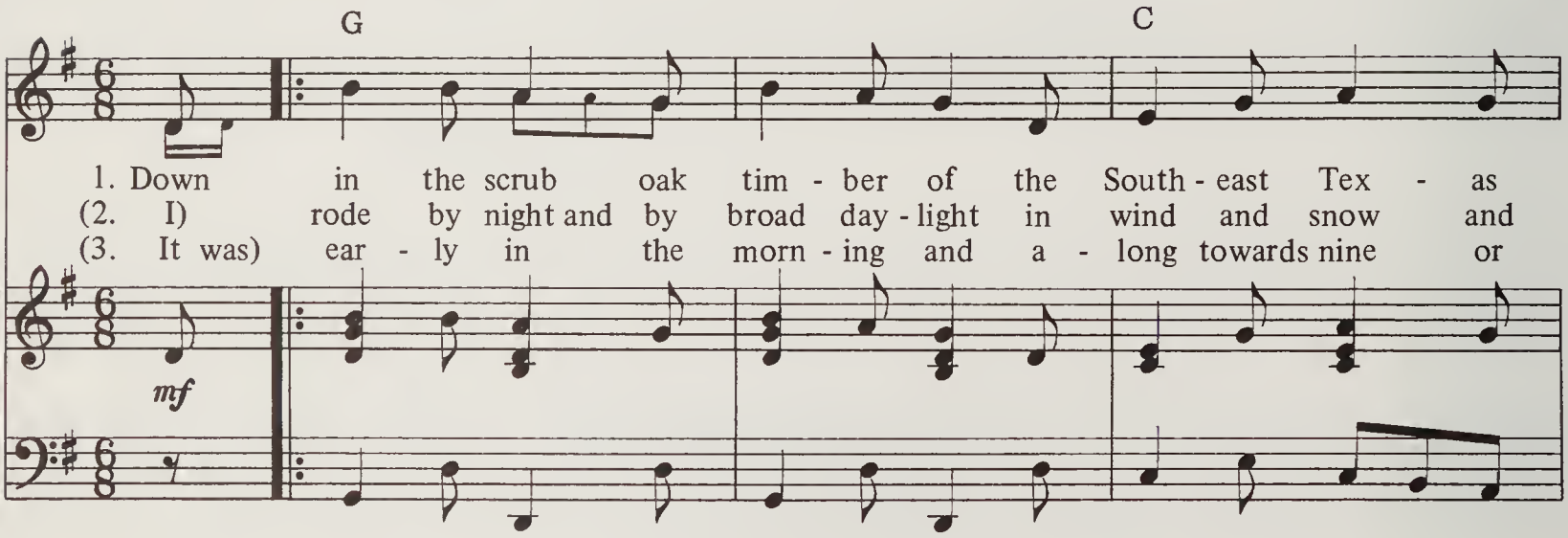
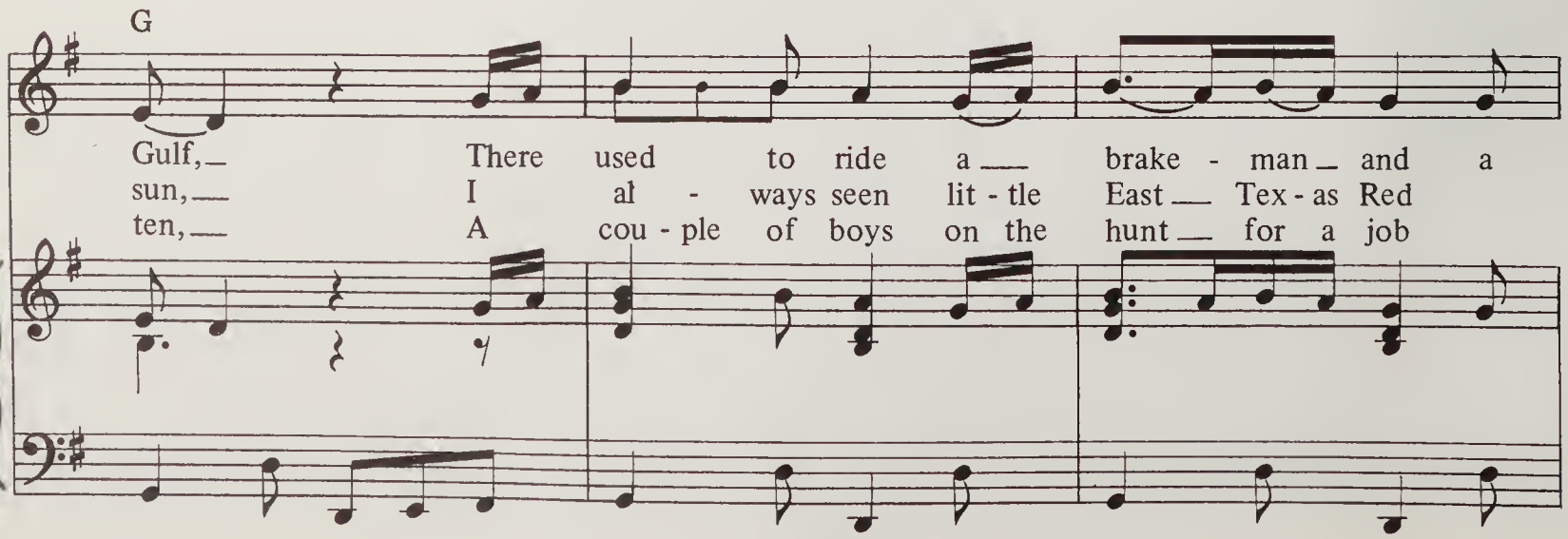
Lively







A7 D7 G

brake - man dou - ble tough. He worked the town of
sport - ing his smooth run - ning gun. The tale got switched down the
stood in the bliz - zard - y wind. Hun - gry and cold they

C G D7

Kil - gore and Long-view nine miles down, Us trav -'lers called him
stems and main and ev - 'ry - bod - y said, The mean-est man on the
knocked on the doors of the work - ing folks a - round, For a piece of meat and a

G C D7

East Tex - as Red, the mean - est bull a - round. 2. I stew.
shin - y rails was lit - tle East Tex - as Red. 3. It was
spud or two to boil a stew a - round. (4. Red)

For additional words G

For final ending G

4. Red he come down the cinder dump and he flagged the number two
He kicked their bucket over a bush and he dumped out all their stew
A traveler said "Mister East Texas Red you better get everything fixed
'Cause you're gonna ride your little train just one year from today."

5. Red he laughed as he clumb the bank and swung aside of a wheeler
The boys caught a tanker to Seminole and west to Amarillo
They struck them a job of oil-field work and followed a pipeline down
It took them lots of places till the year had rolled around.

East Texas Red (*continued*)

6. On one cold and wintry day they hooked them a Gulf-bound train
   They shivered and shook with dough in their clothes to see Kilgore again
   Over hills of sand and hard froze roads where the cotton wagons roll
   On past the town of Kilgore and on to old Longview.

7. With their warm suits of clothes and overcoats they walk into a store
   They pay the man for some meat and stuff to fix a stew once more
   The ties they walk back past the yards till they come to the same old spot
   Where East Texas Red just a year ago had dumped their last stew pot.

8. The smoke of their fire went higher and higher a man come down the line
   He ducked his head in the blizzardy wind and waved old number nine
   He walked off down the cinder dump till he come to the same old spot
   And there was the same three men again around that same little pot.

9. Red went to his knees and he hollered "Please don't pull that trigger on me
   I did not get my business fixed" but he did not get his say:
   A gun wheeled out of an overcoat and it played the old one two
   And Red was dead when the other two men set down to eat their stew.

East Texas Red

EAST TEXAS RED, Denver Bob, McAlester Dan, Yuma Ike, Tucson Slim, and other tough railroad officers, are famous, perhaps more famous than they know, and I'm sure that their fame is in a tone of voice that they wouldn't like to hear.

But, there's two kinds of people in this world, one kind you can push around, and the other kind just don't push.

There are hundreds and hundreds of stories up and down the railroad lines about somebody that pushes you around, and then, in time, gets pushed around.

The travelers hear more tales about the hobo that lost, than about one that won; and it's easy to understand how a story of this kind, where the tables are turned against the bull, is told over and over again.

It wouldn't be unfair to the United States to have an hour a day on a coast to coast, nationwide radio station, just putting on this one particular brand of American history, because when you're determined that you're going to go somewhere, and somebody steps out in front of you with all of the cards stacked on his side, and tells you that you don't ride—it sort of gets your skin to itching.

The harness bulls are dreaded and hated, because your freedom, even your whole life, might be in their hands, to decide what to do with you, and even if your story satisfies them that you're okay, still, they will tell you that they're paid wages to carry out orders, and that their orders are mostly orders that make it awful hard on you.

So the bulls are tough. They'll tell you, yes, I'm tough, I'm paid to be tough, and if I ain't tough, the boss'll get somebody what is tough. When that five o'clock whistle blows, and I take off my harness, then I'm a pretty good feller, something like you, but when that morning eight o'clock rolls around, I put my rig back on, and I get tough again, and I stay tough all day long—and it just so happens that I'm tough right this minute—.

The reputation of one bull will spread for hundreds of miles, and you can't take even a short ride on the freights without hearing every day warnings and bits of friendly advice about not only the mean dicks all over the country, in general, but you'll have your own particular line charted out for you by the old-time riders, telling you just how to duck and dodge the cops.

Sometimes you see lots of excitement, it usually happens before you know it, and sometimes you are only hearing and feeling a steady stream of dangerous stories, things that keep you on your toes every minute, because there is no sure sleep or rest or anything else as long as you know that you are on private property, and could be arrested in a minute, without half a chance to put up an argument, because the laws are made ahead of your trip, and your trip, even your freedom, goes by those little laws. . . .

The mean reputation of East Texas Red spread everywhere, and I've heard many men swear that if he ever hurt a hair on their head, that it would be the last head he'd ever knock . . . and out of the many that say this, there are some men that mean it.

There are hundreds of good songs and stories about these men, and their lives, how they work, and how they live, travel, have fun, and what they talk and think about. . . .

So, this is the way it goes. And this song is just about the cashing in of the checks of another mean bull.

End of My Line

Words and New Music Adaptation by Woody Guthrie

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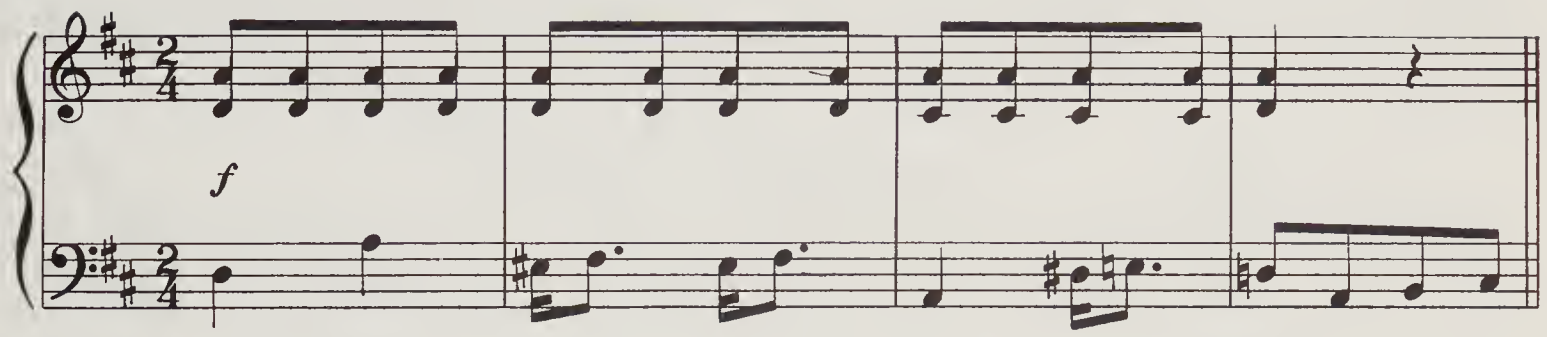
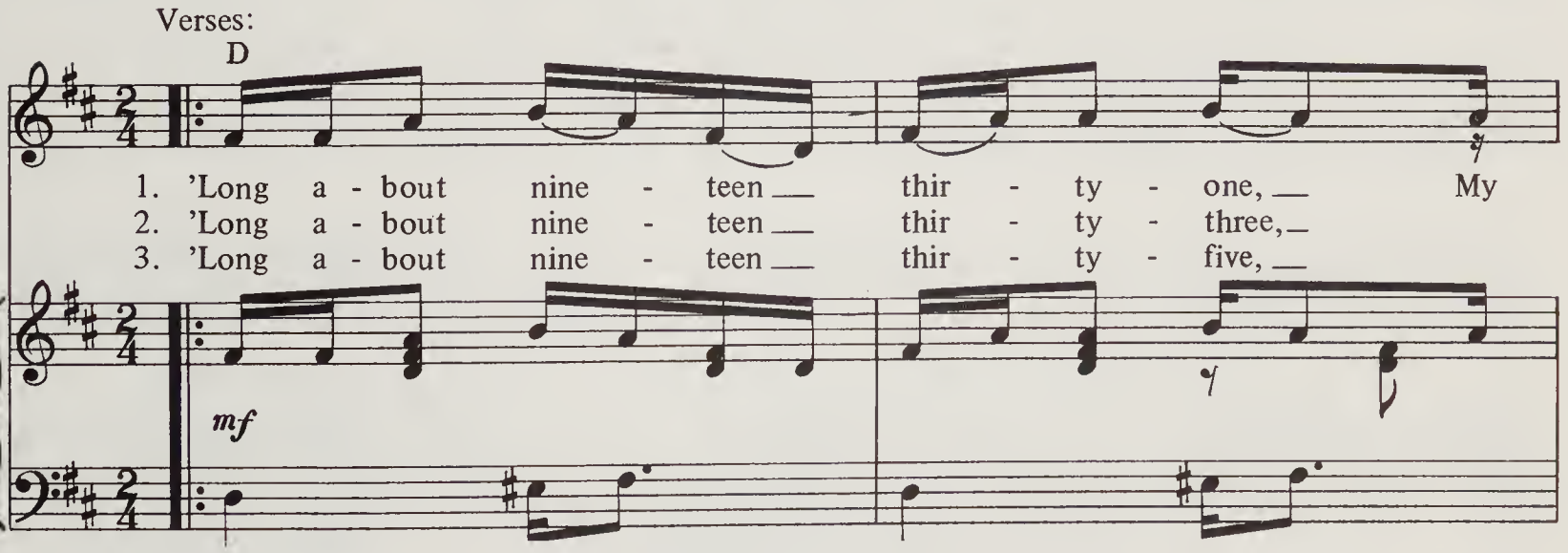
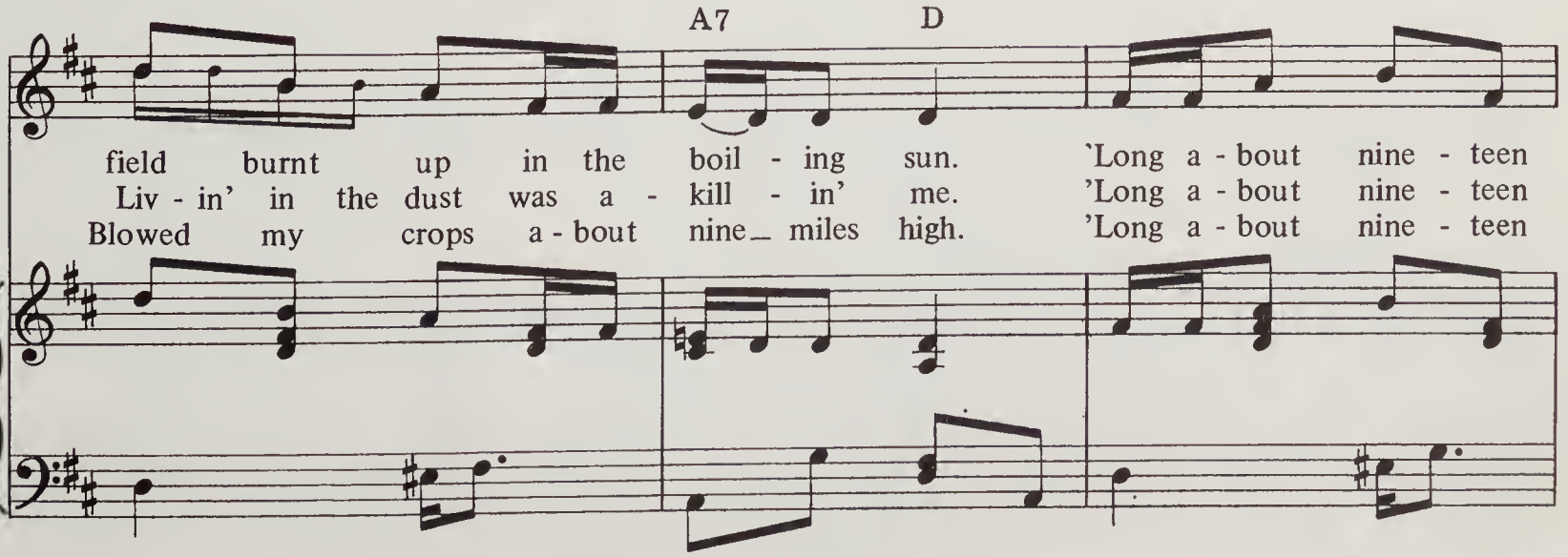
Bouncy and cheeky



Verses:





D A7 D

thir - ty - two,— Dust did rise and the dust it blew.
thir - ty - four,— Dang - born dust, it blew some more.
thir - ty - six,— Me and my wife in a dev - il of a fix.

Chorus:

D

End o' my line, end o' my line,— I reck - on I come to the

A7 D

end o' my line. End o' my line, end o' my line,— I

For additional words *For final ending*

A7 D A7 D

reck - on I come to the end o' my line. end o' my line.

4. 'Long about nineteen thirty-nine
We fanned our tails for that Oregon line.
We got a-hold of a piece of land,
Thirteen miles from the Coulee Dam. (Chorus)

5. Coulee Dam is a sight to see,
Makes this e-lec-a-tric-i-tee.
'Lectric lights is mighty fine,
If you're hooked on to the power line. (Chorus)

6. There just ain't no country extra fine
If you're just a mile from the end o' the line.
Milk my cows and turn my stone,
Till them Grand Coulee boys come along. (Chorus)

7. My eyes are crossed, my back's in a cramp,
Tryin' to read my Bible by my coal-oil lamp.
No, there ain't no country worth a dime.
If I'm just a mile from the end o' the line.(Chorus to final ending)

Going Down the Road

(I Ain't Going To Be Treated This Way)

Words and Music by Woody Guthrie and Lee Hays

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Lively

f

G

1. I'm blow-in' down this old dust - y road; Yes, I'm
(2.) go-ing where the wa - ter tastes like wine; Yes, I'm
(3.) go-ing where them dust storms nev - er blow; Yes, I'm

mp

C G

blow - in' down this old dust - y road; I'm
go - ing where the wa - ter tastes like wine; I'm
go - ing where them dust storms nev - er blow; I'm

C Cdim G

blow - in' down this old dust - y road, Lord
go - ing where the wa - ter tastes like wine, Lord
go - ing where them dust storms nev - er blow, Lord

D7

God, And I ain't a - gon - na be treat - ed this - a
God, And I ain't a - gon - na be treat - ed this - a
God, And I ain't a - gon - na be treat - ed this - a

For additional words

G

way.
way.
way.

2. I'm a - way.
3. I'm

For final ending

G

rit.

4. They say I'm a dust-bowl refugee . . . (3 times)

5. I'm looking for a job at honest pay . . .

6. My children need three square meals a day . . .

7. Your two-dollar shoe hurts my feet . . .

8. Takes a ten-dollar shoe to fit my feet . . .

9. I'm going down this old dusty road . . .

Goodnight Little Arlo

Words and Music by Woody Guthrie

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Lullaby with a lilt

Chorus:

C G C7 F

Good night, lit - tle Ar - lo, good night, Good

mp

C G7

night, lit - tle Ar - lo, good night.

C F

Sleep, sleep, sleep - y, sleep tight, sleep tight, Good

C G7 C *Fine*

night, lit - tle Ar - lo, good night.

Verse:

C G C7 F

1. You've played, lit - tle Ar - lo, all day, Your
2. You've played, lit - tle Zibber Zee,* all day, With
3. You've hurt your fin - ger, I see, Come

C G7

eyes are both sleep - y, I see. Your
dol - lies and wag - ons and clay. Your
here and bring him to me. Your

C F

sun's rid - ing high, and your moon's rid - ing too,
bath, it's warm and your jam - mers are tight,
kiss - y lit - tle fin - ger all bet - ter, all right,
Good

C G7 C

night, lit - tle Ar - lo, good night. Good

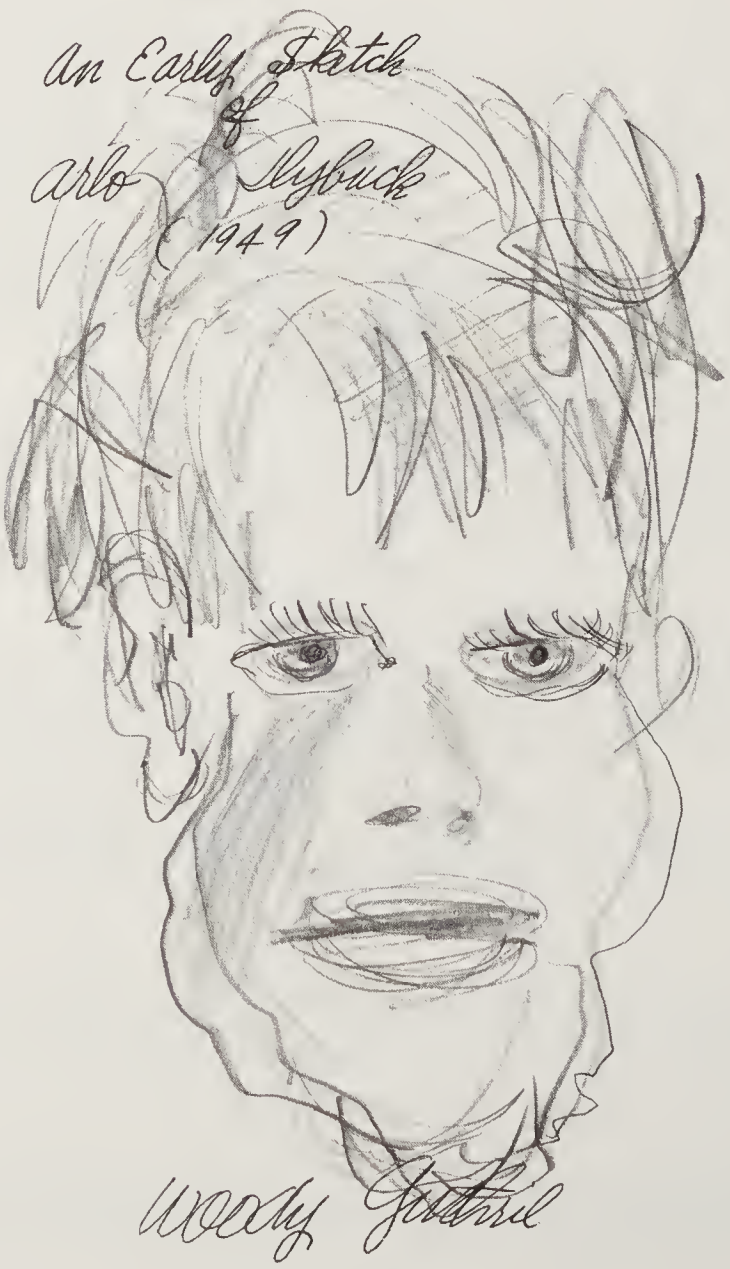
** one of Arlo's many nicknames*

Goodnight Little Arlo (*continued*)

4. (You) danced and you played with the kids!
   You told me the things that you did!
   You told me your games and you told me your fights,
   Good night, Little Arlo, good night! (Chorus)

5. I stand by the side of your bed!
   You snuggy, snuggy snug down your head!
   I'll cover you over so warm and so nice!
   Good night, Little Arlo, good night! (Chorus)

6. I'll see you when the morning gets bright!
   Don't let the beddybugs bite!
   No, there ain't no country worth a dime
   If I'm just a mile from the end o' the line. (Chorus to final ending)



The Grand Coulee Dam

Words and Music by Woody Guthrie (Melody based on a traditional theme)

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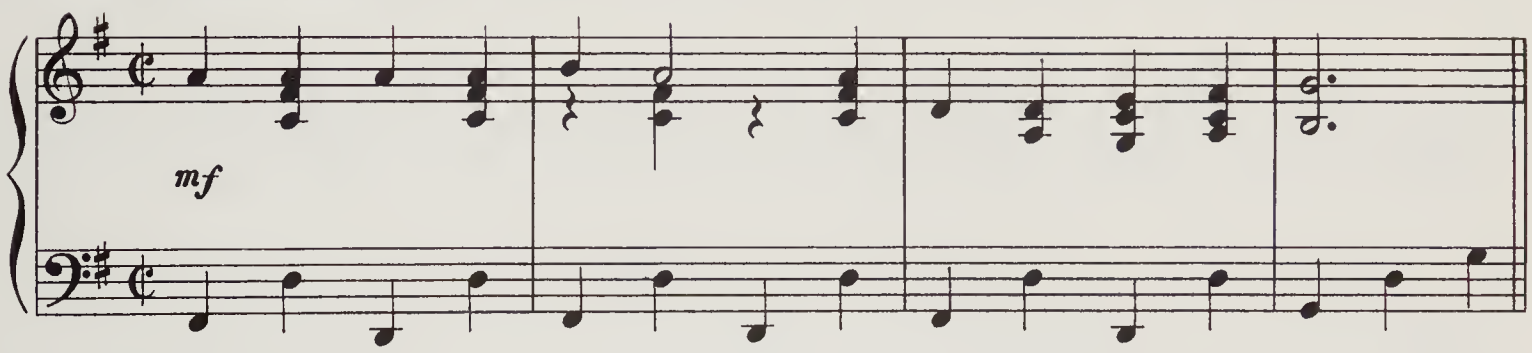
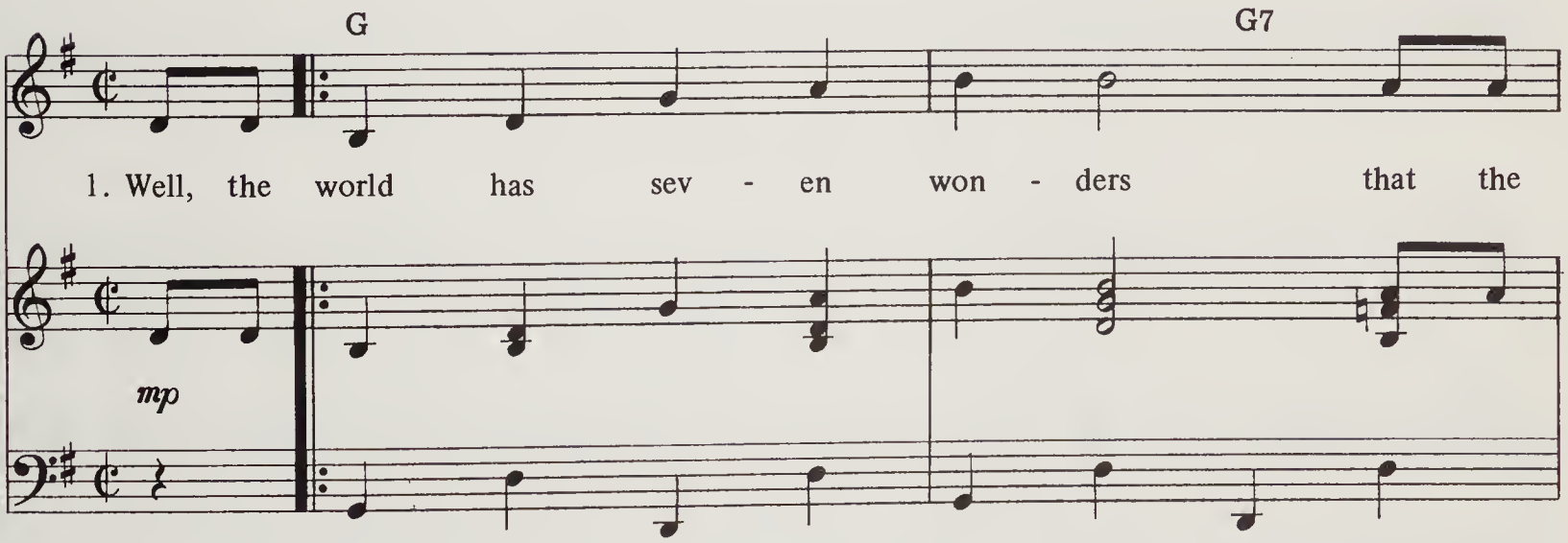
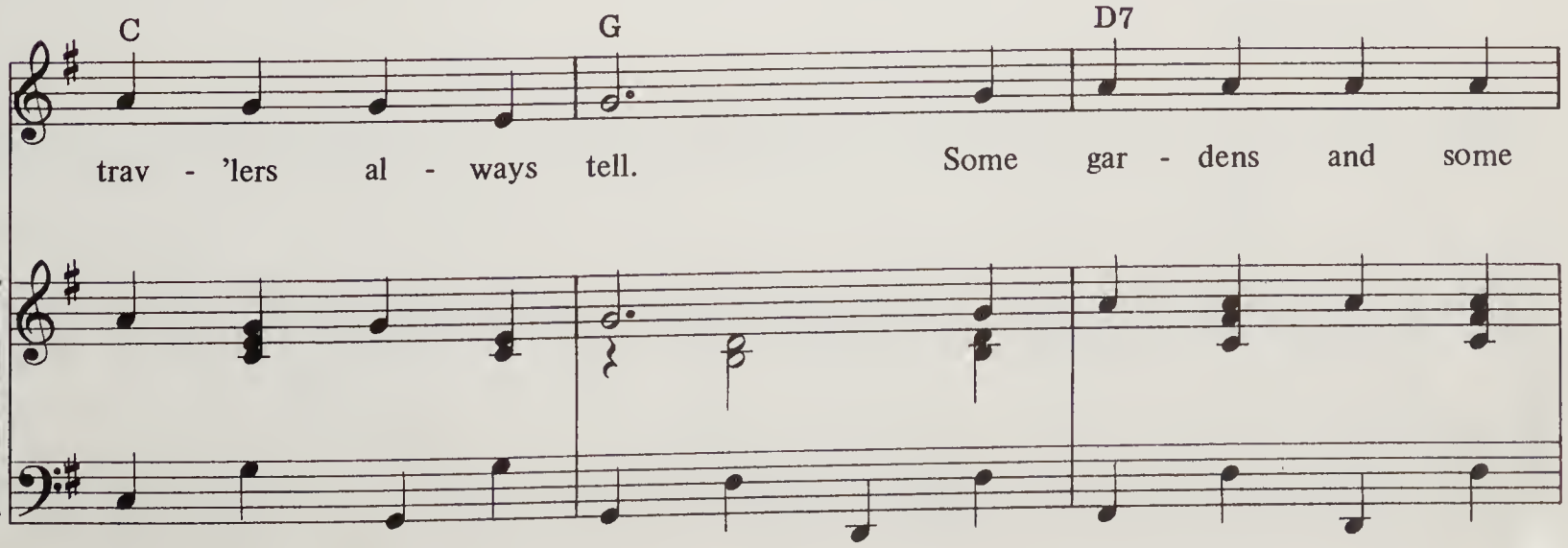
Rollicking along







G

tow - ers, I guess you know them well. But now the great - est

G7 C G D7

won - der is in Un - cle Sam's fair land, It's the big Co - lum - bia

For additional verses

G

Riv - er and the big Grand Cou - lee Dam. 2. She heads

For final ending

C/D D7 G C/D G

big Grand Cou - lee Dam.

cresc.

f

2. She heads up the Canadian Rockies where the rippling waters glide,
Comes a-roaring down the canyon to meet the salty tide,
Of the wide Pacific Ocean where the sun sets in the West
And the big Grand Coulee country in the land I love the best.

3. At the Umatilla Rapids, at the Priest and at Cascades,
Mighty men have carved a history of their sacrifices made,
In the foaming, pounding waters of the big Shelilo Falls,
It's the big Grand Coulee country that I love best of all.

4. She heads down the granite canyon and she bends across the lea,
Like a dancing, prancing stallion down her seaway to the sea;
Cast your eye upon the greatest thing yet built by human hands,
On the King Columbia River, it's the big Grand Coulee Dam.

5. In the misty crystal glitter of that wild and windward spray,
Men have fought the pounding waters and met a watery grave,
Well, she tore their boats to splinters but she gave men dreams to dream
Of the day the Coulee Dam would cross that wild and wasted stream.

6. At Bonneville on the river there's a green and beautiful sight,
See the Bonneville Dam a-rising in the sun so clear and white,
While the leaping salmon play along the ladder and the rocks,
There's a streamboat load of gasoline a-whistling in the locks.

7. Uncle Sam took up the challenge in the year of 'thirty-three,
For the farmer and the factory and all of you and me,
He said, "Roll along, Columbia, you can ramble to the sea,
But river, while you're rambling, you can do some work for me."

8. Now in Washington and Oregon you can hear the factories hum,
Making chrome and making manganese and light aluminum,
And there roars the flying fortress now to fight for Uncle Sam,
Spawned upon the King Columbia by the big Grand Coulee Dam.

Gypsy Davy

Words and New Music Adaptation by Woody Guthrie

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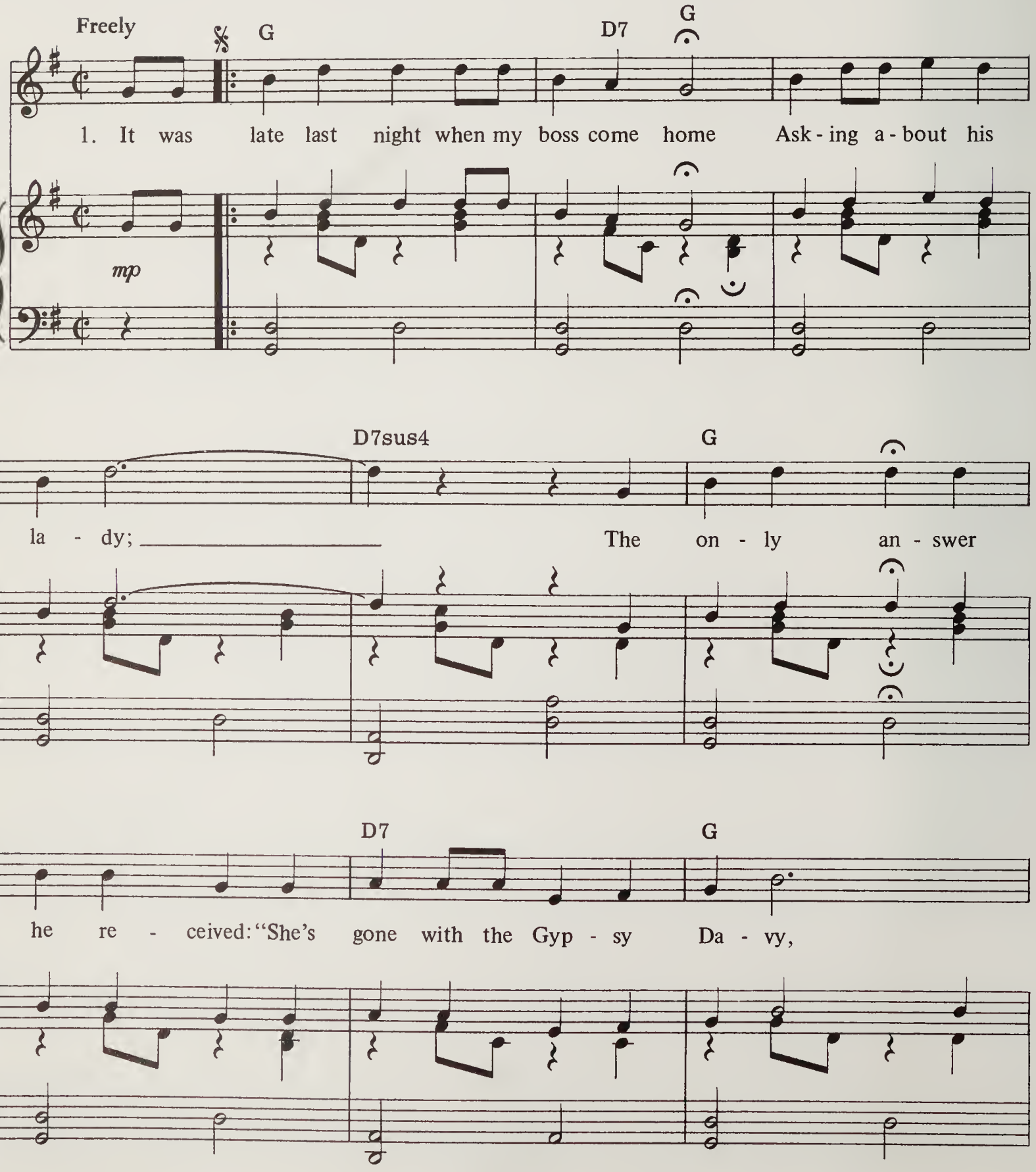


D7 G

Gone with the Gyp - sy · Dave."_____ 2. Go

G D7 G

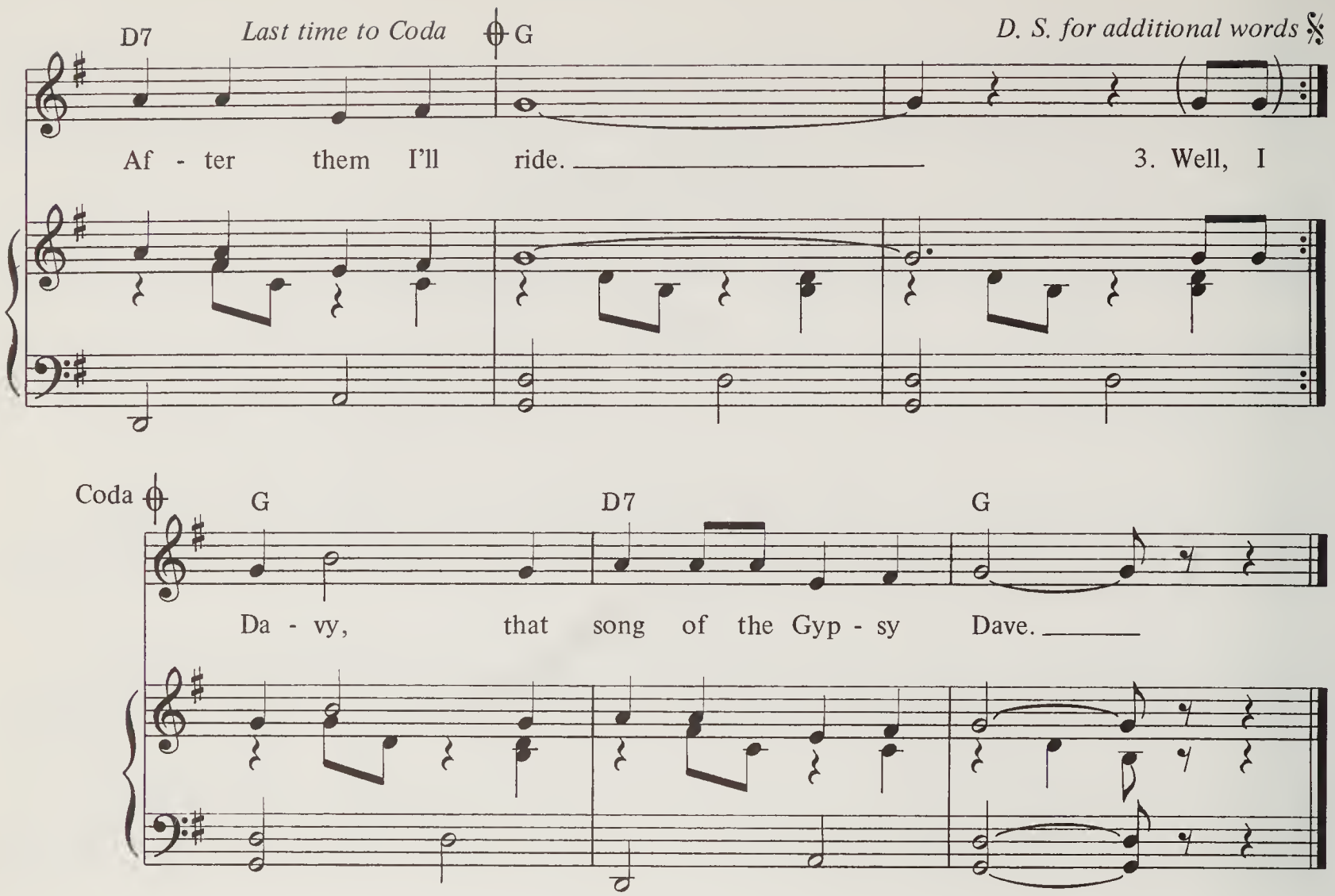
sad - dle for me my buck - skin horse And a hun - dred dol - lar

D7sus4 G D7 G

sad - dle._____ Point out to me their

D7 G

wag - on tracks And af - ter them I'll trav - el,



3. Well, I had not rode 'til the midnight moon,
I saw their campfire gleaming.
I heard the notes of the big guitar
And the voice of the gypsy singing
The song of the Gypsy Dave.

4. It was there in the light of the camping fire
I saw her fair face beaming,
Her heart in tune to the big guitar
The song of the gypsy singing
That song of the Gypsy Dave.

5. "Have you forsaken your house and home?
Have you forsaken your baby?
Have you forsaken your husband dear
To go with the Gypsy Davy?
And sing with the Gypsy Davy
The song of the Gypsy Dave."

6. "Yes, I've forsaken my husband dear
To go with the Gypsy Davy,
And I've forsaken my mansion high
But not my blue-eyed baby,
Not my blue-eyed babe."

7. She smiled to leave her husband dear
And go with the Gypsy Davy;
But the tears come a-trickling down her cheeks
To think about the blue-eyed baby.
To think about the blue-eyed babe.

8. Take off, take off your buck-skin gloves
Made of Spanish leather;
Give to me your lily-white hand
And we'll ride home together
And home again we'll ride.

9. No, I won't take off my buckskin gloves,
Made of Spanish leather.
I'll go my way from day to day
And sing with the Gypsy Davy
The song of the Gypsy Davy,
The song of the Gypsy (to Coda)

Hangknot, Slipknot

Words and Music by Woody Guthrie

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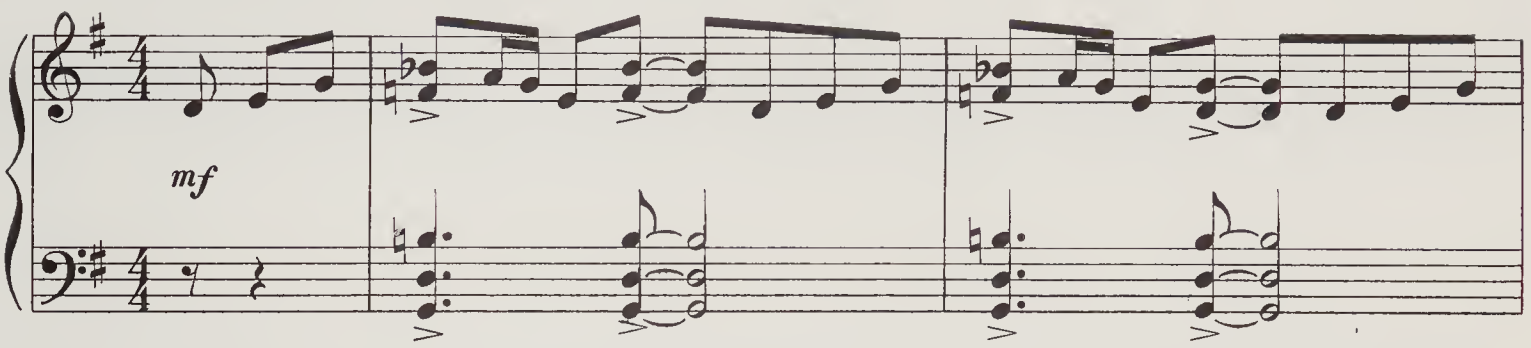
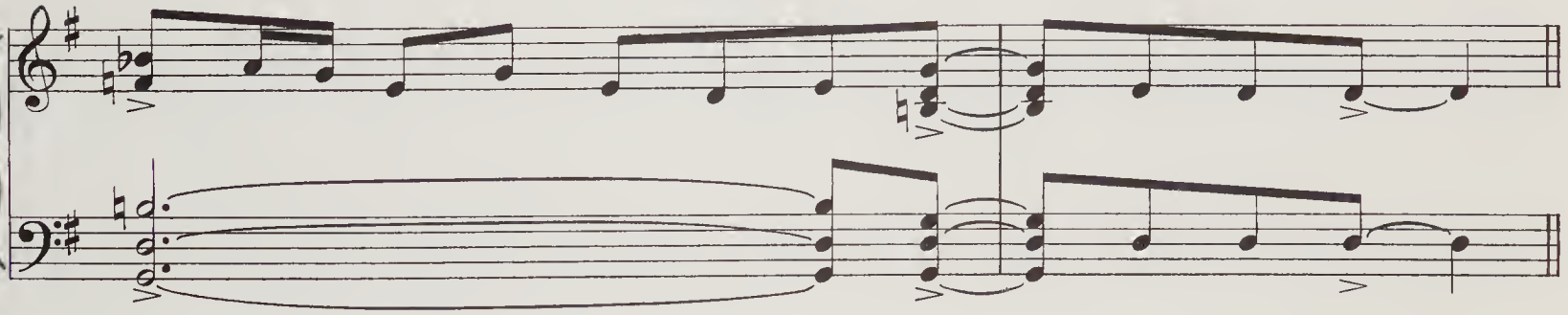
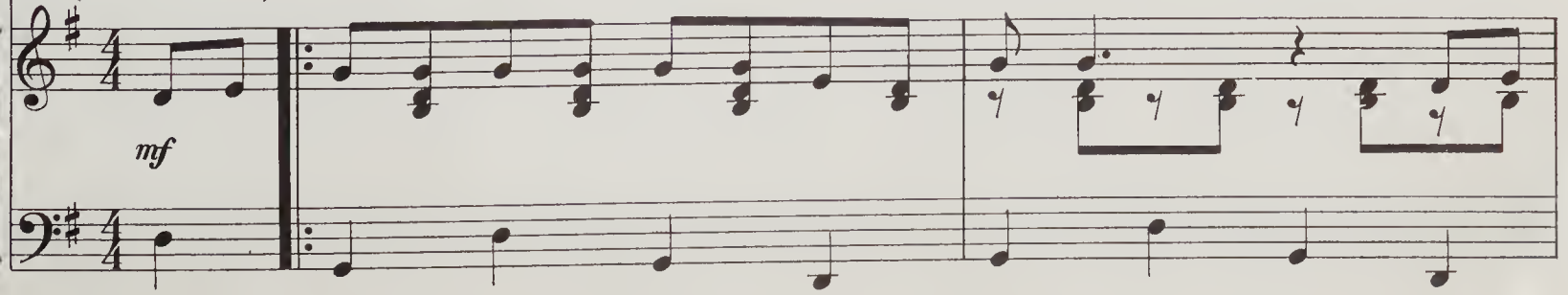
Moderately, with a beat





G

1. Did you ev - er see a hang-man tie a slip - knot? Did you
(3. Did you) ev - er lose a broth - er on that slip - knot? Did you
(5. Tell me) who makes the laws for that slip - knot? ———



D7 G7

ev - er see a hang-man tie a slip-knot? Yes, I've seen it man-y a time, and he
ev - er lose a broth-er on that slip-knot? Yes, my broth-er was a slave, he
Who makes the laws for that slip-knot? ____ Who says who is

C D7 G

winds and he winds, Af - ter thir-teen times he's got a slip-knot. 2. Tell me,
tried to es - cape, And they drug him to his grave with a slip-knot. 4. Did you
go-ing to the ca - la - boose And get the hang-man's noose or the slip-knot? 6. I don't

G

will that slip-knot slip? No, it will not. Will that slip-knot slip? No, it
ev - er lose your fa-ther on that slip-knot? Did you ev - er lose your fa-ther on that
know who makes the law for that slip-knot, I don't know who makes the law for that

D7 G7 C

will not. It - 'll slip a - round your neck, but it won't slip back a - gain, That
slip-knot? Yes,they hung him from a pole and they shot him full of holes, They
slip-knot. But the bones of man-y a man are a - whis-tling in the wind, Be -

D7 G *Play 3 times* G

slip - knot, Lord God, that slip - knot. 3. Did you
left him there to rot in that slip - knot. 5. Tell me,
cause they tied their laws with a slip - knot. 7. I don't know who makes the laws of that

D7

slip - knot, I don't know who makes the laws of that slip - knot, But the

Freely

G7 C

bones of man - y a man are a - whis - tling in the wind Be -

a tempo

D7 G

cause they made their laws with a slip - knot, And be -

D7 G

cause they tied their laws with a slip - knot.

slower

Hanuka Dance

Words and New Music Adaptation by Woody Guthrie

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Energetically

C

1. It's tick tack toe, hap - py Ha - nu - ky, 'Round you
high, hap - py Ha - nu - ky, Jump, jump
hop, hap - py Ha - nu - ky, Hip-pi - ty

mf

G C

go,— my lit - tle lat - ka, On your toe, hap - py Ha - nu - ky,—
high,— my lit - tle fruit cake, On your toes, hap - py Ha - nu - ky,—
hop,— my lit - tle su-gar thing, On your toes, hap - py Ha - nu - ky, And a -

G C

'Round and a-round you go! 2. Clap your hands, hap - py Ha - nu - ky, Clap your
'Round and a-round you go! 4. Run real fast, hap - py Ha - nu - ky, Run, run,
round and a-round you go! 6. Skip, skip, skip, hap - py Ha - nu - ky, Skip-pi-ty

G C

hands, my lit - tle scoot - er,— On your toe, hap - py
run, my lit - tle su - gar pie,— On your toe, hap - py
skip, my lit - tle hon-ey bun,— On your toes, hap - py

D7 *To Coda* 𝄋 G *Play 3 times*

Ha - nu - ky,— 'Round and 'round you go! 3. Jump real
Ha - nu - ky,— 'Round and 'round you go! 5. Hop, hop,
Ha - nu - ky, And a - round and a-round you go! 7. Tip tap

C G

(7.) toe, hap - py Ha - nu - ky, 'Round you go— my lit - tle
(8.) spin, hap - py Ha - nu - ky, Spin, spin, spin,— my lit - tle
(9.) spin, hap - py Ha - nu - ky, 'Round you spin,— my lit - tle

C

drei - dle, On your toes, hap - py Ha - nu - ky, And a -
spin-ner top, On your toes, hap - py Ha - nu - ky, —
dar - ling, Spin, spin, spin, my lit - tle hon - ey top, And a -

1. 2.

G

round and a - round you go! 8. Spin, spin,
'Round and a - round you go! 9.'Round you

3.

D7

'round,

G

and a - round you go!

D7

It's a - round,

and a - round,

and a - round,

G *D. S. al Coda* 𝄋

and a - round you go. 1. Tick tack

Coda 𝄋 G No chords

go, And a - round, and a - round, and a - round,

f

G D7 G

And a - round, and a - round, and a - round you go!

Hard, Ain't It Hard

Words and Music by Woody Guthrie (Melody based on a traditional theme)

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Lively

mf

G C

1. First time I seen my true love,
2. There is a house in this town,

mf

G D

He was a - walk - in' by my door. The
That's where my true love lays a - round.

G C

last time I saw his false - heart - ed smile,
Takes oth - er wom-en right down on his knee,

D7 G

Dead on his cool - ing board. It's a -
Tells them a tale he won't tell me.

Chorus:

G C

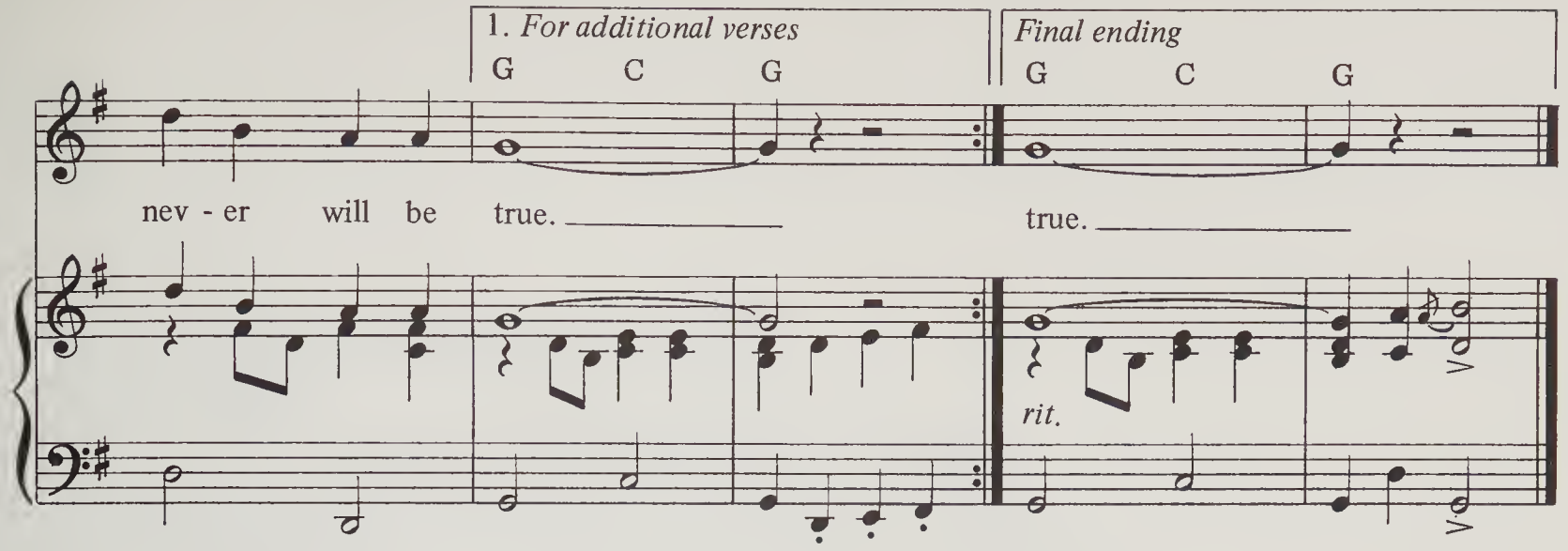
hard and it's hard, ain't it hard To

G D

love one that nev - er did love you. It's

G C D7

hard and it's hard, ain't it hard, great God, To love one that



3. Don't go to drinking and gambling,
Don't go there your sorrows to drown;
This hard liquor place, it's a low-down disgrace,
It's the meanest damn place in this town. (Chorus)

4. It was late last night when my true love come in,
Rapping, rapping on my door;
I jumped out in a fit of jealousy,
That true love don't knock here anymore. (Chorus)

Hard, Ain't It Hard

There is a house in this old town
Where my True Love lays around
Takes other women right down on his knee
And tells them a tale he won't tell me.

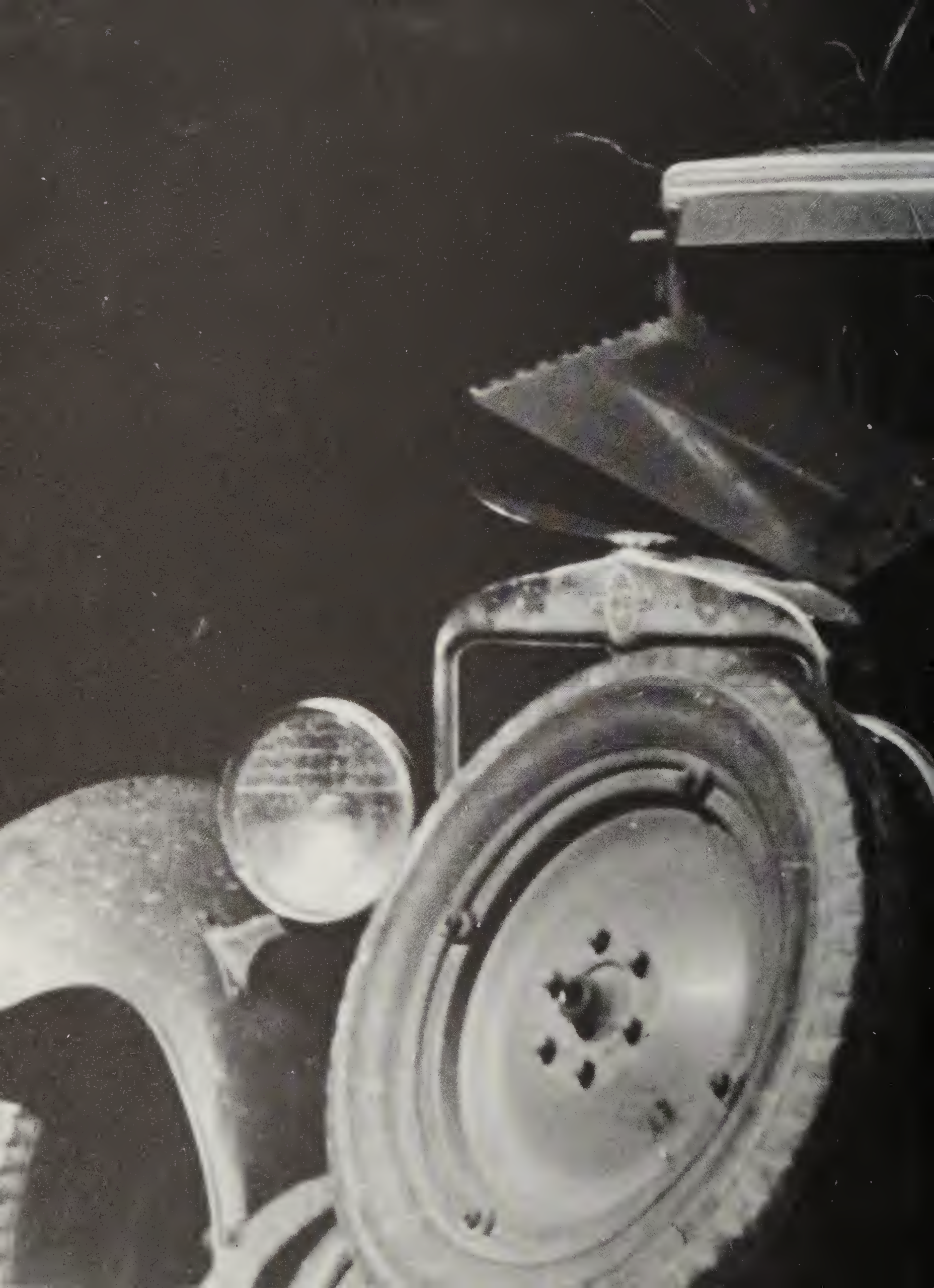
It's hard and it's hard; ain't it hard,
To love one that never did love you;
It's hard and it's hard, ain't it hard,
To love one that never will be true?

Late last night when my True Love come home,
Rapping, rapping, on my door;
I jumped out in a fit of Jealousy
Said, True Love don't knock here anymore.

True Love flies over the ocean;
True love flies over the sea;
My heart sails away on the wings of my Love
To bring back my True Love to me!

First time that I saw my True Love
Standin' in her Mother's door;
The last time I saw her sweet smiling face,
She was dead on her cooling board.

If I walk that Pathway of Sorrow,
I'll ask no one to go for me;
When I knock upon them bright Pearly Gates
Cryin', Good Lord, have mercy on me!



Woody clowning on the road, somewhere in the U.S. of A., circa 1939.

Hard Travelin'

Words and Music by Woody Guthrie

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Lively

mf

Ped Ped

G

1. I've been hav - ing some hard trav - el - ing, I thought you
2. I've been rid - ing them fast rat - tlers, I thought you
3. I've been hit - ting some hard rock min - ing, I thought you

mf

Ped Ped *sim. throughout*

knowed, I've been hav - ing some hard trav - el - ing,
knowed, I've been rid - ing them flat wheel - ers
knowed, I've been lean - ing on a pres - sure drill

D7 G

way down the road, I've been do - ing some
way down the road, I've been rid - ing them
way down the road, Ham - mer fly - ing and

C

hard ram - bling, hard drink - ing, hard gam - bling,
dead end - ers, blind pas - sen - gers, pick-ing up cin - ders,
air hose suck - ing, six foot of mud and I sure been a - muck - ing and

For additional verses

D7 G

I've been hit - ting some hard trav - el - ing, Lord.
I've been hav - ing some hard trav - el - ing, Lord.
I've been hit - ting some hard trav - el - ing, Lord.

For final ending

G

Lord.

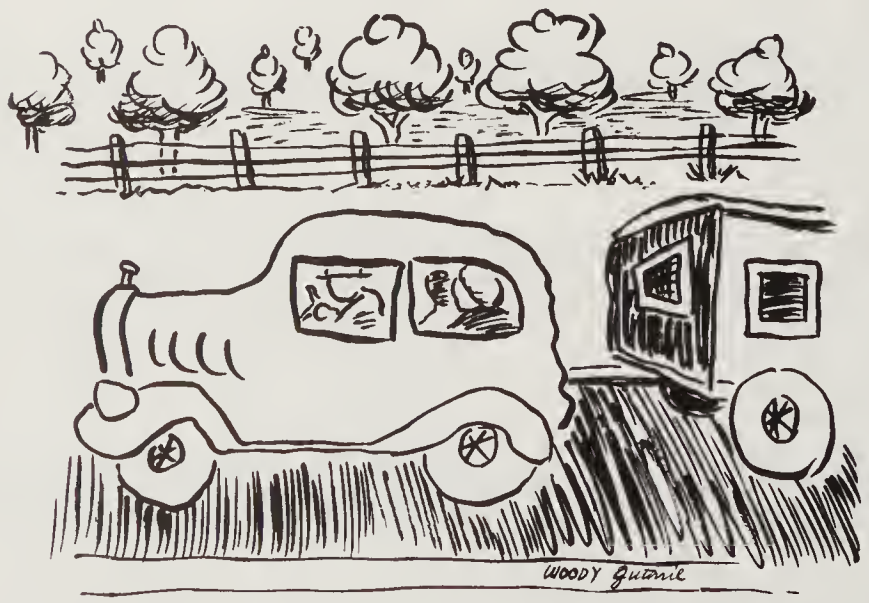
Hard Travelin' (*continued*)

4. I've been having some hard harvesting, I thought you knowed,
   North Dakota to Kansas City, way down the road,
   Cutting that wheat and stacking that hay; and trying to make about a dollar a day,
   And I've been having some hard traveling, Lord.

5. I've been working that Pittsburgh steel, I thought you knowed,
   I've been pouring redhot slag, way down the road,
   I've been blasting, I've been firing, I've been pouring redhot iron,
   And I've been having some hard traveling, Lord.

6. I been laying in a hardrock jail, I thought you knowed,
   I been laying out ninety days, way down that road,
   Mean old judge he says to me, It's ninety days for vagrancy,
   And I've been hitting some hard traveling, Lord.

7. Well, I've been walking that Lincoln Highway, I thought you knowed,
   I've been hitting that '66,' way down the road,
   Heavy load and a worried mind, looking for a woman that's hard to find,
   And I've been hitting some hard traveling, Lord.



How Di Do

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Brisk talking blues

mf

C F

1. You stick out your lit - tle hand at ev - 'ry wom-an, kid and
(2. On my) side - walk, in my street, ev - 'ry - bod-y that I
(3. I feel) glad when you feel good, you bright - en up my neigh - bor -

mf

Bring out the bass.

G

man, And you wave it up and down, how - di -
meet, Well, you wave it up and down, how - di -
hood, With your hi - jie hee - jie ho - jie how - ja -

C F

do, how - di - do, And you wave it up and
do, how - di - do, How - di - doo - cie doo - dle
do, how - ja - do, How - jie hi - jie hee - jie

G7 C Chorus:

down, how - di - do. How - di -
doo - cie how - di - do. How - di -
ho - jie, how - ja - do. How - jie

C F

do's a doo - dle doo - dy, How - di - hi - jie hee - jie ho - jie, How - jie
doo - cie doo - dle doo - cie, How - di - hi - jie hee - jie ho - jie, How - jie
hi - jie hee - jie ho - jie, How - jie ho - jie hee - jie hi - jie, How - ja -

G C

ho - jie hee - jie hi - jie, How - di - do, How - di - do, Hi - di -
ho - jie hee - jie hi - jie, How - di - do, How - di - do, How - di -
doo - sum doo - sum doo - cie, How - ja - do, How - ja - do, How - ja -

F G7 1.2. C 3. C

ho - jie hee - jie hi - jie, how - di - do. 2. On my
doo - cie doo - dle doo - cie, how - ja - do. 3. I feel
doo - sum doo - dle doo - cie, how - di - do.

I Ain't Got No Home

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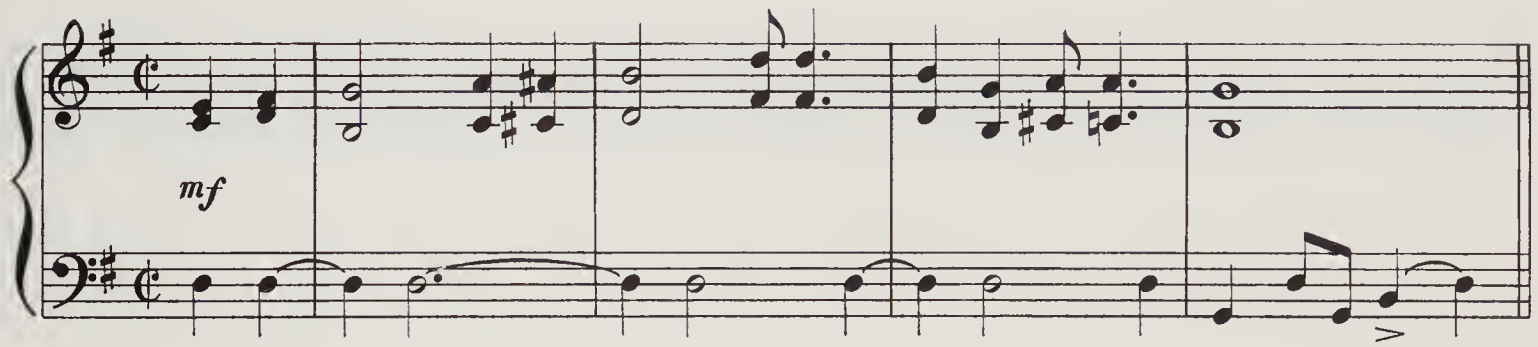
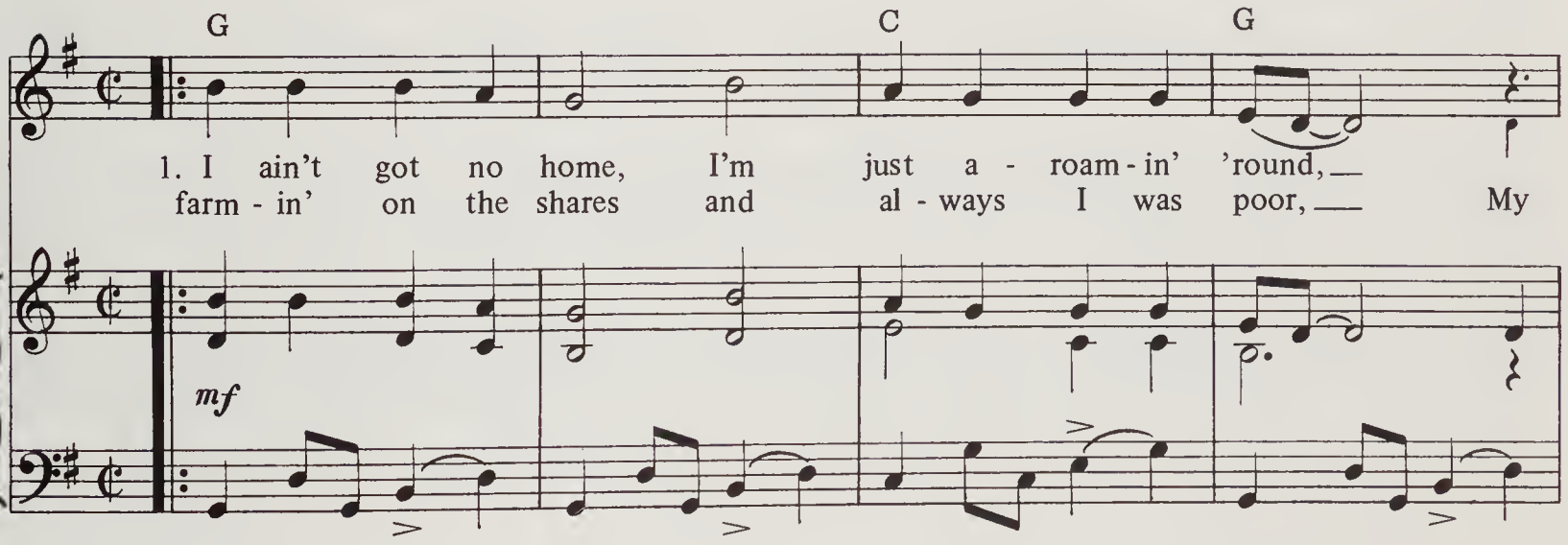
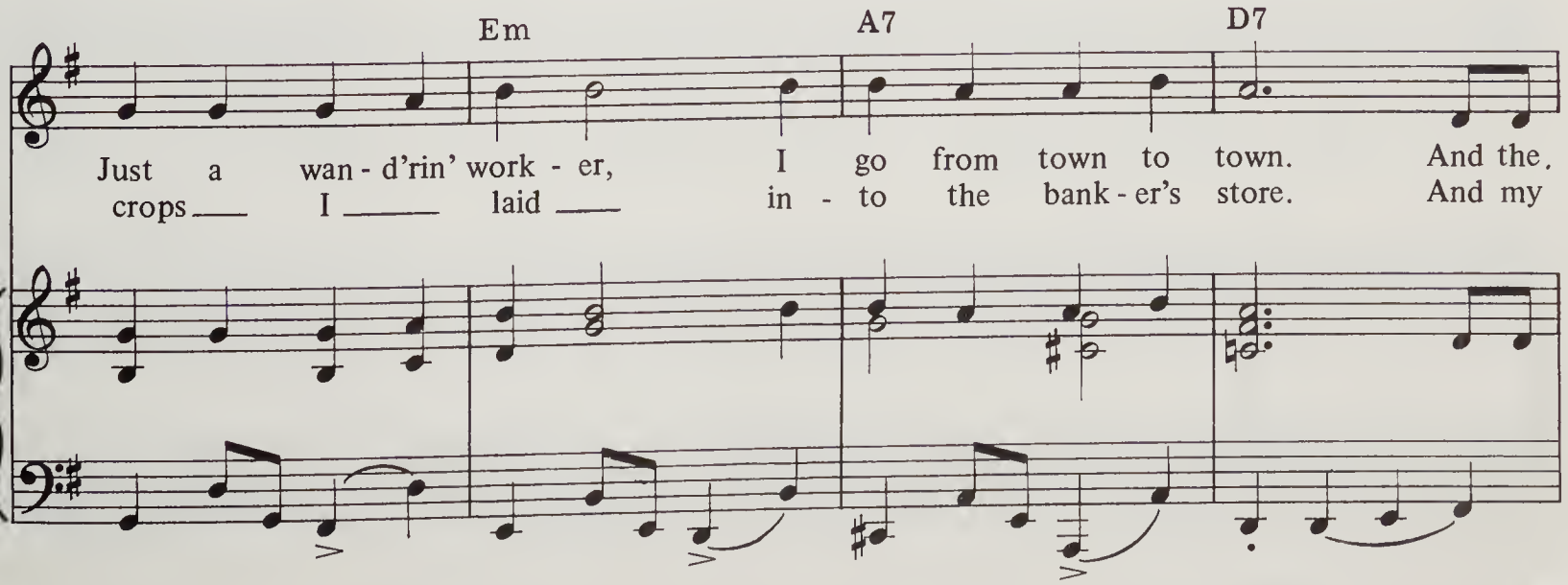
Bright and cheerful







G G7 C G

po - lice make it hard wher - ev - er I may go,
wife took down and died up - on the cab - in floor,
And I

G D7 G Em A7 D7 G

ain't got no home in this world_ an - y - more.
2. My
4. Now

G C G

broth - ers and my sis - ters are strand - ed on this road,___
I just ram - ble 'round to see what I can see,___
A
This

Em A7 D7

hot, dust - y road that a mil - lion feet have trod.
wide, wick - ed world is a fun - ny place to be.

G G7 C G

Rich man took my home and drove me from my door,
The gam-bling man is rich and the work-ing man is poor,
} And I

D7 G Em A7 D7 1. G 2. G

ain't got no home in this world an - y - more. 3. Was a - more.

I'm Living in Coney Island till I Die

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Brightly

mf

G

1. I'm a - liv - in' in Co - ney Is-land till I die (till I die), Yes, a -

mf

D7

liv - in' in Co - ney Is - land till I die (till I die), Ten

G C

mil - lion pret-ty wom-en ___ sun - tan - ning on a beach,That's why I'm

D7 G

liv - in' in Co - ney ls - land till I die! ___ 2. I'm a -

C G D7 G

liv - in' in Co - ney Is - land till I dee, die, die, ___ I'm a -
liv - in' in Co - ney's Is - land till I doo, doo-dle doo-dle die, ___

D7 G

liv - in' in Co - ney Is-land till I doo, doo - dle oo - dle eye; Wa - ters
Liv - in' in Co - ney's Is-land, tell you why, why, why;

C G

rise and wa - ters fall, Kiss all the girls, both short and
Wade all the wa-ter and roll on the sands,Kiss a sun - burnt girl - ie on

D7

tall,__ I'm liv - in' in Co - ney Is - land till I
ev - 'ry hand, I'm liv - in' in Co - ney Is - land till I

For additional verses

G

die. _____ 3. I'm
die. _____ (4. I'm)

For final ending

G C G

die! _____

4. I'm livin' in Coney's Island till I stack up and die,
   Livin' in good old Coney, I done told you why,
   Stand in my kitchen and burn my meat; Bathin' beauty walks along my street,
   That's why I'm livin' in Coney's Island till I die.

5. I'm livin' in Coney's Island till I die, till I die.
   I said, I'm livin' in Coney's Island till I die!
   Stretch from here to Brighton's Beach; Pretty bathin' girls the color of a peach,
   That's why I'm livin' in Coney's Island till I die!

6. I'm livin' in Coney's Island till I die, die-dle-eedle die,
   Coney, Coney, Coney, Coney, Coney till I die-dle-eedle die.
   Makes me glad to just hang around; See that pretty thing steppin' up and down,
   That's why I'm livin' in Coney's Island till I die.

7. I'm a-stickin' round Coney Island till I doo, doo-dle-oodle die,
   Livin' right here in good sweet Coney, done told you why;
   You'll see me roll just like the ocean rolls; Kiss me twice a day with all o' your soul,
   That's why I'm livin' in Coney Island till I die!

I've Got to Know

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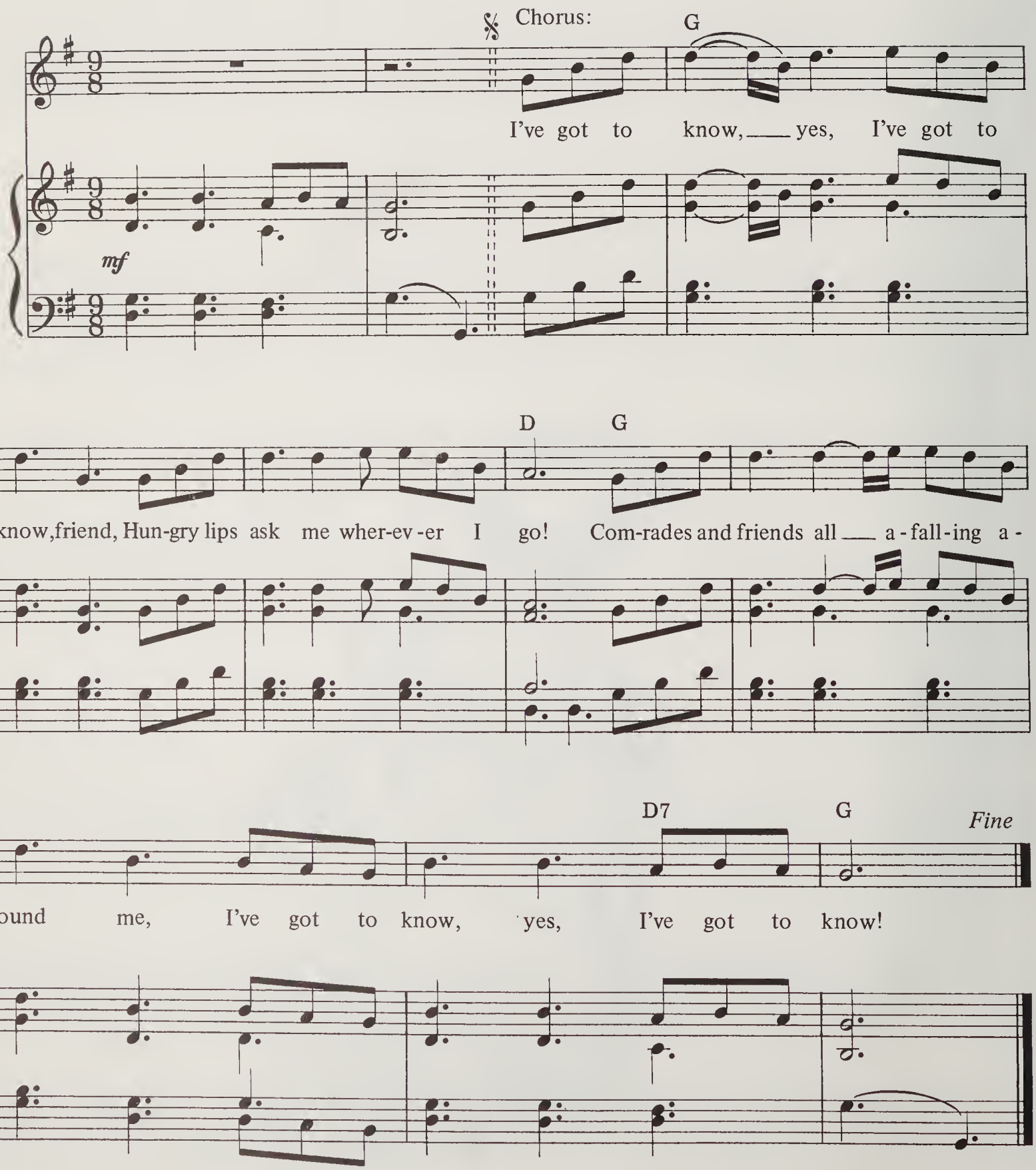
With a swing (in 3)



Verses:

G

1. Why do your war boats ride on my wa - ters? ___ Why do your
2. What makes your boats haul death to my peo - ple? ___ Ni - tro block-

D G

death bombs fall from my skies? _____ Tell me, why do you
bust - ers, big can - nons and guns? _____ Why does - n't your

D.S. (last time, al Fine)

D7 G 𝄋

burn my farm and my town down? I've got to know, friend, I've got to know!
ship bring food and some cloth - ing? I've sure got to know, folks, I've sure got to know!

I've Got to Know (*continued*)

3. Why can't my two hands get a good pay job?
   I can still plow and plant, I can still sow!
   Why did your lawbook chase me off my good land?
   I'd sure like to know, friend, I've just got to know!

4. What good work did you do, I'd like to ask you,
   To give you my money right out of my hands?
   I built your big house here to hide from my people;
   Why do you crave to hide so, I'd love to know!

5. You keep me in jail and you lock me in prison;
   Your hospital's jammed and your crazyhouse full;
   What made your cop kill my trade union worker?
   You have to talk plain, 'cause I sure have to know!

6. Why can't I get work and cash a big pay-check?
   Why can't I buy things in your place and your store?
   Why close my plant down and starve all my buddies?
   I'm asking you sir, 'cause I've sure got to know!

Jackhammer Blues

Words and Music by Woody Guthrie

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Boogie Blues

ff

Verse:

C

1. I've got those jack - ham-mer blues,_ I've been trip - pin' on a hard rock
ham - mer, jack - ham - mer, eat - in' that _ rock a -

mf

F7

pile, I've got the jack - ham-mer blues,_ I've been
way, Look at my jack - ham - mer,

C

trip - pin' on a block o' slag, I can
chomp-in' that _ rock a - way, Takes_

G7 C

hear my ham - mer trip - pin' while I'm tryin' to get some sleep at night.
four - teen cranes and dump trucks just to fol - low me a - round all day.

Chorus: C G7

Berrr-rrroom, berrr - rrroom brroom brroom, berrr-rrrooom brroom brroom,_ Berrr-

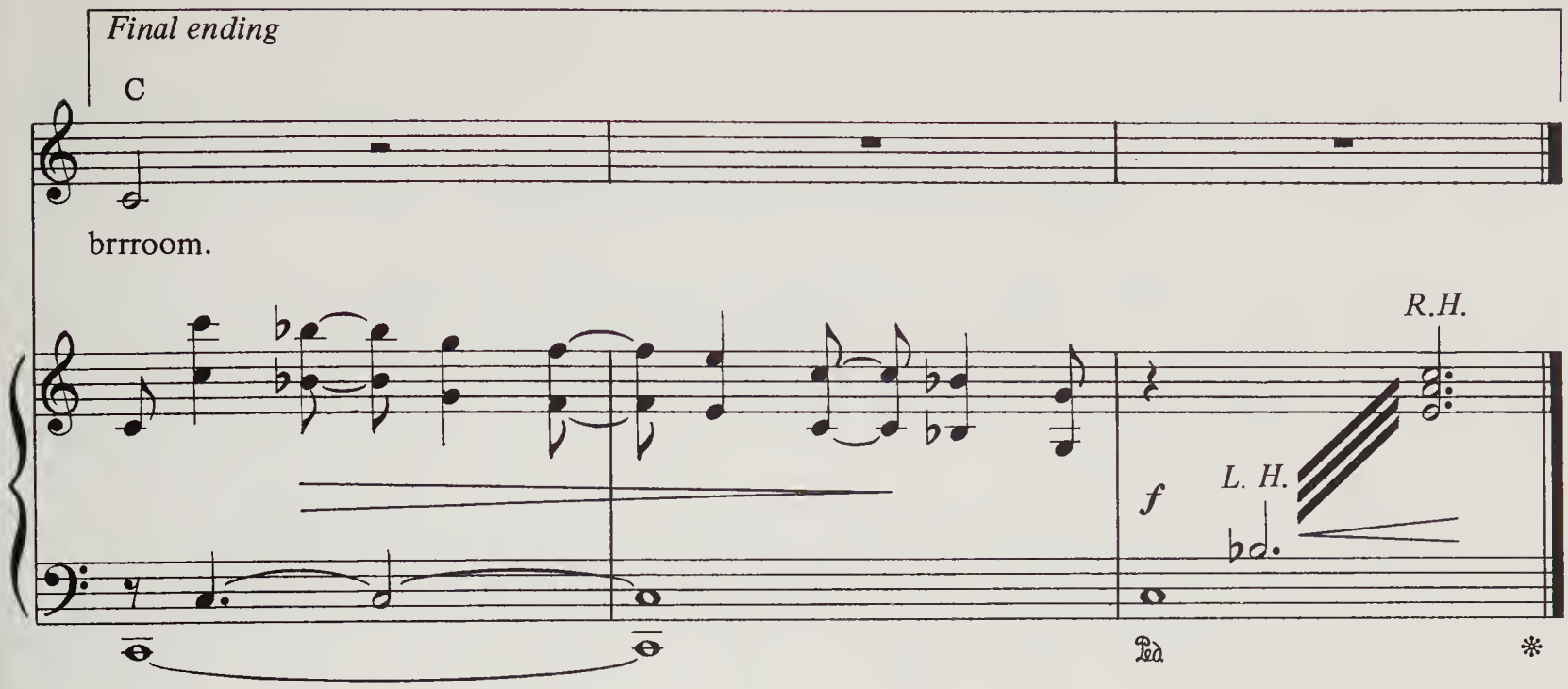
C C7

rrrooom, berrr-rrrooom brroom brroom, brroom brroom, Berrr - rroom, brroom brroom,_

1. *For additional verses*
C F7 F♯7 G

F C G7

brroom, brroom brroom, Berrr-rrrooom, berrr-rrroom brroom brroom, brroom brroom. 2. Jack -



3. I'm a jackhammer man, I love to hear that hard bit ring;
   Brrroom, brrroom brrroom, brrroom, I love to hear that hard bingo bling;
   I've been down this old road and I'll build it back new again. (Chorus)

4. Jackhammer jars my shoulders, jackhammer jars my head;
   Jackhammer jars my shoulders, jackhammer shivers my head;
   I shake and shimmy all night long when I put my little self to bed. (Chorus)

5. My jackhammer clatters, it bucks, it jumps, it jars;
   My jackhammer clatters, it bucks, it jumps, it jars;
   My wife kicked me out o' bed, I got to sleep under the stars. (Chorus)

6. I kept on drilling my bit, folks, kept a-hammering right on down your street;
   I kept on drilling my bit, folks, kept a-hammering right on down your street;
   Found a hard steel woman whose shakin' just can't be beat. (Chorus)

7. I've got a bit of money saved up workin' on a jackhammer line;
   I've got a bit of money saved up workin' on a jackhammer line;
   I slide all my money down to the mailbox, shoot it to that woman o' mine. (Chorus)

Jackhammer Blues

New York people has got to talk loud to try to make more noise than the cars and trains and a few million other folks a trying to do the same thing. And once in a while there's a little lull and you really got to talk fast to try to get a conversation in edgeways. And then when a feller from New York comes out west the country is so quiet that he thinks the whole world has stopped. It is so quiet that he can hear his self talk, so he talks louder and faster than ever because this is the first time he's been able to hear his self. Lots of city folks don't know it but they are excellent talkers. And when you come from the wide open country into a big city you never know if you're a talking or not. You got to go back to the country to see. I bet Wilkie didn't know what he read when he spoke in New York.

Jackhammer John

Words and New Music Adaptation by Woody Guthrie

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Fast and frisky

mf

G C

1. Jack - ham-mer John was a jack - ham-mer man, Born with a jack - ham-mer
ham-mered on the boul - der,_ ham-mered on the butte, Co-lum-bia Riv-er on a
I was_ borned in_ Port - land_Town, Built ev -'ry port from A -

mf

G

in his hand._ Lord, Lord,_ and he had them jack -
five - mile chute._ Lord, Lord,_ and he had them jack -
las - ka down._ Lord, Lord,_ and he had them jack -

D7 G

ham - mer blues.
ham - mer blues.
ham - mer blues.

I built your roads and
— Work-in' on the Bon - ne - ville,
— Built your bridg - es,

C

build - ings too, And I'm a - gon - na build a dam or two.
ham-mered all night A - tryin' to bring the peo-ple some e - lec - tric light.
dug your mines, — Been — in — jail a thou-sand times.

G D7

Lord, Lord, — well I got them jack - ham - mer blues.
Lord, Lord, — well I got them jack - ham - mer blues.
Lord, Lord, — well I got them jack - ham - mer blues.

For additional verses *For final ending*

G G

2 I
3. —

Jackhammer John (*continued*)

4. Jackhammer, Jackhammer, where you been?
   Been out a-chasin' them gals again.
   Lord, Lord, and he had them jackhammer blues.
   Jackhammer man from a jackhammer town,
   I can hammer on a hammer till the sun goes down.
   Lord, Lord, well I got them jackhammer blues.

5. I hammered on Bonneville, Coulee too,
   Always broke when my job was through.
   Lord, Lord, and he had them jackhammer blues.
   I hammered on the river from sun to sun,
   Fifteen million salmon run.
   Lord, Lord, well I got them jackhammer blues.

6. I hammered in the rain, I hammered in the dust,
   I hammered in the best and I hammered in the worst.
   Lord, Lord and he had them jackhammer blues.
   I got a jackhammer gal just as sweet as pie,
   And I'll hammer on my hammer till the day I die.
   Lord, Lord, well I got them jackhammer blues.

Jesus Christ

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Lively

mf

G C G

1. Je - sus Christ was a man who trav - eled thru the land, A
(3.) went to the preach - er, He went to the sheriff, He

mf
Smoothly

D

hard work - ing man and brave. He
told them all the same,

G G7 C G

said to the rich, "Give your goods to the poor." But they
"Sell all your jewel - ry and give it to the poor." But they

D7 G *last time, fine*

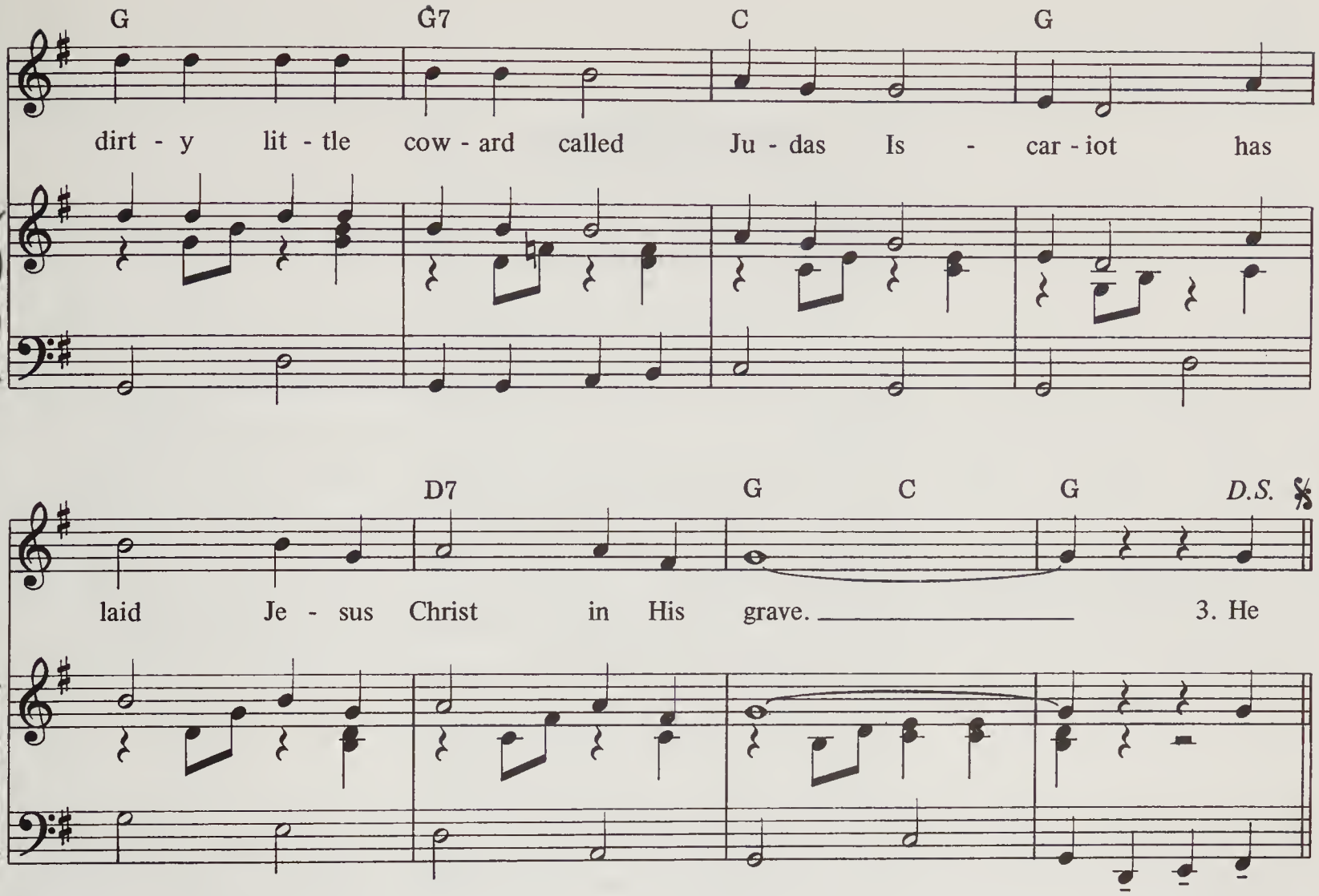
laid Je - sus Christ in His grave.
laid Je - sus Christ in His grave.

C G

2. Je - sus was a man, a car - pen - ter by hand, His

D

fol - low - ers true and brave. One



*4. When Jesus come to town, the working folks around,
Believed what He did say,
Bankers and the preachers, they nailed Him on a cross,
And they laid Jesus Christ in His grave.

5. Poor workin' people, they followed Him around,
Sung and shouted gay,
Cops and the soldiers, they nailed Him in the air,
And they laid Jesus Christ in His grave.

6. This song was written in New York City,
(Of) rich man, preacher and slave,
If Jesus was to preach what He preached at Galilee,
They would lay Jesus Christ in His grave.

**Note:* When singing additional verses 4, 5 and 6, use music of 1st and 3rd verses. Music of 2nd verse is only for that verse.

Jesus Christ

1. Brethren preach Jesus Christ and him crucified,

2. And King Tutankahmen and him mummyfied,

3. And the electric chair and it electrified,

4. Yea, and preach the legs of beautiful girls, their sweet sunkist faces and rounded breasts which as ye remember that Hollywood glorified.

5. And go forth bolder to serve and to work and let your going be your boldness and your learning be your work and your preaching of humanity unified and made into one big happy family and it stupefied,

6. For Truth, brethren, Truth, that is your mission and your coming and going,

7. And unless ye seek and thirst after truth even as a jackass brays to breed its mate, even as the doe and the deer seek the wilderness, even as the Oakies sought to find work picking fruit in the green trees of California and across the flat sands of the Arizona desert,

8. I say, beloved, if it be not Truth that ye seek in your traveling and preach, what use is it to travel or to preach?

9. Preach the Forest of Arizona and it petrified, and curse Wall Street for it is putrified and rank and filthy and will one day be made clean by love,

10. And that Love is so strong and powerful that it shall look like hate,

11. But ye shall know it by this sign, and when love shall appear as hate — you shall know love, for it shall contain no greed.

12. You are a worker and work is a way of loving,

13. Even so, work is also a struggle, and work is to wrestle—and work is good and so is the fight when it contains no silly greed.

1940

Ladies Auxiliary

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Briskly, irreverently

mf *sustained*

D

Oh, the La-dies Aux - il - ia - ry, _____ It's a good Aux -
(Oh, the La-dies Aux -) il - ia - ry, _____ It's a good Aux -

mf

G

il - ia - ry, _____ 'Bout the best Aux - il - ia - ry _____ that you ev - er did
il - ia - ry, _____ It's the best Aux - il - ia - ry _____ that you ev - er did

D

see.
see.

If you need an Aux -
If youwant an Aux -

il - ia - ry
il - ia - ry

See the La-dies Aux - il - ia-ry,
Get the La-dies Aux - il - ia-ry,

A7

It's that La - dies
It is the La - dies

Aux - il - ia -
Aux - il - ia -

1.
D

2.
D

ry.

Oh, the La-dies Aux -

ry.

Ladies Auxiliary

You cain't sing about trouble till you've had trouble. And you don't know the American people till you know their troubles, and you don't know the troubles till you hear them sing their songs.

And the best kind of a song is the one that tells of what's wrong and how it ought to be fixed.

That would do more to defend this country against old Hitler than to send all of this stuff over there to old Churchill, find what needs some fixing over here right now, right this minute, and then we'd have a country 10 times as able to defend itself.

We'd just all get together and build this country up and paint up all of the old rotten houses, put up some new ones, and have so many big factories a running that you'd have just a big plenty of everything—even guns and big battle ships and good running horses that wouldn't run backwards, and we'd have such good air planes and men to fly them that no country nor bunch of them put together would have the least craving to set a foot on this ground over here to battle us.

Mail Myself to You

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Fast and sassy

mf

C F C G7

I'm a-gon-na wrap my-self in pa-per, I'm gon-na daub my-self with glue,

mf

C F C G7 C

Stick some stamps on top of my head, I'm gon-na mail my-self to you.

C G7 C G7

I'm a-gon-na tie me up in a red string, I'm gon-na tie blue rib-bons too,

C F C G7 C

I'm a - gon - na climb up in my mail - box, I'm gon - na mail my - self to you.

C F C

When you see me in your mail - box, Cut the string and
Take me out of my wrap - ping pa - per, Wash the stamps ___

G7 C F

let me out, Wash the glue off my fin - gers,
off my head, Pour me full of ice cream so - dies,

C 1. G7 C 2. G7 C

Stick some bub - ble gum in my mouth.
Put me in ___ my nice warm bed.

My Daddy

(Flies A Ship In The Sky)

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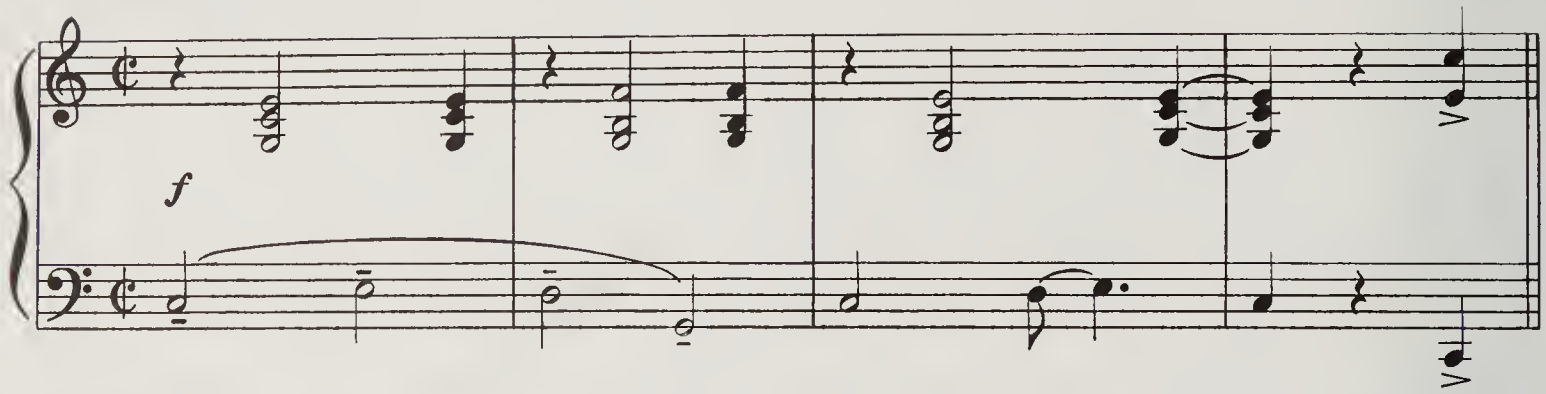
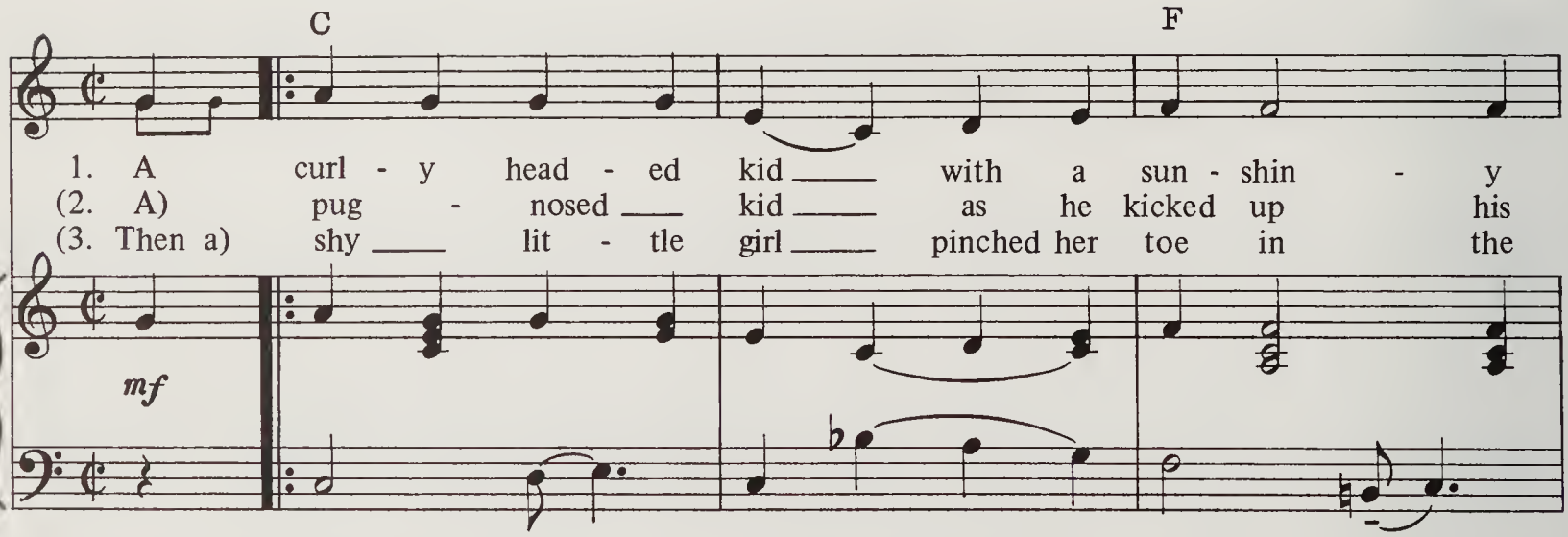
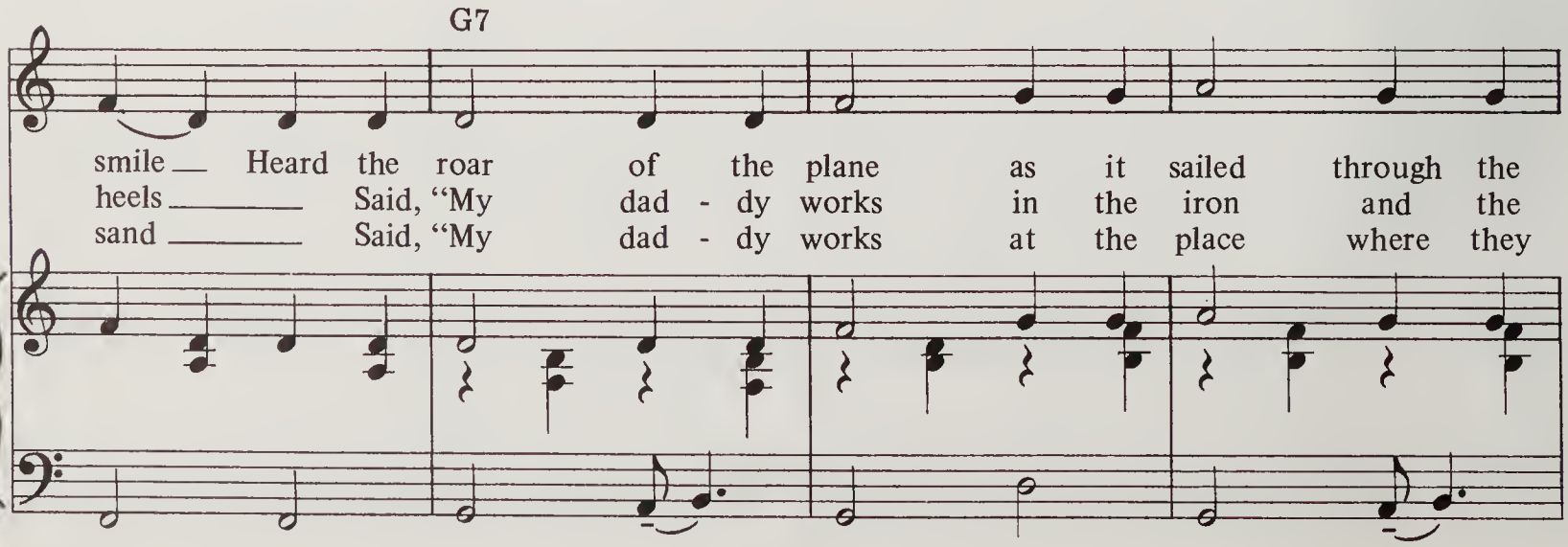
Swaggering along







C

sky.
steel.
land.

To her play - mates she
— My dad - dy makes
So ——— you tell your

F G7

cried with a bright, twin - kling eye, "My dad - dy
planes so they fly through the sky, That's what keeps
ma - ma ——— don't be a - fraid, My dad - 'll bring

C

rides that ship in the sky. My dad - dy
your dad - dy up there so high. That's what ——— keeps
your dad - dy back home a - gain. My dad - 'll bring

F C

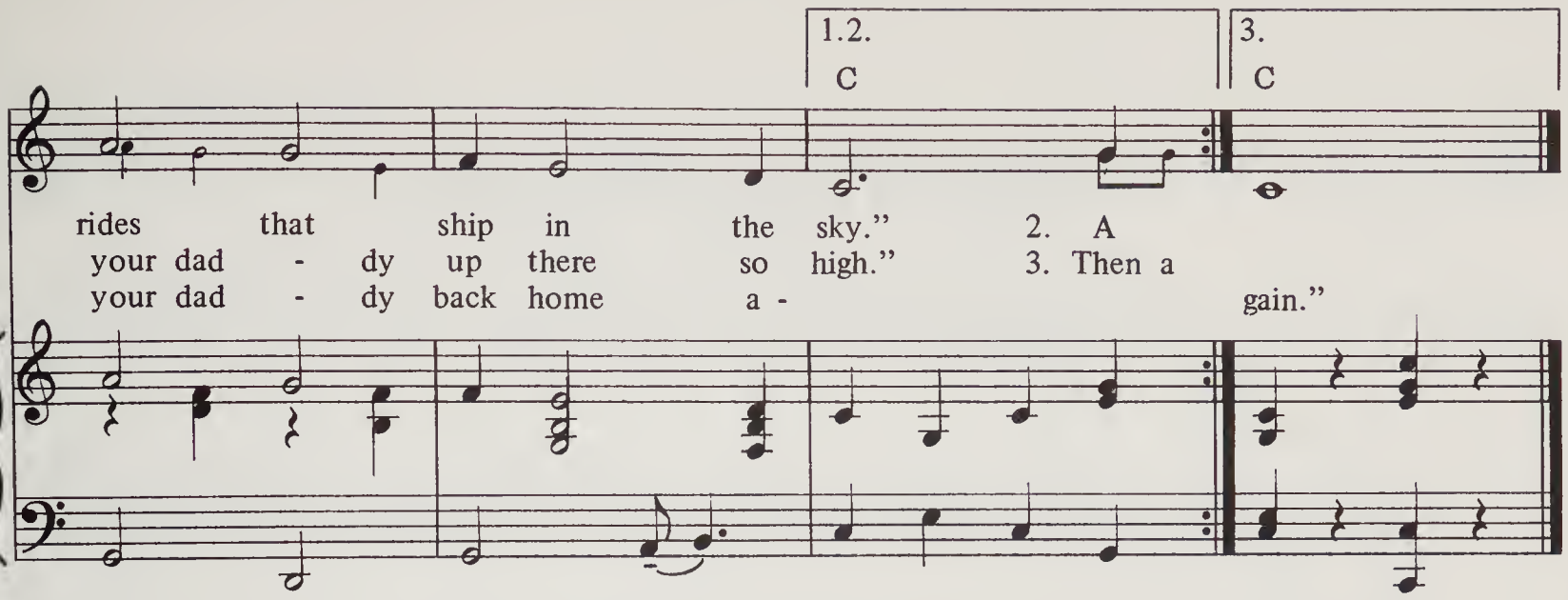
rides that ship in the sky, My dad - dy
your dad - dy up there so high, That's what keeps
your dad - dy back home a - gain. My dad - 'll bring

G7 C

rides that ship in the sky. Ma - ma's not a -
your dad - dy up there so high. You're not a -
your dad - dy back home a - gain. Don't be a -

F G7

fraid and nei - ther am I, My dad - dy
fraid well nei - ther am I, 'Cause my dad - dy keeps
fraid if it gets dark and rains, 'Cause my dad - 'll bring


1.2.
C
3.
C
rides that ship in the sky."
your dad - dy up there so high."
your dad - dy back home a -
2. A
3. Then a
gain."

I TELL YOU JOHN
3 OF THEM ARE
MISSING!

New Found Land

Words and Music by Woody Guthrie

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Leisurely

mf

G D7

1. Well, I just got up to my new - found land, My new - found land, my
(2. I ____) built me a house of a new - cut tree, A new - cut tree, a

mf

G

new - found land._ I just got up to my new - found land,_ I'm a -
new - cut tree._ I built me a house of a new - cut tree,_ I'm a -

D7 1. G 2. G

liv - in' by the light of the morn - ing. 2. I
liv - in' in the light of the morn - ing. 3. Well, I

G D7

built my house on a new - cut stone,_ A new - cut stone,_ a

gradually faster

G

new - cut stone._ I built my house on a new - cut stone,_ I'm a -

D7 G D7 G

liv - in' in the light of the morn - ing, Liv - in' in the light of the morn - ing.

Last time, rall.

New Found Land (*continued*)

*4. I lit my lamp with a new-found light,
A new-found light, a new-found light,
I lit my lamp with a new-found light
And I'm a-livin' in the light of the morning.

5. I'm plantin' my feet in the new-dug ground,
The new-dug ground, the new-dug ground.
I'm plantin' my feet in the new-dug ground
I'm livin' in the light of the morning,
Livin' in the light of the morning.

6. I brought my child for my new-found wife,
My new-found wife, my new-found wife.
I brought my child for my new-found wife
Livin' in the light of the morning,
Livin' in the light of the morning.

7. Well, I just got up to my new-found land,
My new-found land, my new-found land.
I just got up to my new-found land,
I'm livin' in the light of the morning,
Livin' in the light of the morning.

**Note:* Music for verse 4 is similar to that for verses 1 and 2; verses 5, 6 and 7 are similar to verse 3.

New York Town

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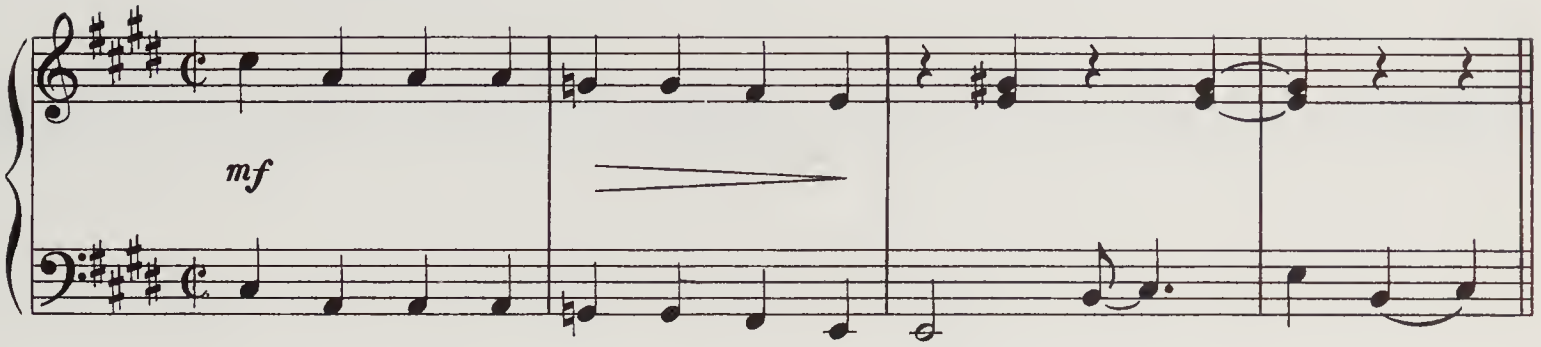
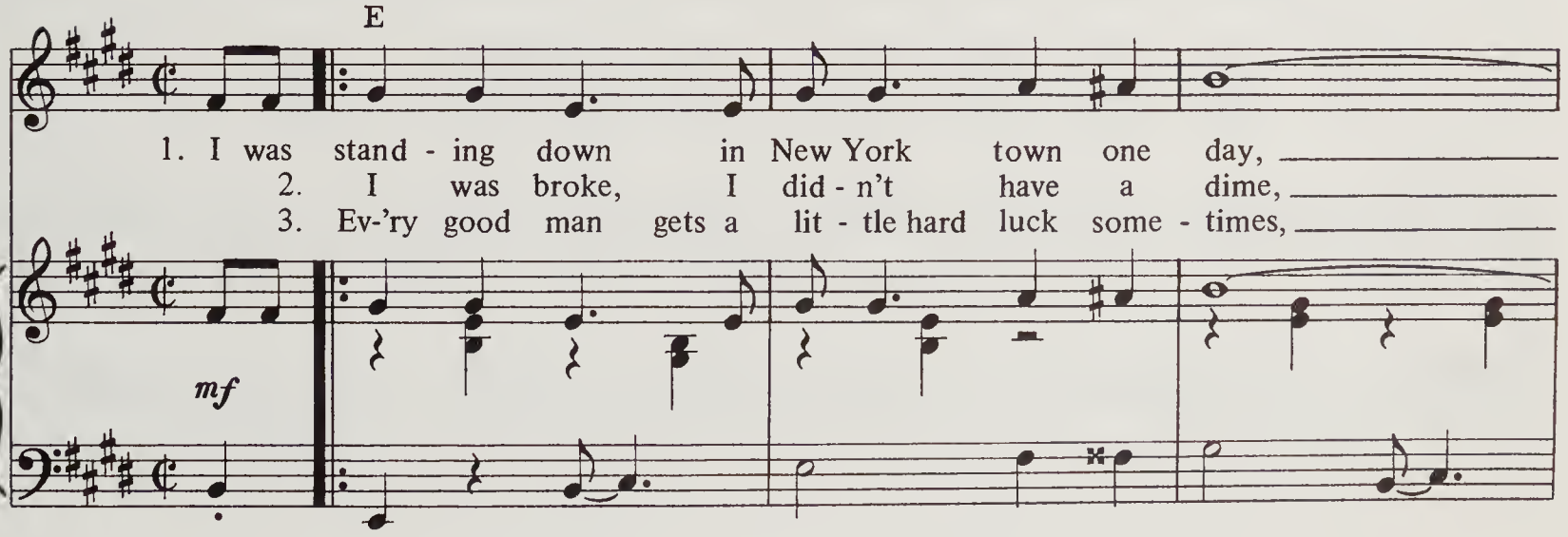
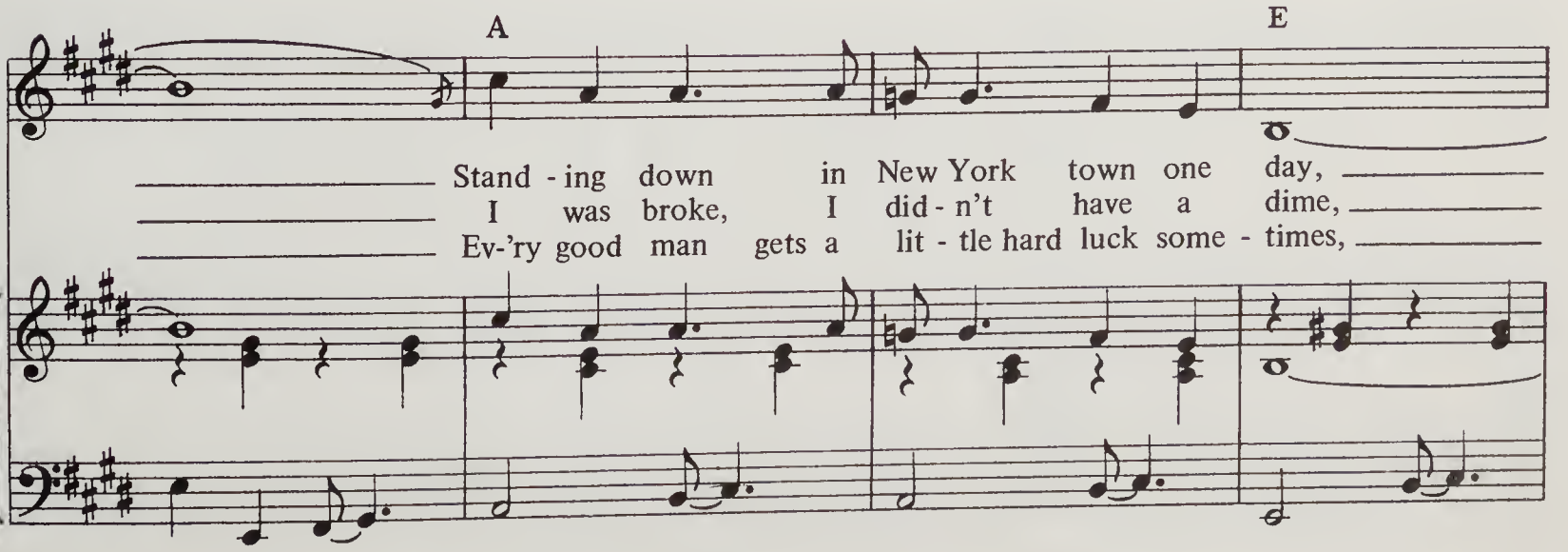
Brassy, not too fast







A E

I was stand - ing down in New York town one day,
Yes, sir, I was broke, I did - n't have a dime,
Ev-'ry good man gets a lit - tle hard luck some - times,

B7 E

Sing - ing hey, hey, hey, hey.
Sing - ing hey, hey, hey, hey.
Sing - ing hey, hey, hey, hey.

Play 3 times 𝄋 E

4. Down and out and he ain't got a dime,
5. I'm gon-na ride that new morn - ing rail -
(7.) com - ing back to this man's town a - gain,

A E

road, Down and out and he ain't got a dime,
I'm gon-na ride that new morn - ing train,
Nev-er com - ing back to this man's town a - gain,

A E

Down and out and he ain't got a dime,
I'm gon-na ride that new morn - ing train,
Nev-er com - ing back to this man's town a - gain,

Last time to Coda

B7 E *Play twice*

Sing - ing hey, hey, hey, hey. hey.
Sing - ing hey, hey, hey, hey. hey.
Sing - ing hey, hey, hey, *(to Coda)*

Interlude:

E F♯m Gdim E

6. Hey, hey, hey, hey,

A E

Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho,

B7 E *D.S. al Coda* 𝄋

Hey, hey, hey, hey. 7. Nev-er

Coda 𝄌

E

hey!

1. Standin' on my sidewalk curb today; (3)
   Singin' hey, hey, hey, hey.

2. Holdin' my last old dollar in my hand; (3)
   Singin' hey, hey, hey, hey.

3. Lookin' for a woman that's lookin' for a man; (3)
   Singin' hey, hey, hey, hey.

4. If you don't want me, you don't have to stall; (3)
   Singin' hey, hey, hey, hey.

5. I can get more women than a passenger train can haul; (3)
   Singin' hey, hey, hey, hey.

6. If you don't want me, please just leave me be; (3)
   Singin' hey, hey, hey, hey.

7. I can buy more lovers than the Civil War set free; (3)
   Just a-singin' hey, hey, hey, hey.

8. Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey; (3)
   Just a-singin' hey, hey, hey, hey.

9. Never comin' back to this man's town again; (3)
   Singin' hey, hey, hey, hey.

1913 Massacre

Words and Music by Woody Guthrie

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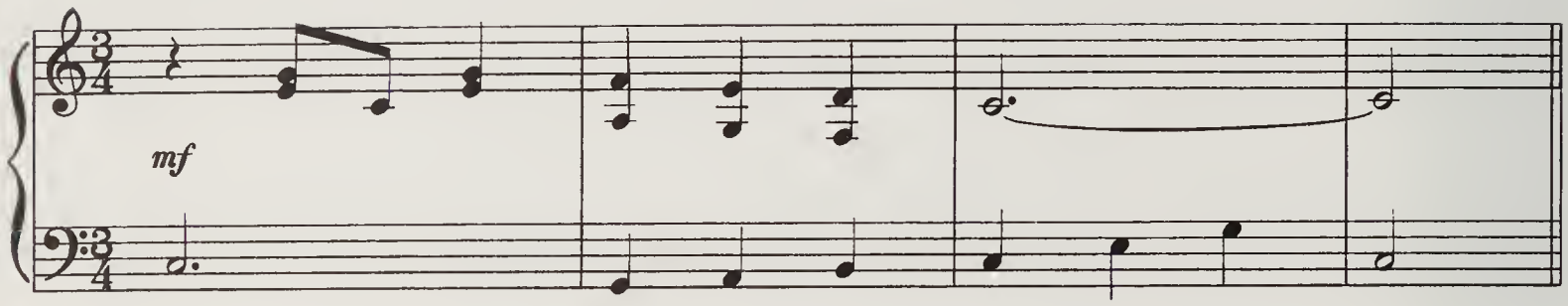
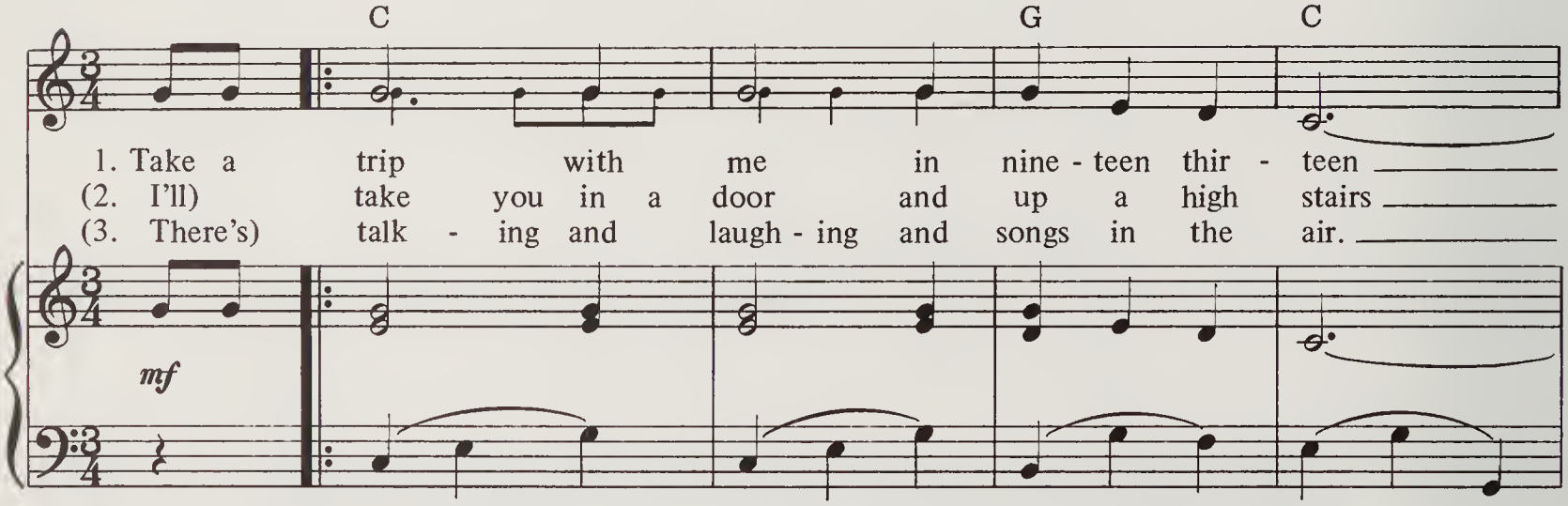
Fast, in 1



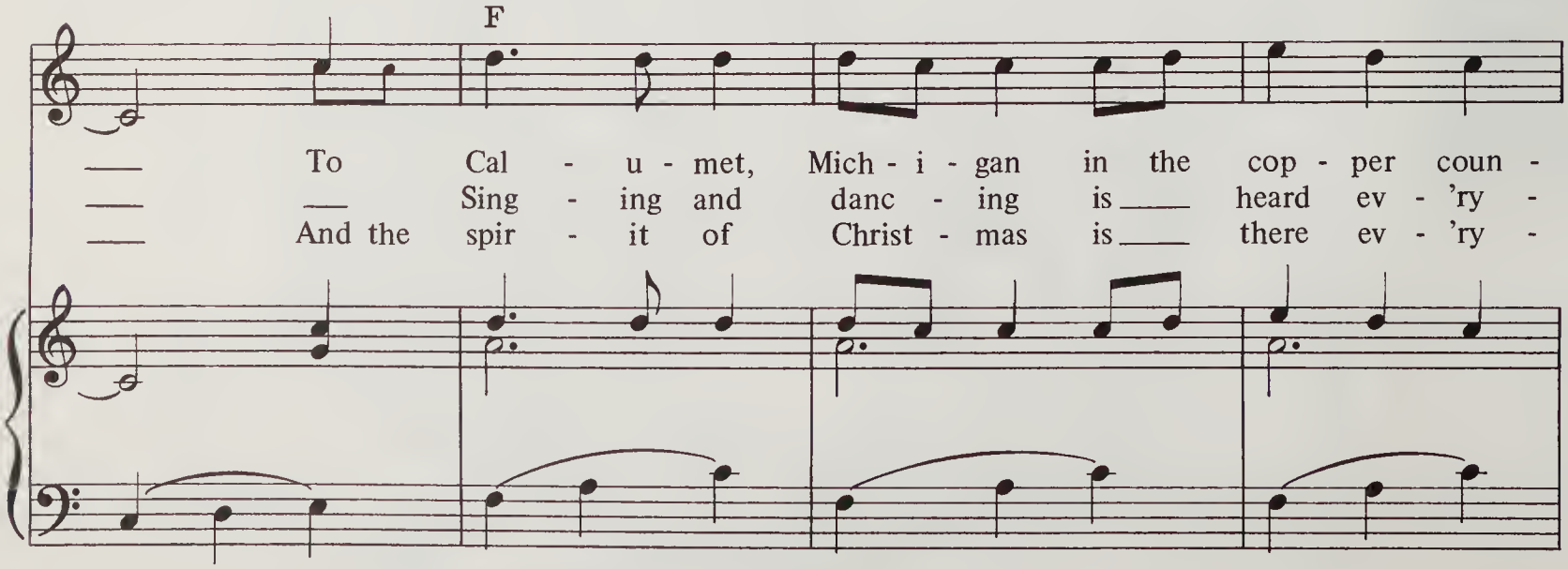
C G C

1. Take a trip with me in nine - teen thir - teen
(2. I'll) take you in a door and up a high stairs
(3. There's) talk - ing and laugh - ing and songs in the air.



F

To Cal - u - met, Mich - i - gan in the cop - per coun -
Sing - ing and danc - ing is heard ev - 'ry -
And the spir - it of Christ - mas is there ev - 'ry -



C F

try. I'll take you to a place called I - tal - ian
wheres. I'll let you shake hands with the peo - ple you
where. Be - fore you know it you're friends with us

C

Hall And the min - ers are hav - ing their
see And watch the kids dance 'round the
all And you're danc - ing a - round and a -

G7 C

big Christ - mas Ball.
big Christ - mas tree.
round in the hall.

For additional verses

2. I'll
3. There's
(4. You)

C

done?"

For final ending

1913 Massacre (*continued*)

4. You ask about work and you ask about pay;
   They'll tell you they make less than a dollar a day,
   Working their copper claims, risking their lives.
   So it's fun to spend Christmas with children and wives.

5. A little girl sits down by the Christmas tree lights
   To play the piano so you gotta keep quiet.
   Here all is fun; you would not realize
   That the copper boss thug men are milling outside.

6. The copper boss thugs stuck their heads in the door;
   One of them yelled and he screamed, "There's a fire."
   A lady she hollered, "There's no such a thing;
   Keep on with your party, there's no such a thing."

7. A few people rushed and there's only a few;
   "It's just the thugs and the scabs fooling you."
   A man grabbed his daughter and he carried her down,
   But the thugs held the door and could not get out.

8. And then others followed, a hundred or more,
   But most everybody remained on the floor.
   The gun thugs, they laughed at their murderous joke,
   And the children were smothered on the stairs by the door.

9. Such a terrible sight I never did see;
   We carried our children back up to their tree.
   The scabs outside still laughed at their spree,
   And the children that died there was seventy-three.

10. The piano played a slow funeral tune,
    And the town was lit up by a cold Christmas moon.
    The parents, they cried and the miners, they moaned,
    "See what your greed for money has done?"

Oklahoma Hills

Words and Music by Jack Guthrie and Woody Guthrie

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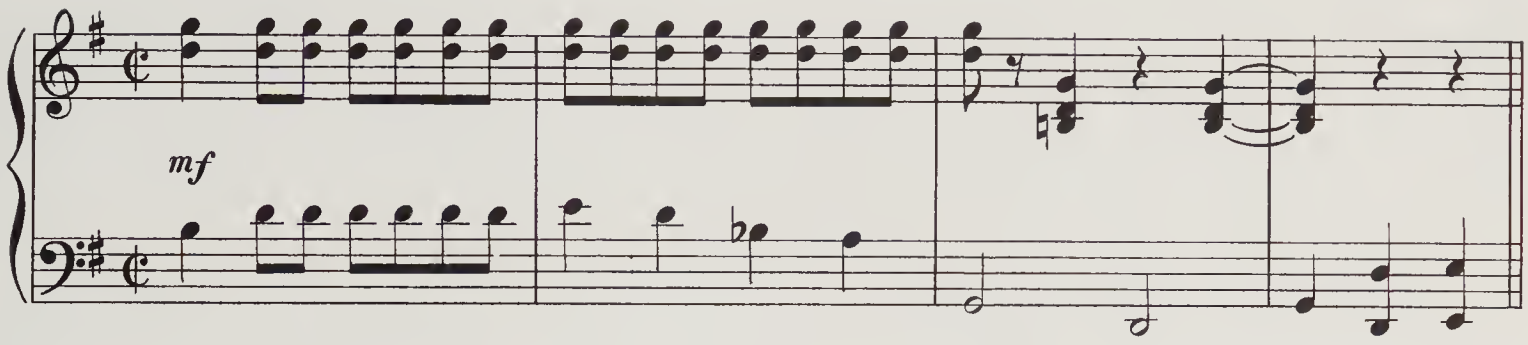
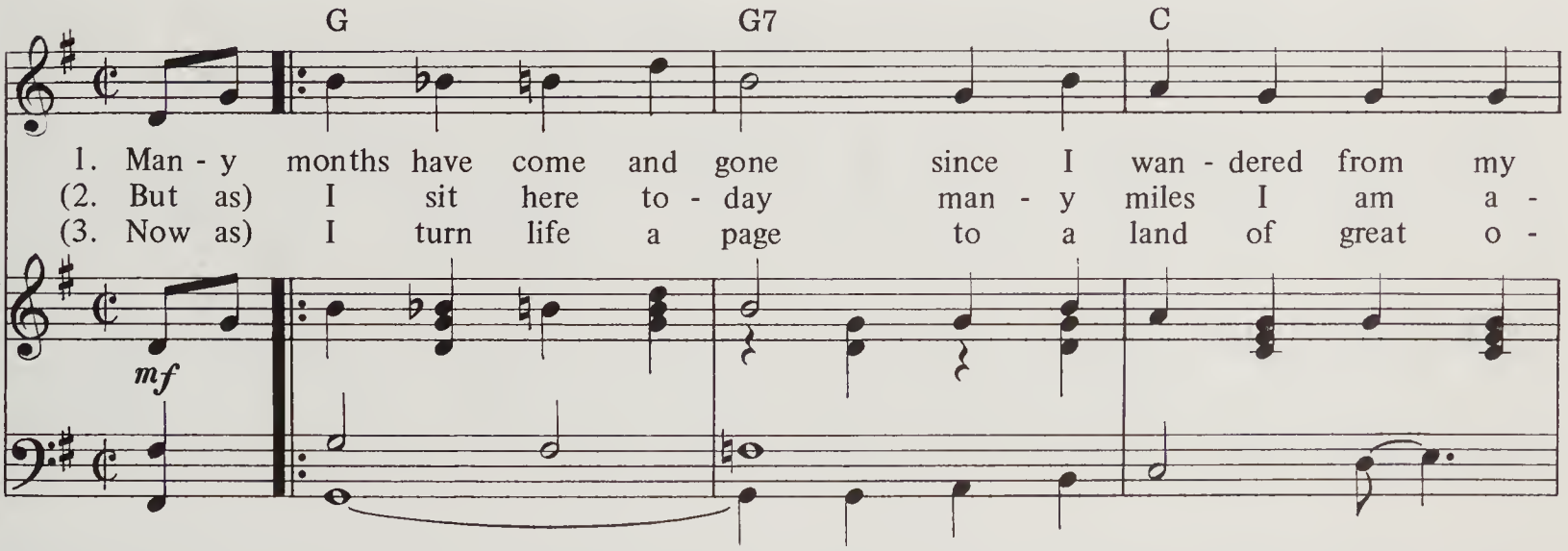
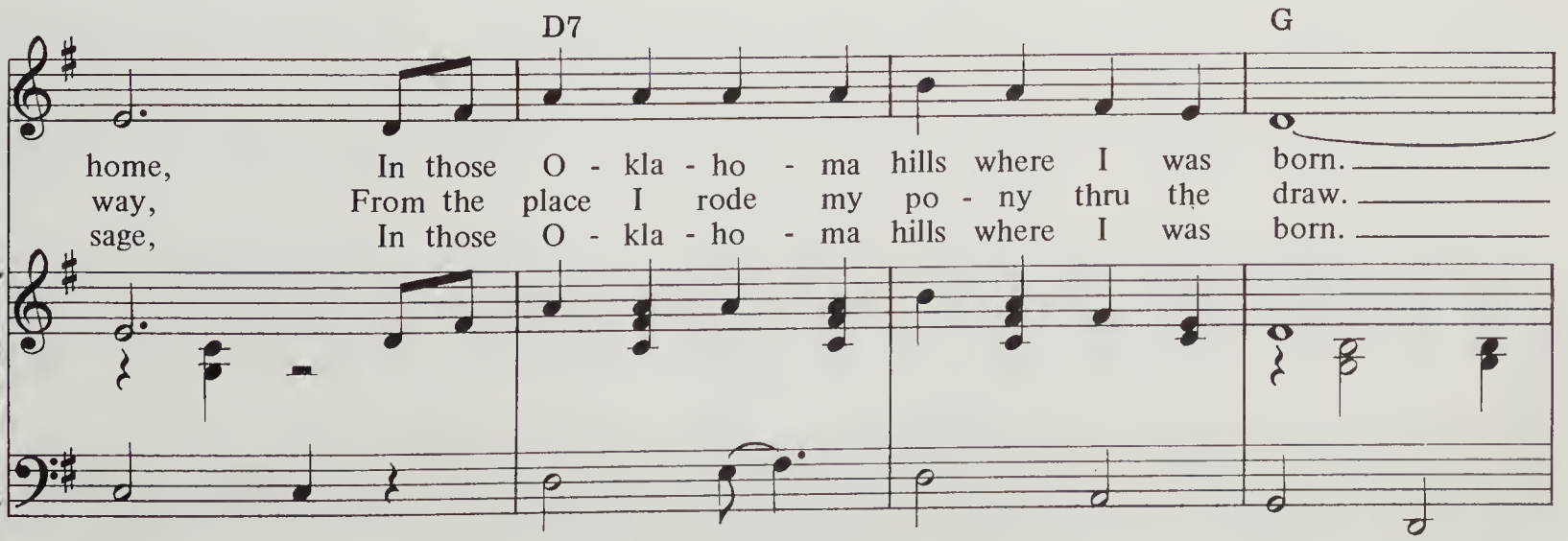
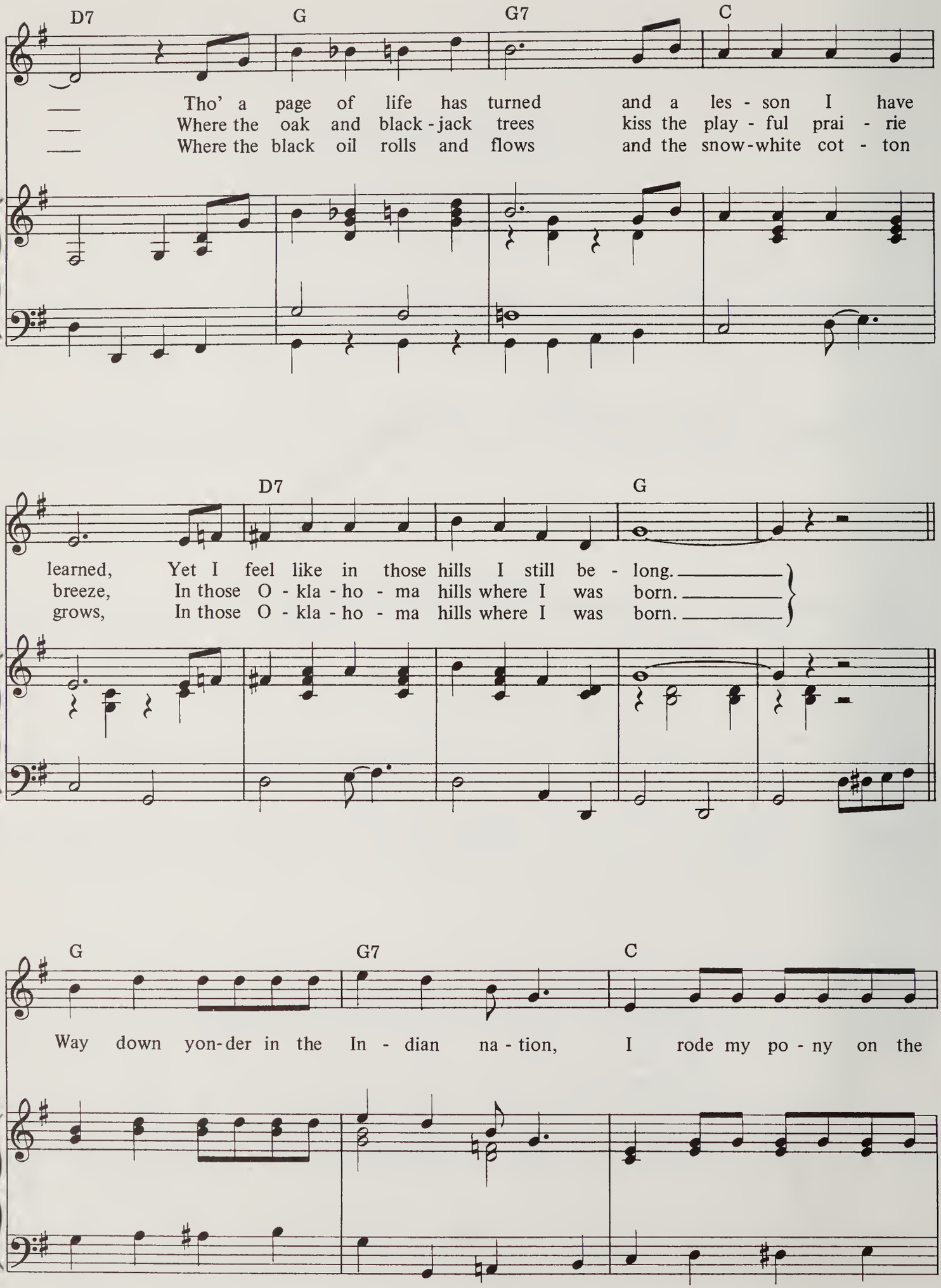
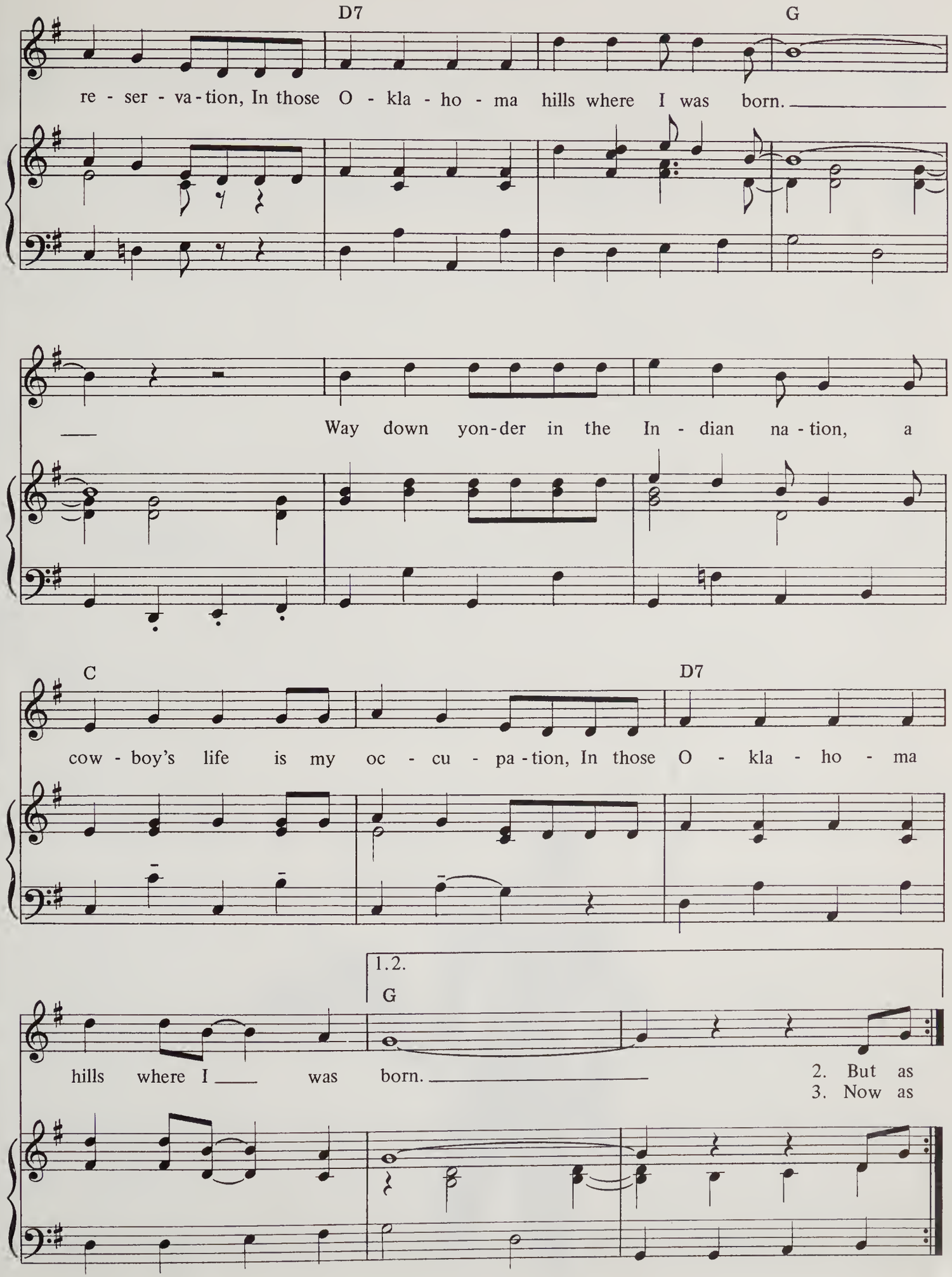
Bright, without remorse








D7 G G7 C
Tho' a page of life has turned and a les - son I have
Where the oak and black - jack trees kiss the play - ful prai - rie
Where the black oil rolls and flows and the snow-white cot - ton
D7 G
learned, Yet I feel like in those hills I still be - long.
breeze, In those O - kla - ho - ma hills where I was born.
grows, In those O - kla - ho - ma hills where I was born.
G G7 C
Way down yon-der in the In - dian na - tion, I rode my po - ny on the


D7
G
re - ser - va - tion, In those O - kla - ho - ma hills where I was born.
Way down yon - der in the In - dian na - tion, a
C
D7
cow - boy's life is my oc - cu - pa - tion, In those O - kla - ho - ma
1.2.
G
hills where I was born.
2. But as
3. Now as

3.

G

Freely

D7

born, In those O - kla - ho - ma

rall.

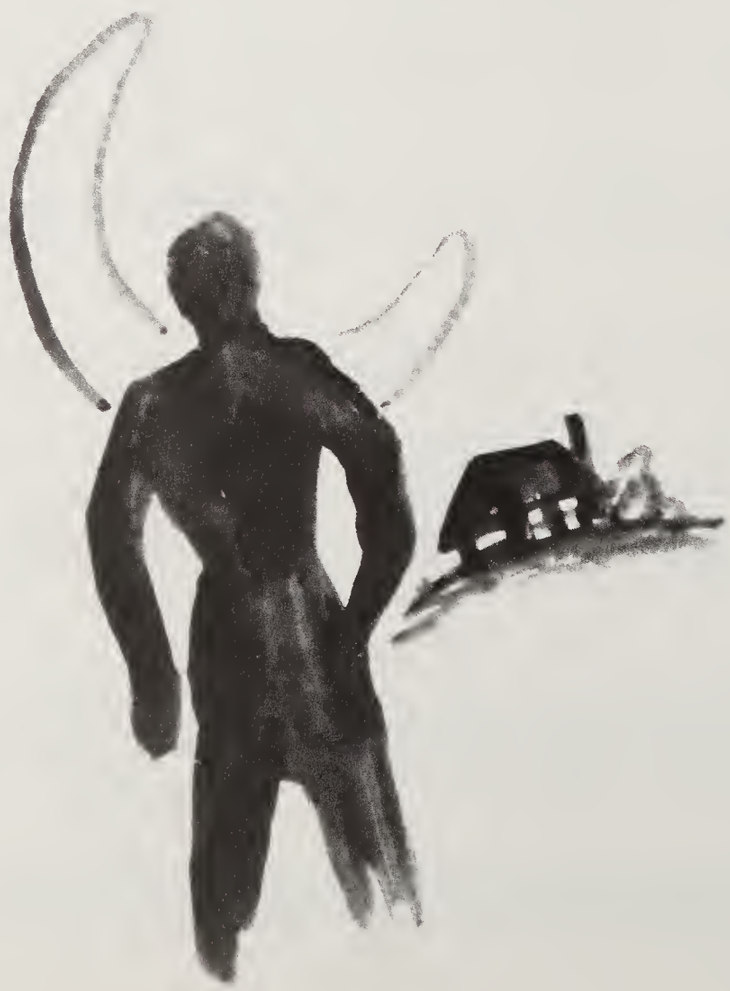
slow arpeggio

Ped

hills where I was born.

C

G



Pastures of Plenty

Words and Music by Woody Guthrie

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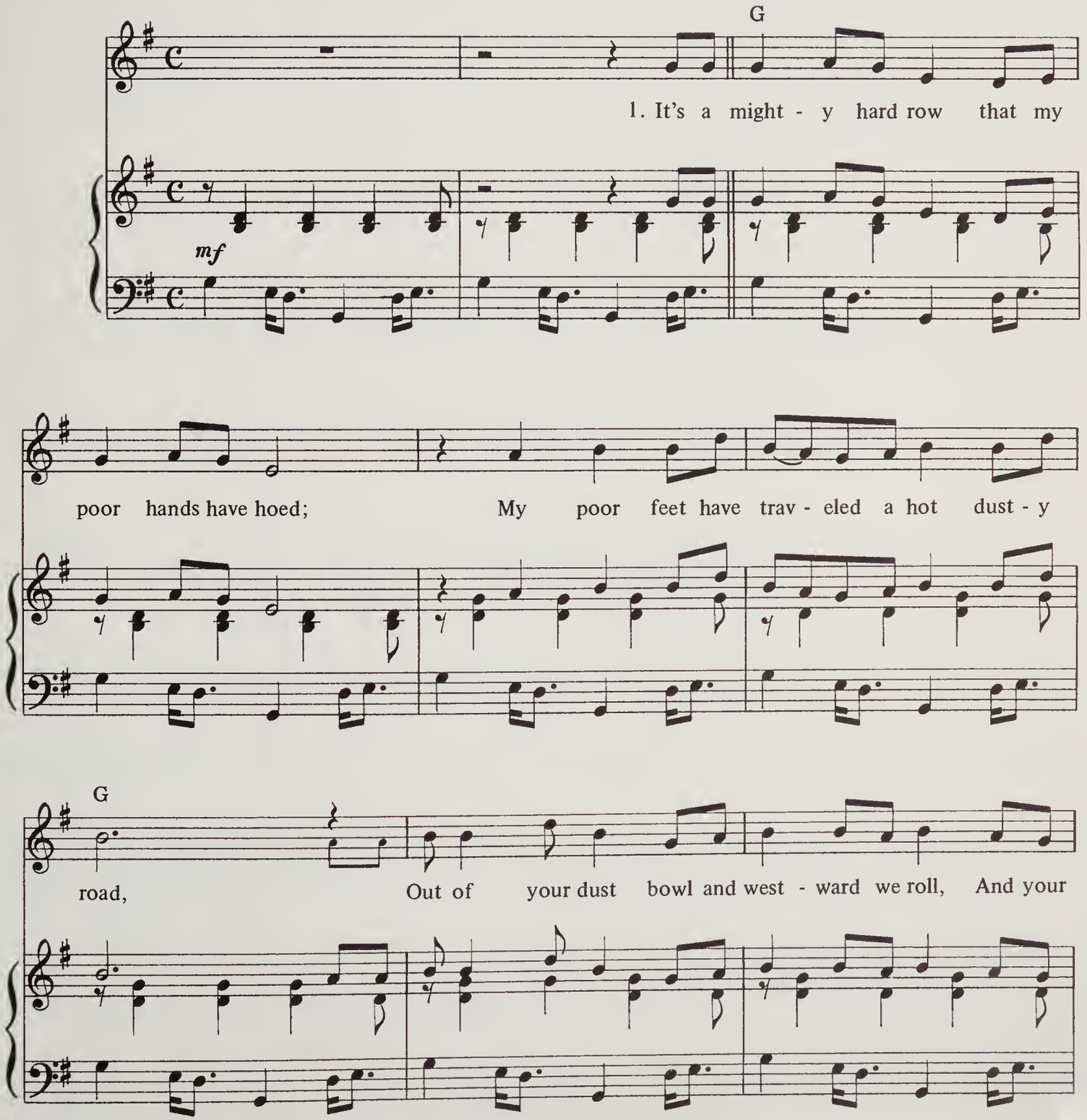
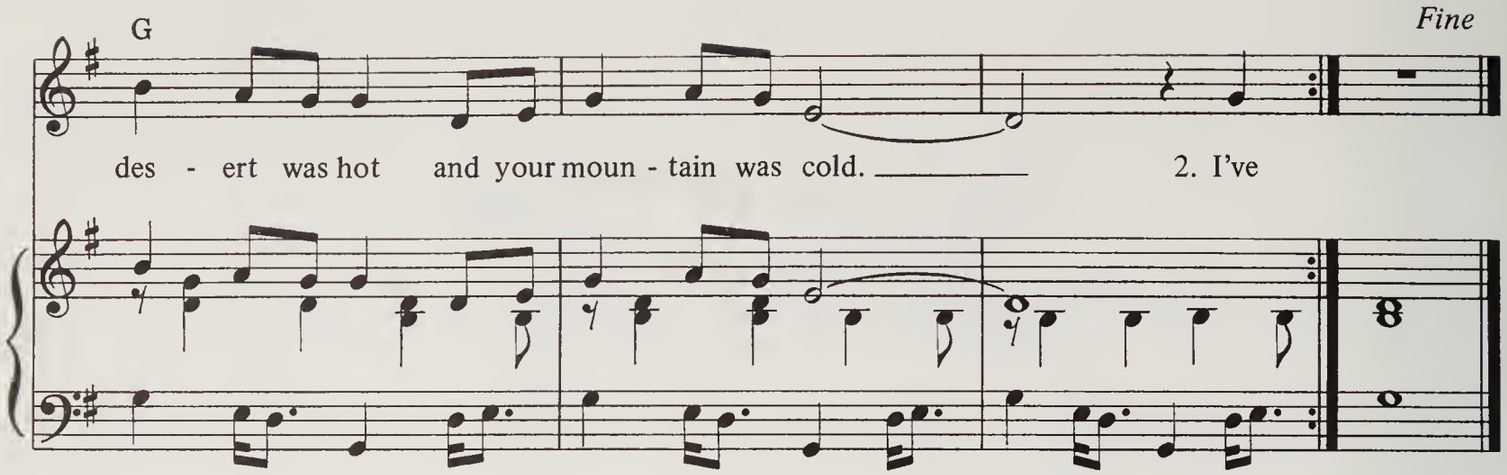
Breezing along





2. I've worked in your orchards of peaches and prunes,
Slept on the ground in the light of the moon,
On the edge of your city you've seen us and then,
We come with the dust and we go with the wind.

3. California and Arizona, I make all your crops,
And it's north up to Oregon to gather your hops,
Dig the beets from your ground, cut the grapes from your vines,
To set on your tables your light sparkling wine.

4. Green pastures of plenty from dry desert ground,
From that Grand Coulee Dam where the water runs down,
Every state in this Union us migrants have been,
We work in your fight, and we'll fight till we win.

5. Well, it's always we ramble, that river and I,
All along your green valley I'll work till I die,
My land I'll defend with my life, if it be,
'Cause my pastures of plenty must always be free.

Philadelphia Lawyer

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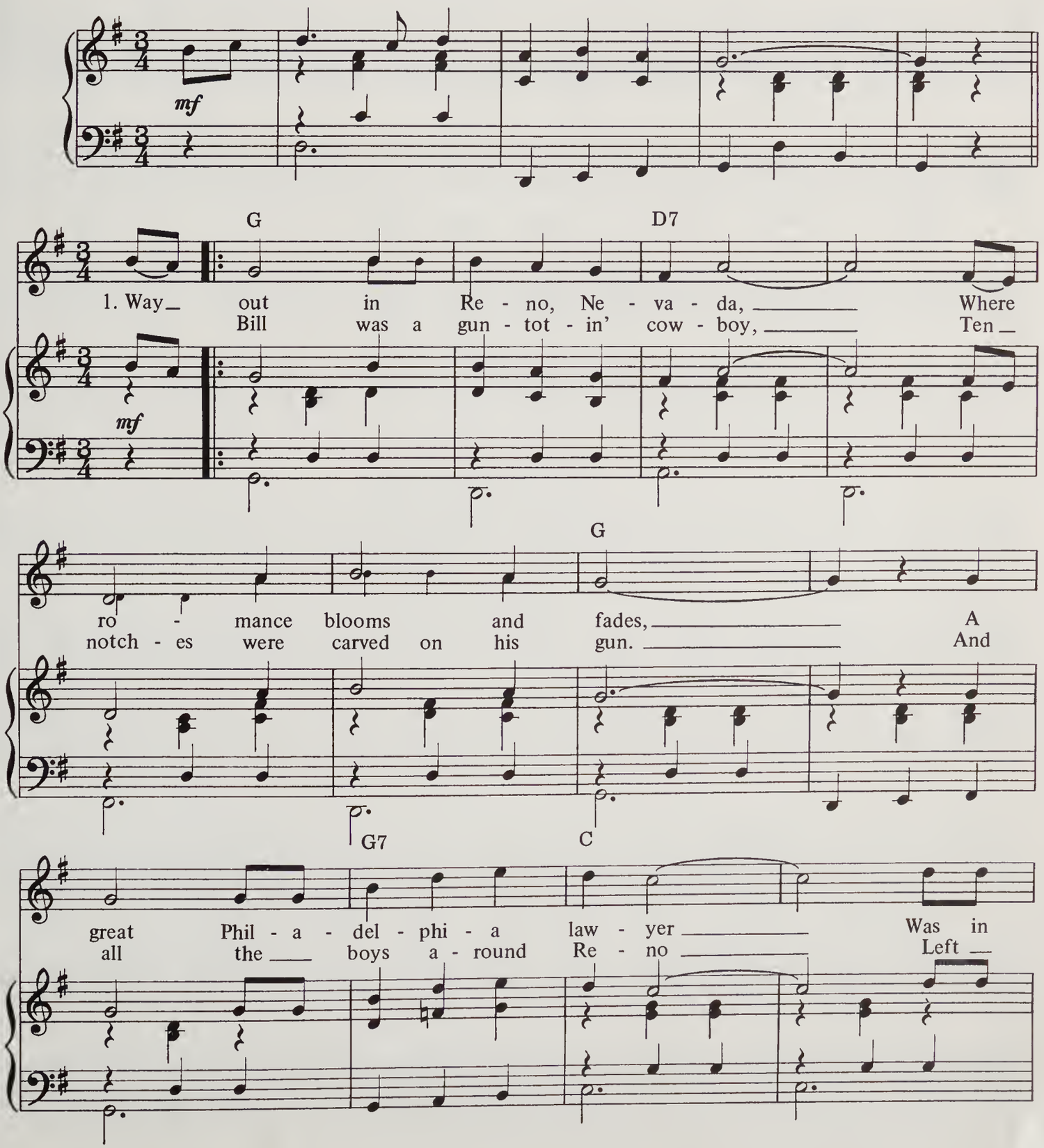
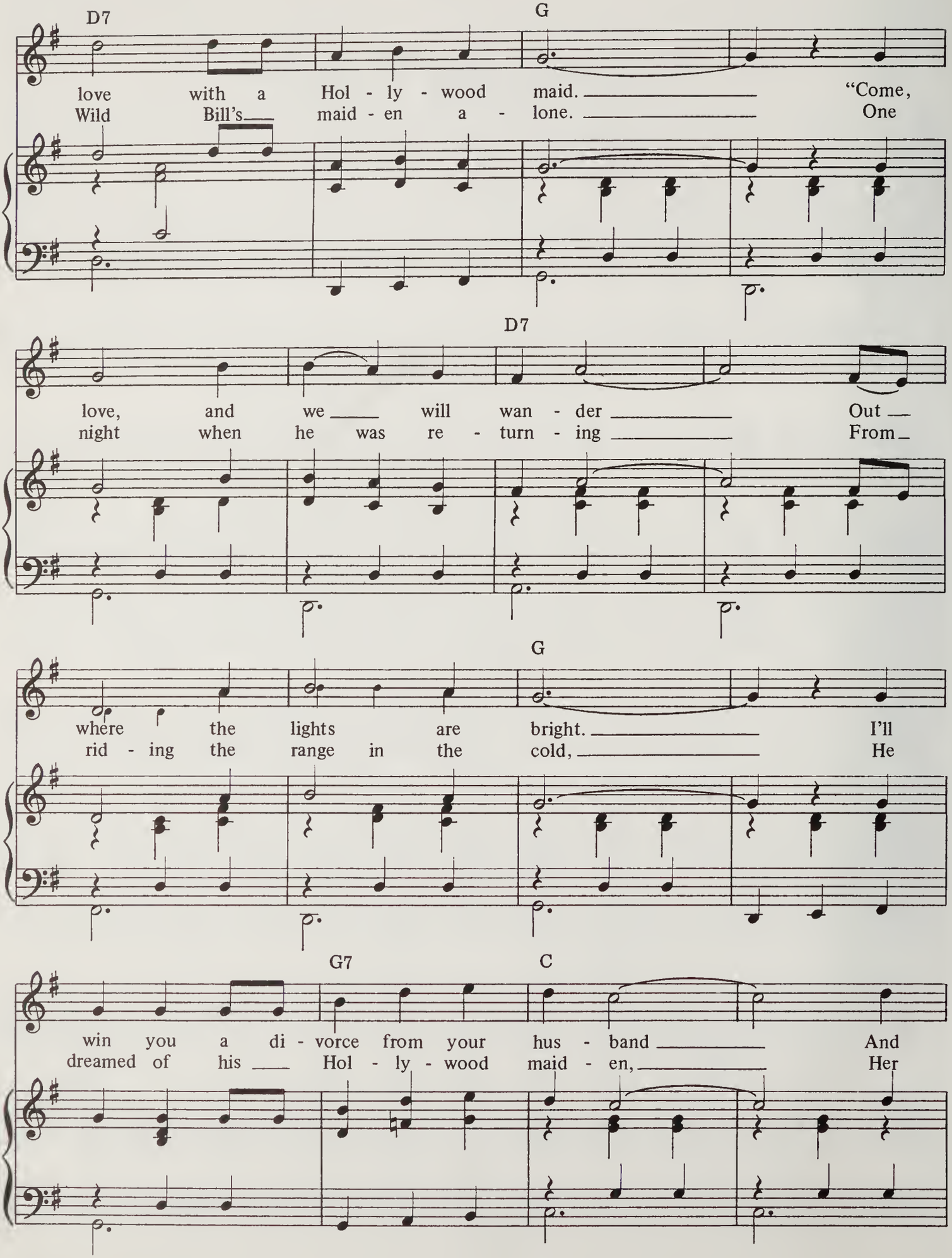
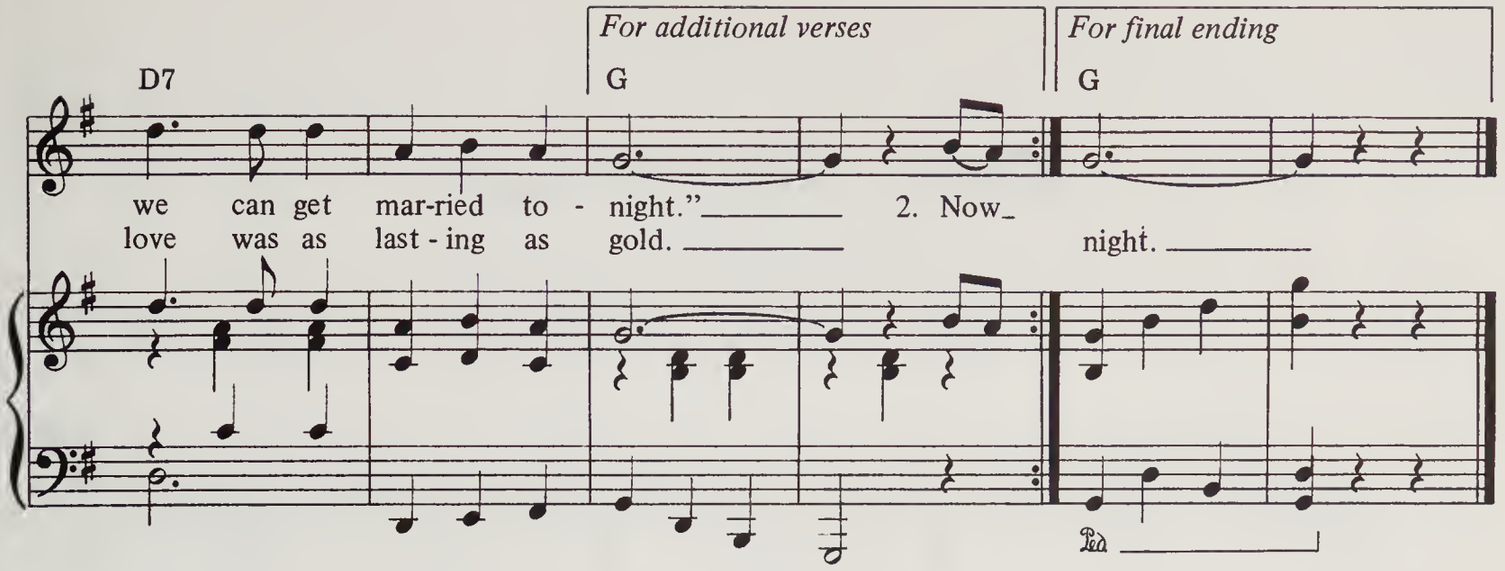
Cheery with zest




D7
G
love with a Hol - ly - wood maid. "Come,
Wild Bill's maid - en a - lone. One
D7
love, and we will wan - der Out
night when he was re - turn - ing From
G
where the lights are bright. I'll
rid - ing the range in the cold, He
G7
C
win you a di - vorce from your hus - band And
dreamed of his Hol - ly - wood maid - en, Her



3. As he drew near her window,
A shadow he saw on the shade.
Was the great Philadelphia lawyer
Makin' love to his Hollywood maid.
The night was as still as the desert,
The moon was bright overhead,
Bill listened a while to the lawyer,
He could hear ev'ry word that he said:

4. "Your hands are so pretty and lovely,
Your form so rare and divine.
Come, go with me to the city
And leave this wild cowboy behind."
Now, back in old Pennsylvania,
Among those beautiful pines
There's one less Philadelphia lawyer,
In old Philadelphia tonight.

Pretty Boy Floyd

Words and Music by Woody Guthrie

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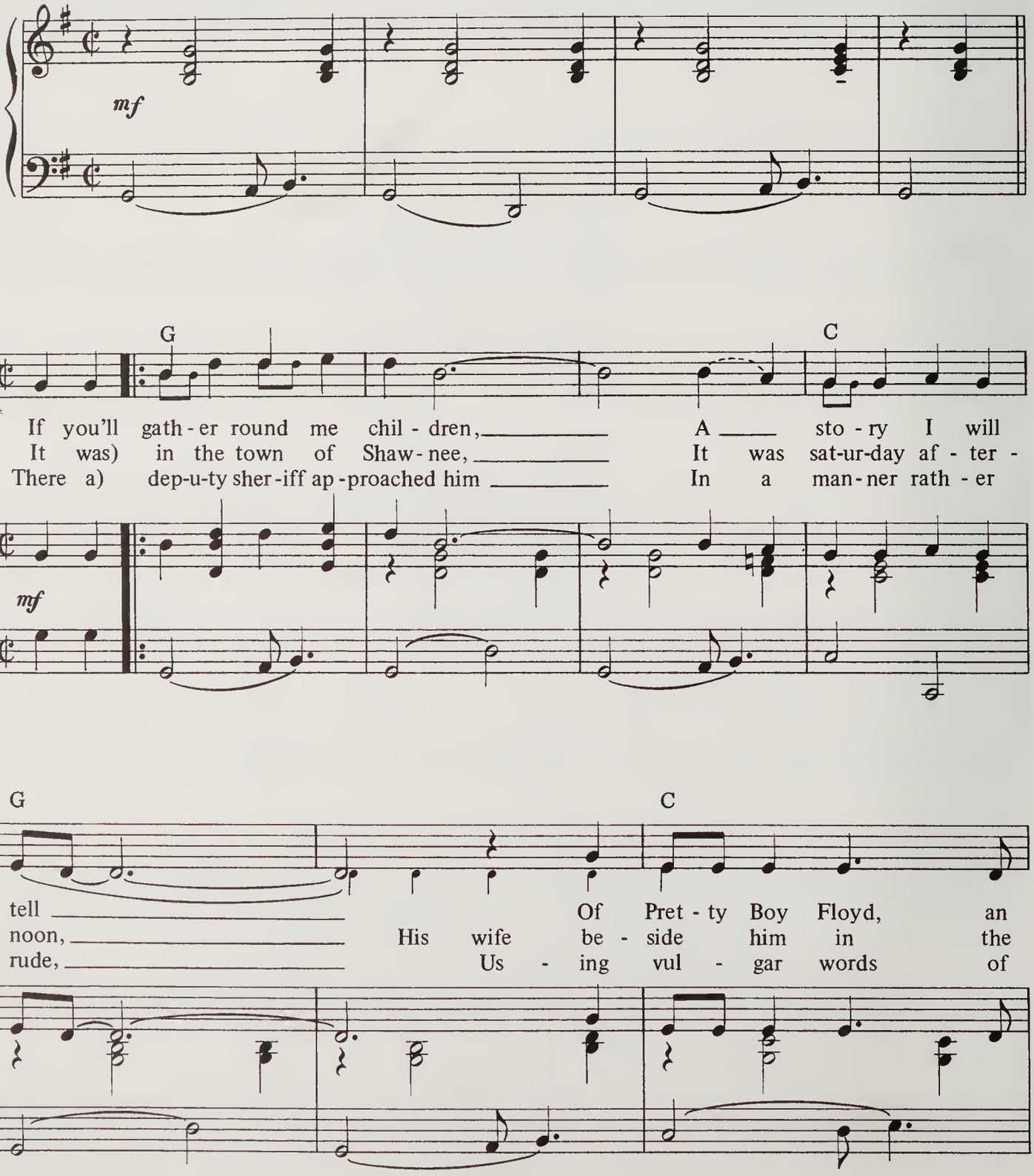
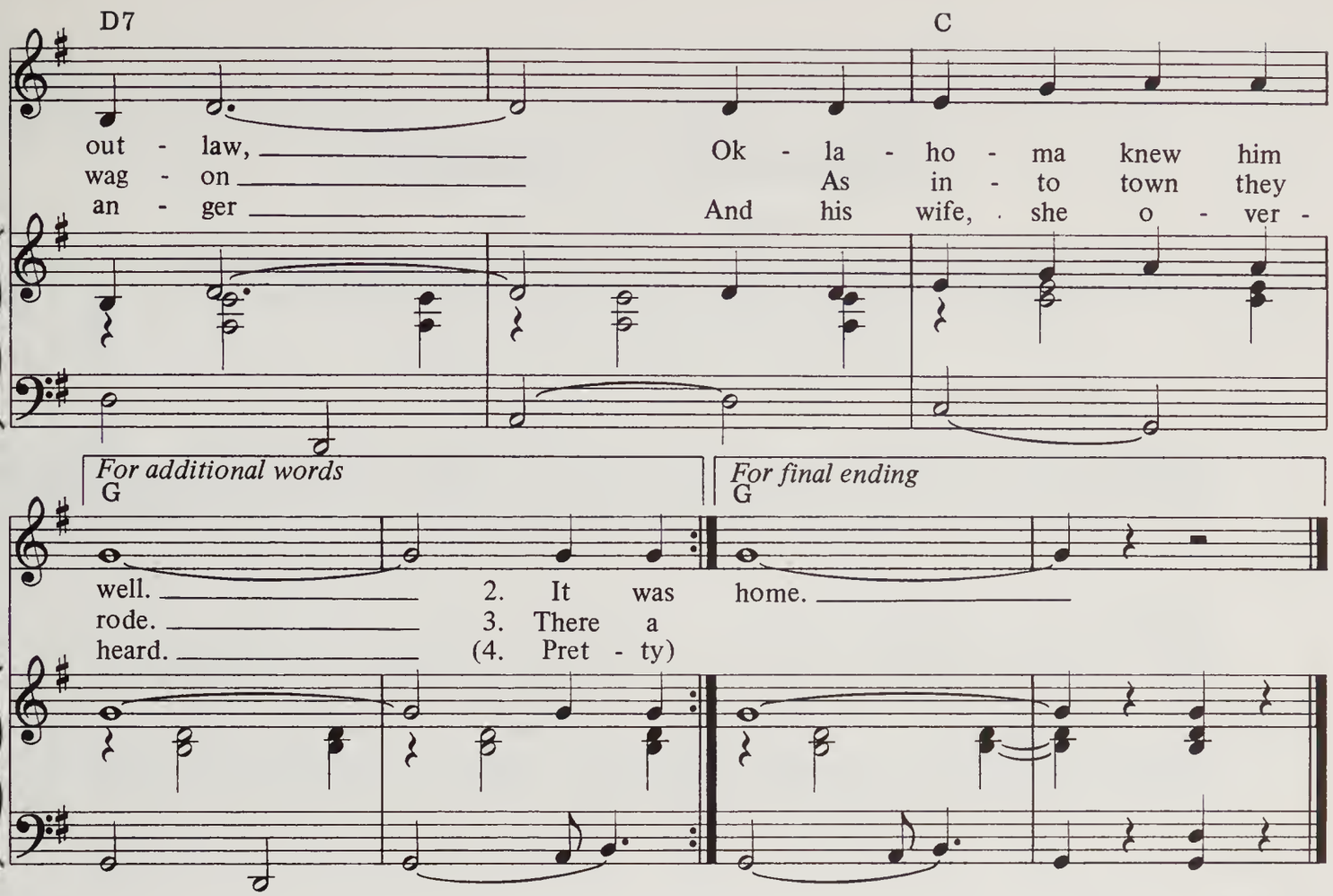
Bright and snappy





4. Pretty Boy grabbed a log chain,
And the deputy grabbed a gun,
And in the fight that followed
He laid that deputy down.

5. Then he took to the trees and timber,
To live a life of shame,
Every crime in Oklahoma
Was added to his name.

6. Yes, he took to the trees and timbers,
On that Canadian River's shore,
And Pretty Boy found a welcome
At many a farmer's door.

7. There's many a starvin' farmer,
The same old story told,
How this outlaw paid their mortgage,
And saved their little home.

8. Others tell you of a stranger,
That came to beg a meal,
And underneath his napkin
Left a thousand-dollar bill.

9. It was in Oklahoma City,
It was on a Christmas Day,
There come a whole car load of groceries,
With a letter that did say.

10. "Well, you say that I'm an outlaw,
You say that I'm a thief;
Here's a Christmas dinner
For the families on relief."

11. Now as through this world I ramble,
I see lots of funny men,
Some will rob you with a six-gun,
And some with a fountain pen.

12. But as through this life you travel,
And as through your life you roam,
You won't never see an outlaw
Drive a family from their home.

Ramblin' 'Round

Words by Woody Guthrie
Music based on "Goodnight Irene" by Huddie Ledbetter and John A. Lomax

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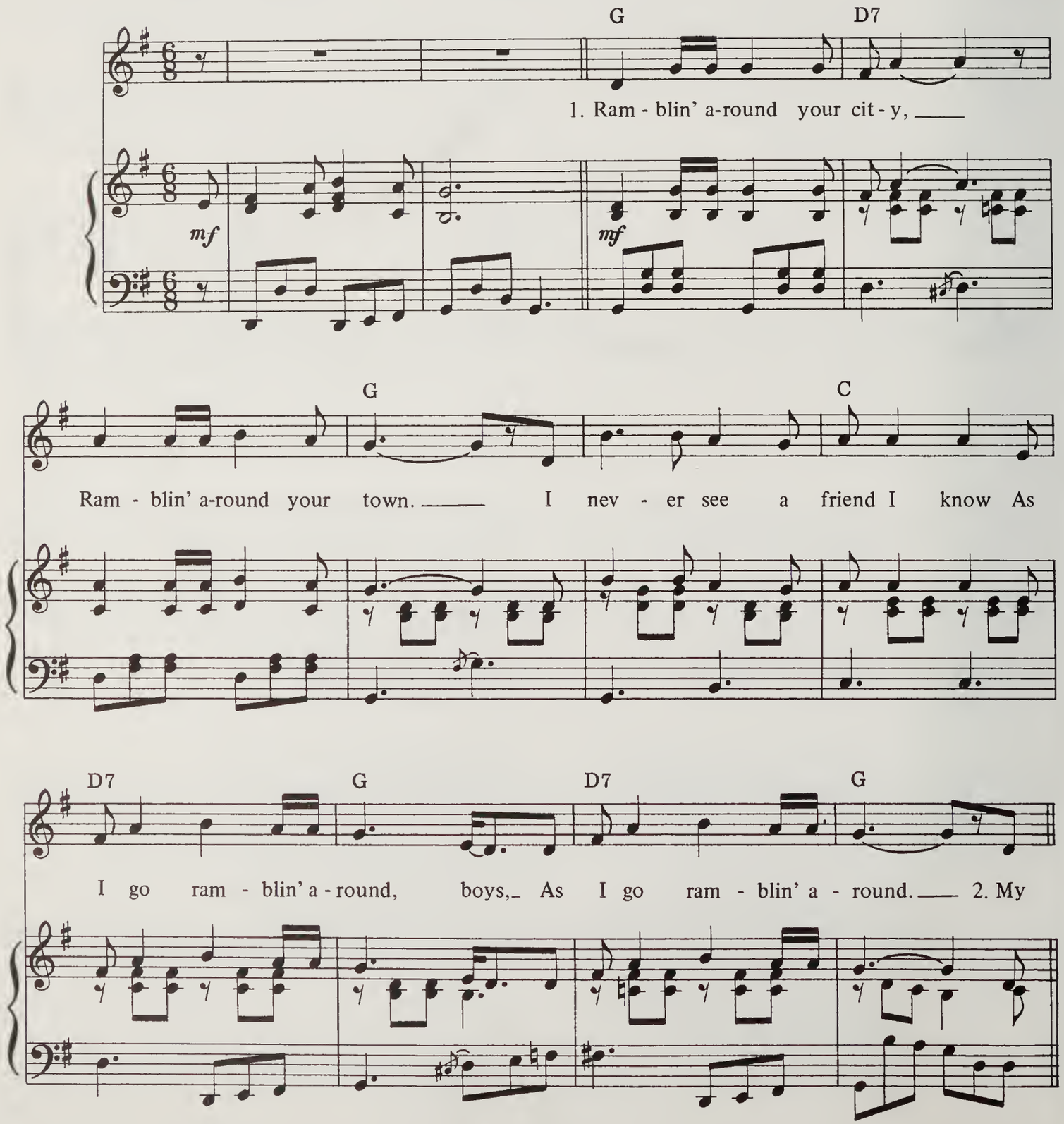
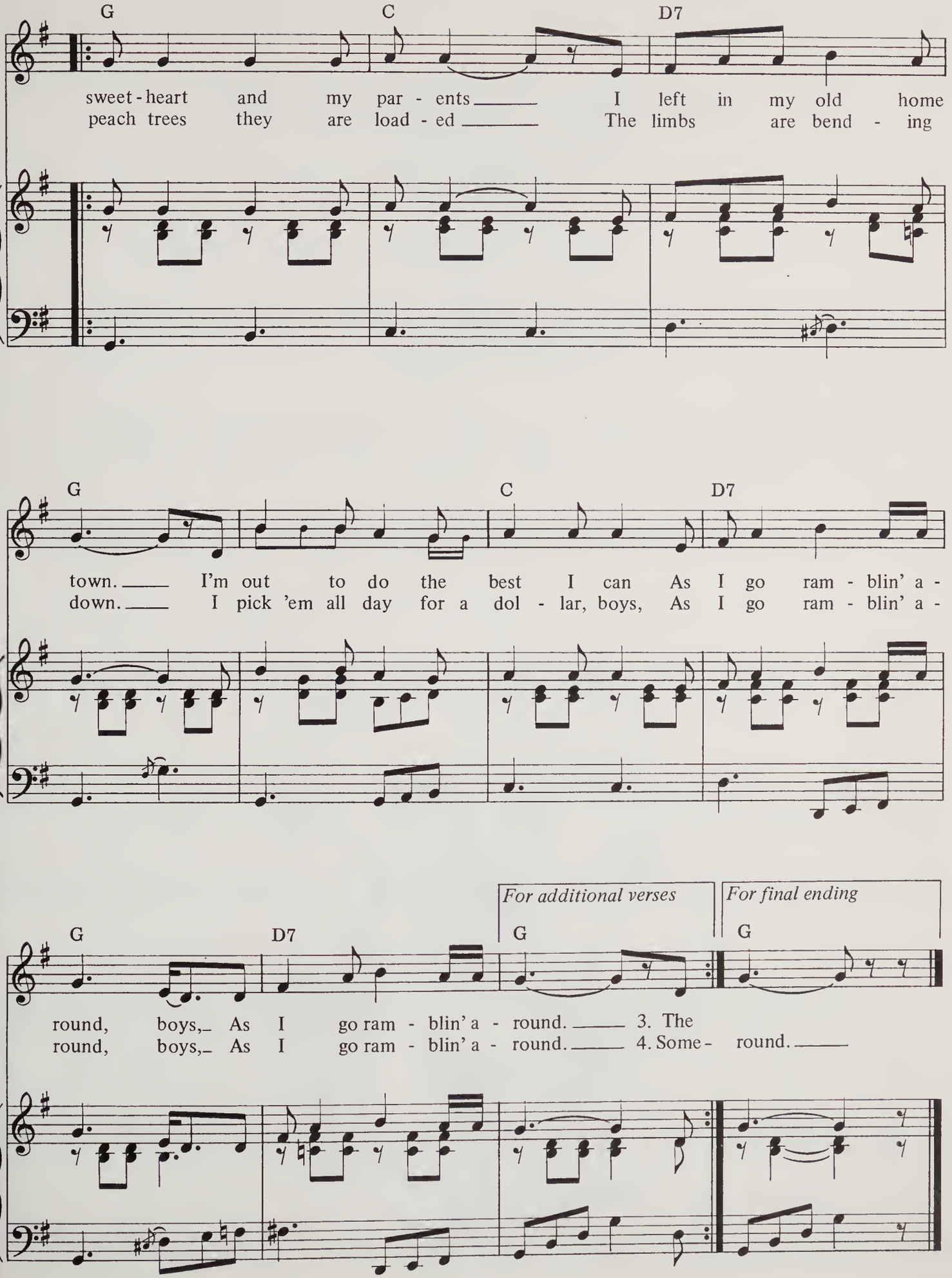
Western waltz style




G
C
D7
sweet - heart and my par - ents I left in my old home
peach trees they are load - ed The limbs are bend - ing
G
C
D7
town. I'm out to do the best I can As I go ram - blin' a -
down. I pick 'em all day for a dol - lar, boys, As I go ram - blin' a -
For additional verses
For final ending
G
D7
G
G
round, boys, As I go ram - blin' a - round. 3. The
round, boys, As I go ram - blin' a - round. 4. Some - round.

Ramblin' Round (*continued*)

4. Sometimes the fruit gets rotten,
   Falls down on the ground.
   There's a hungry mouth for every peach
   As I go a-ramblin' around boys,
   As I go ramblin' around.

5. I wish that I could marry;
   I wish I could settle down;
   But I can't save a penny, boys,
   As I go ramblin' 'round. (2)

6. My mother prayed that I would be
   A man of some renown;
   But I am just a refugee, boys,
   As I go ramblin' 'round. (2)

The Ranger's Command

Words and Music by Woody Guthrie

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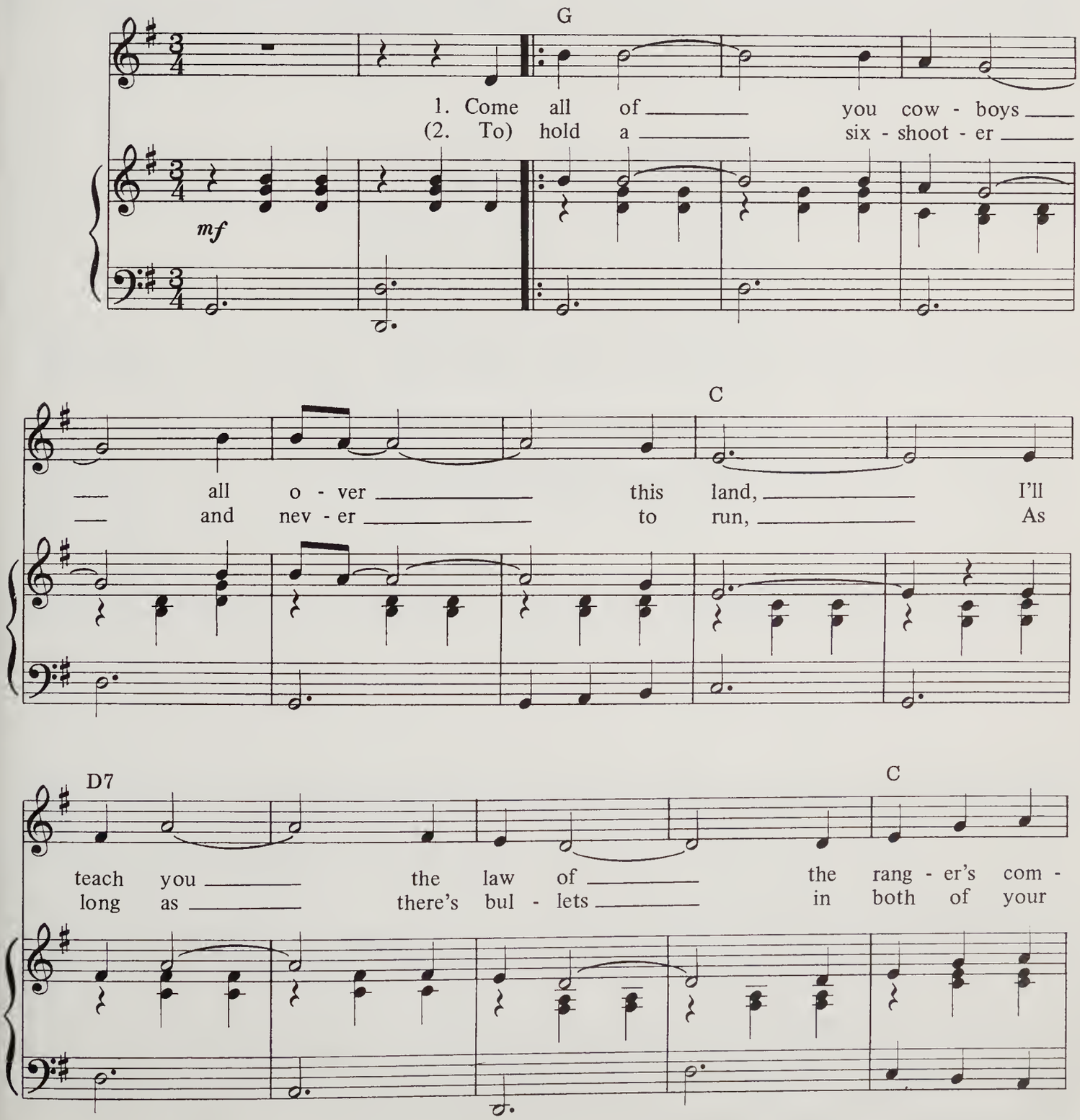
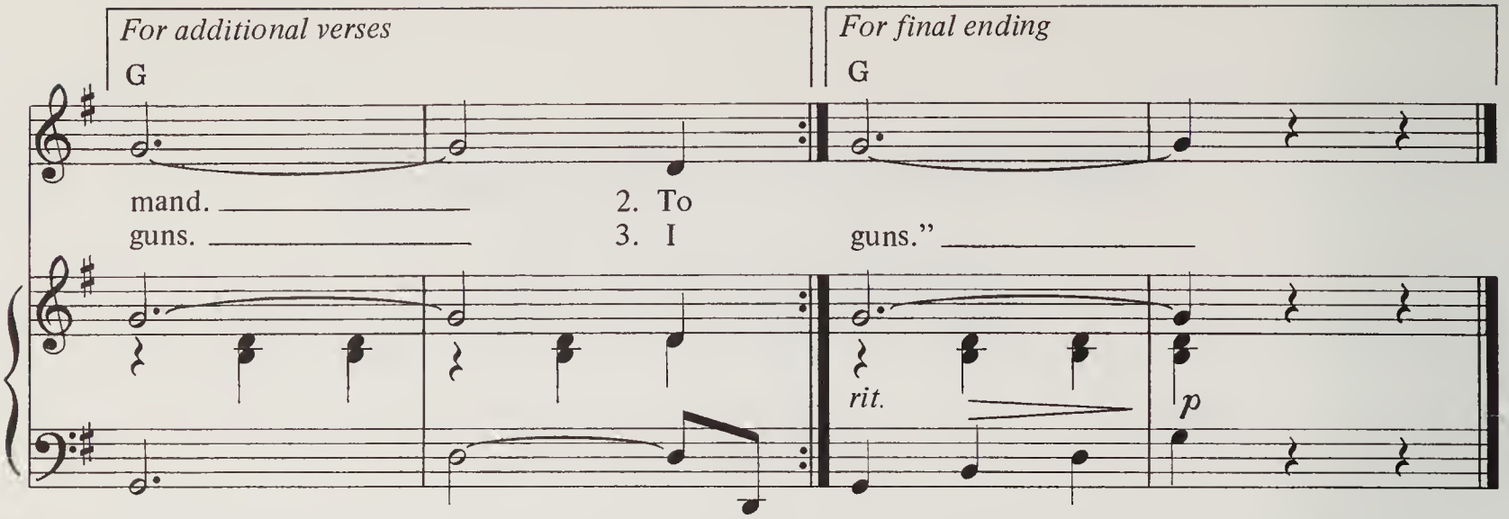
With gusto





3. I met a fair maiden whose name I don't know;
   I asked her to the roundup with me would she go.

4. She said she'd go with me to the cold roundup
   And drink that hard liquor from the cold, bitter cup.

5. We started for the canyon in the fall of the year,
   Expecting to get there with a herd of fat steer.

6. And the rustlers broke on us in the dead hours of night;
   She rose from her warm bed a battle to fight.

7. She rose from her warm bed with a gun in each hand,
   Said, "Come all of you cowboys and fight for your land."

8. "Come all of you cowboys, and don't ever run
   As long as there's bullets in both of your guns."

Riding in My Car

Words and Music by Woody Guthrie

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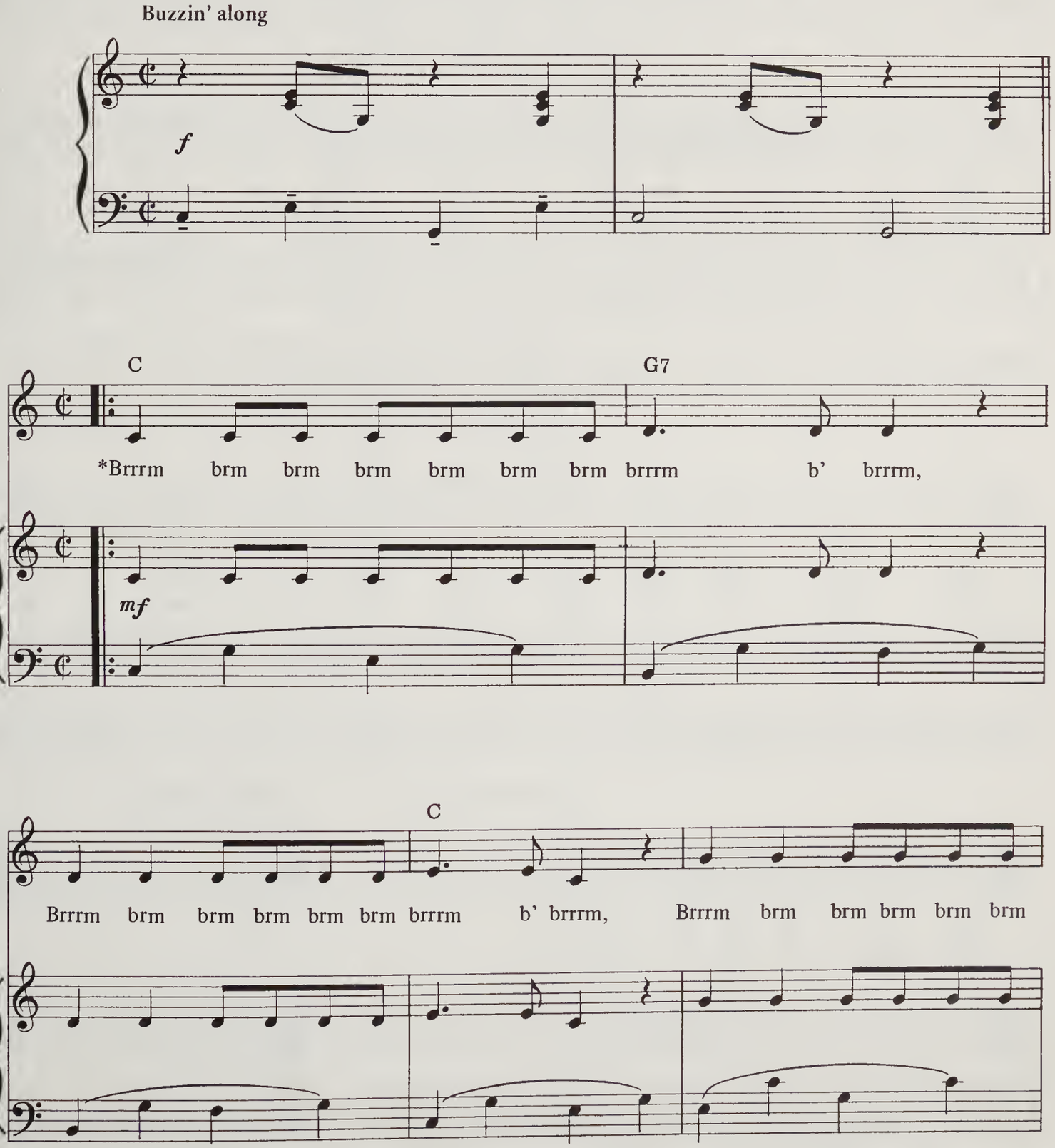
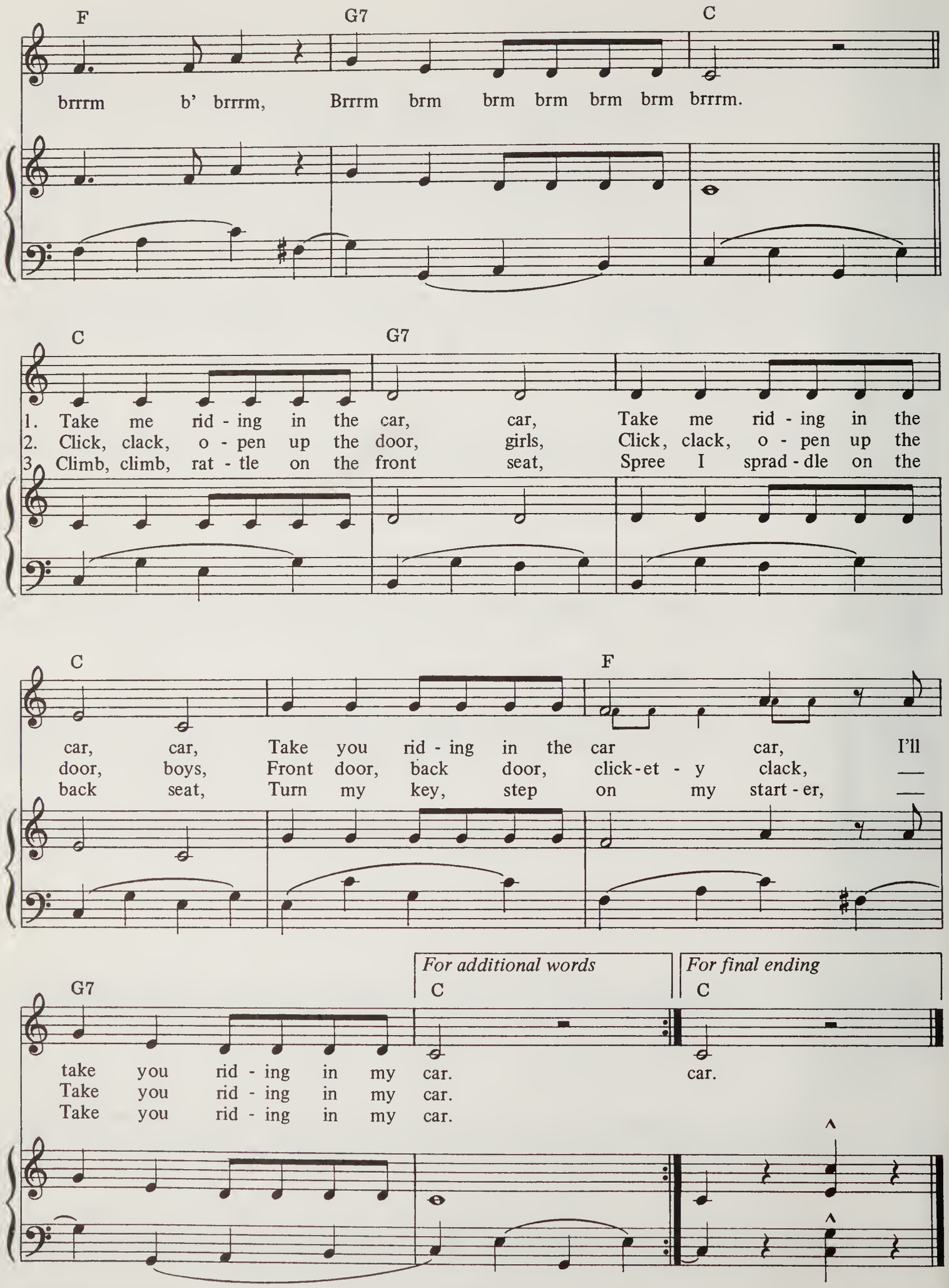


** Engine noise made by holding the lips loosely together and saying "boom" explosively so that the lips vibrate against each other, resulting in a sound something like "brrm."*


F
G7
C
brrrm b' brrrm, Brrrm brm brm brm brm brm brrrm.
C
G7
1. Take me rid - ing in the car, car, Take me rid - ing in the
2. Click, clack, o - pen up the door, girls, Click, clack, o - pen up the
3. Climb, climb, rat - tle on the front seat, Spree I sprad - dle on the
C
F
car, car, Take you rid - ing in the car car, I'll
door, boys, Front door, back door, click-et - y clack, —
back seat, Turn my key, step on my start - er, —
For additional words
For final ending
G7
C
C
take you rid - ing in my car. car.
Take you rid - ing in my car.
Take you rid - ing in my car.

4. Engine it goes brrrm, brrrm (2)
   Front seat, back seat, boys and girls,
   Take you riding in my car.

   Trees and the houses walk along, (2)
   Truck and a car and a garbage can;
   Take you riding in my car.

5. Boom buh buh buh buh buh buh boom buh boom
   Boom boom buh buh buh buh boom buh boom
   Boom boom buh buh buh buh boom buh boom
   Boom boom buh buh buh buh boom

   Ships and the little boats chug along (2)
   Brrrm buh-buh boom boom boom buh boom
   Take you riding in my car.

6. I'm a-gonna send you home again, (2)
   Boom, boom, buh-buh boom, rolling home,
   Take you riding in my car.

   I'm a-gonna let you blow the horn, (2)
   A-oorah, a-oorah, a-oogah, oogah,
   I'll take you riding in my car.

7. Same as verse 1, but speeded up.

Roll On, Columbia

Words by Woody Guthrie
Music based on "Goodnight Irene" by Huddie Ledbetter and John Lomax

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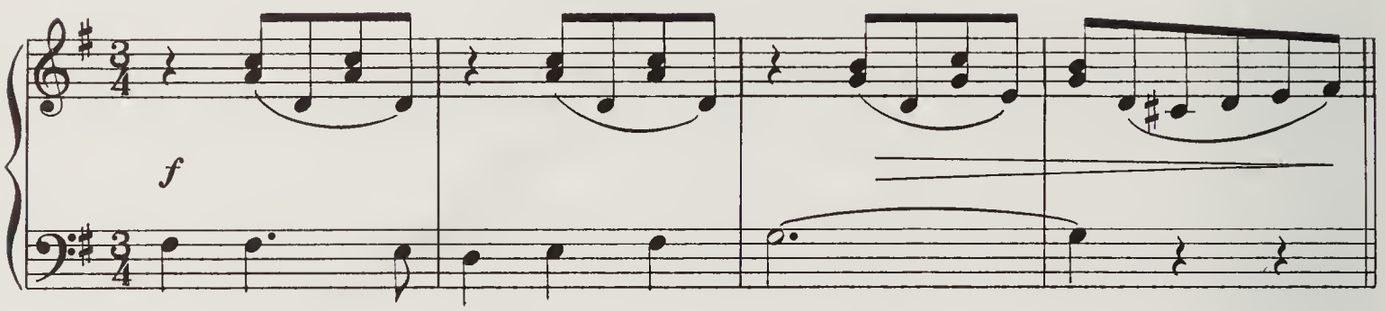
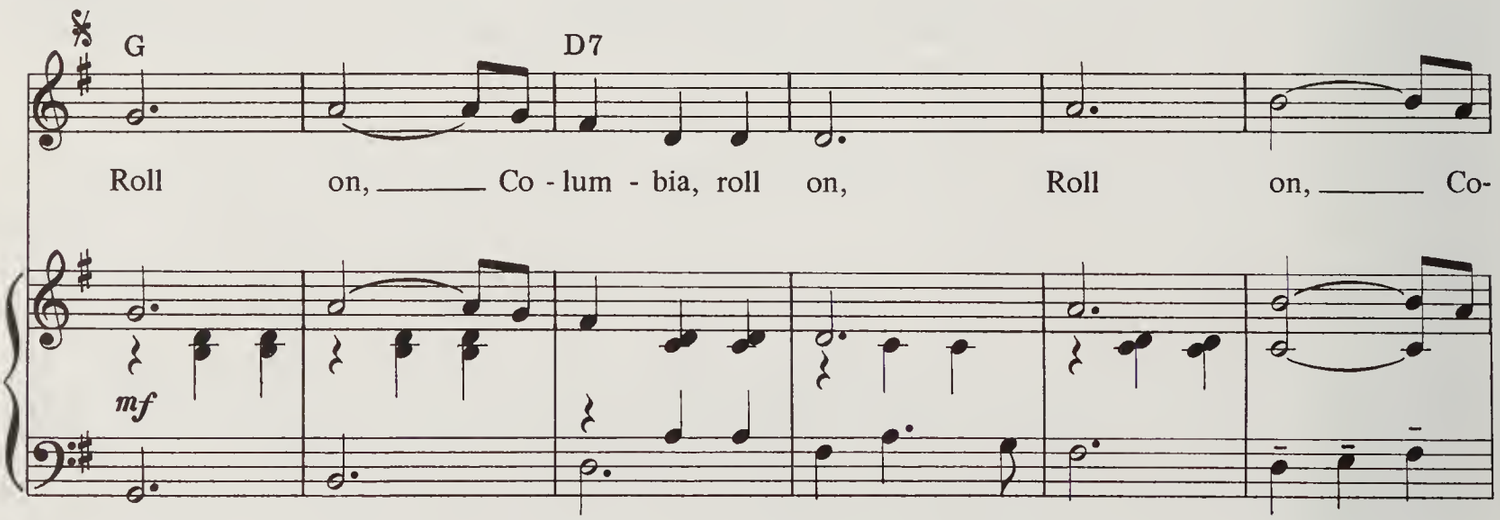
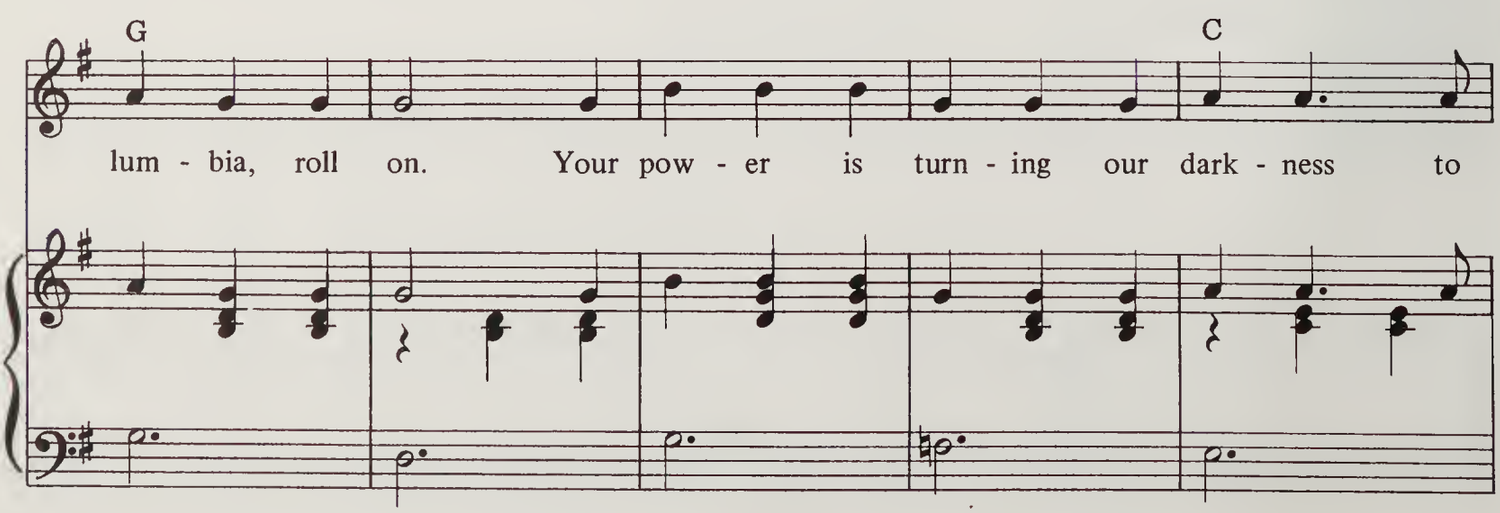
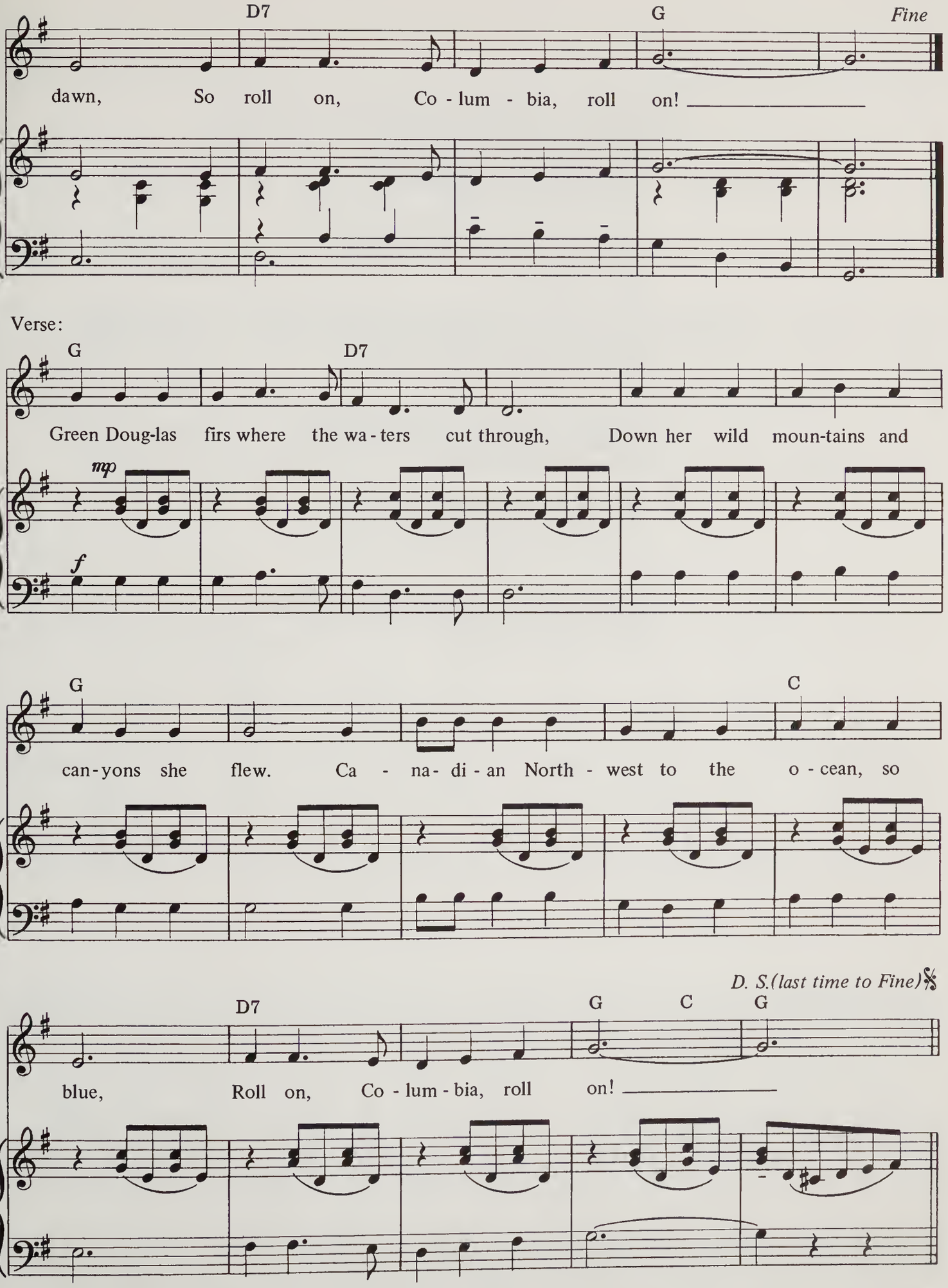
With a swing



Chorus:






D7
G
Fine
dawn, So roll on, Co - lum - bia, roll on!
Verse:
G
D7
Green Doug-las firs where the wa - ters cut through, Down her wild moun-tains and
mp
f
G
C
can - yons she flew. Ca - na - di - an North - west to the o - cean, so
D. S.(last time to Fine)
D7
G
C
G
blue, Roll on, Co - lum - bia, roll on!

Roll On, Columbia (*continued*)

2. Other great rivers add power to you,
   Yakima, Snake and the Klickitat too,
   Sandy Willamette and Hood River too,
   Roll on, Columbia, roll on.

3. Tom Jefferson's vision would not let him rest,
   An empire he saw in the Pacific Northwest.
   Sent Lewis and Clark and they did the rest,
   Roll on, Columbia, roll on . . .

4. It's there on your banks that we fought many a fight,
   Sheridan's boys in the blockhouse that night,
   They saw us in death but never in flight,
   Roll on, Columbia, roll on . . .

5. At Bonneville now there are ships in the locks,
   The waters have risen and cleared all the rocks,
   Shiploads of plenty will steam past the docks,
   So roll on, Columbia, roll on.

6. And on up the river is Grand Coulee Dam,
   The mightiest thing ever built by a man,
   To run the great factories and water the land,
   It's roll on, Columbia, roll on.

7. These mighty men labored by day and by night,
   Matching their strength 'gainst the river's wild flight,
   Through rapids and falls they won the hard fight,
   Roll on, Columbia, roll on.

Sally Don't You Grieve

Words and Music by Woody Guthrie

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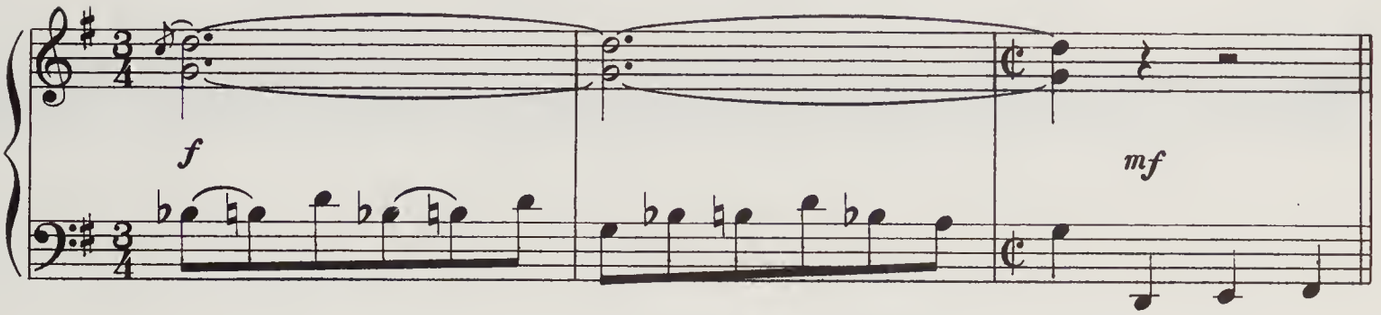
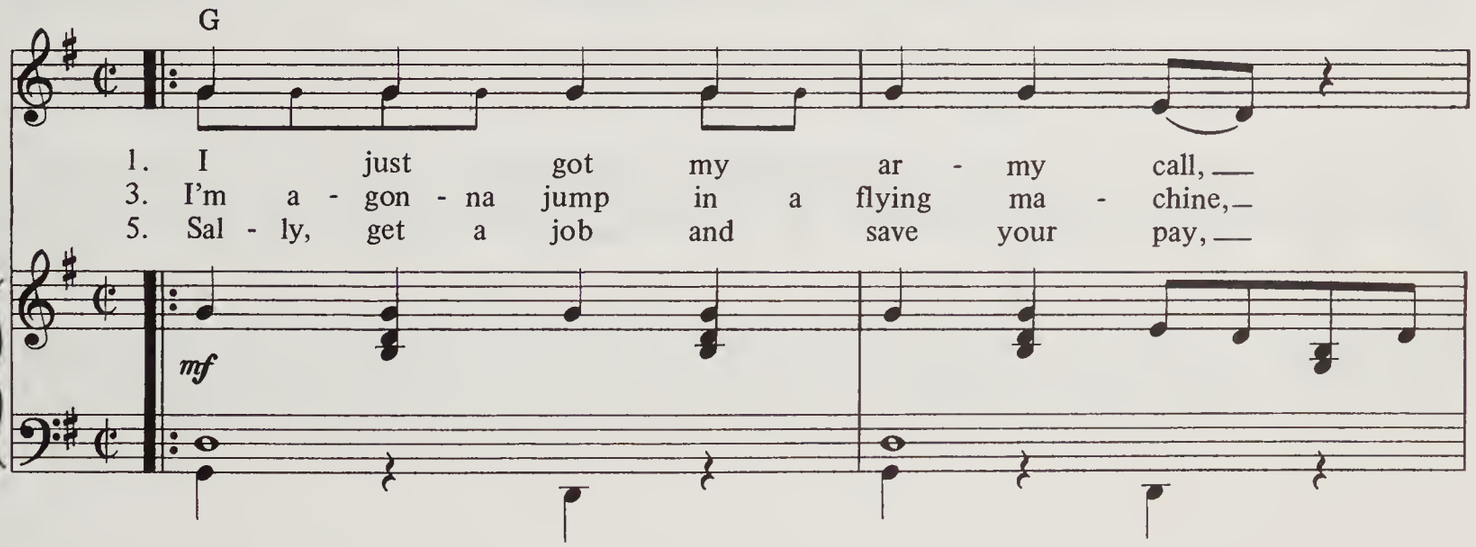
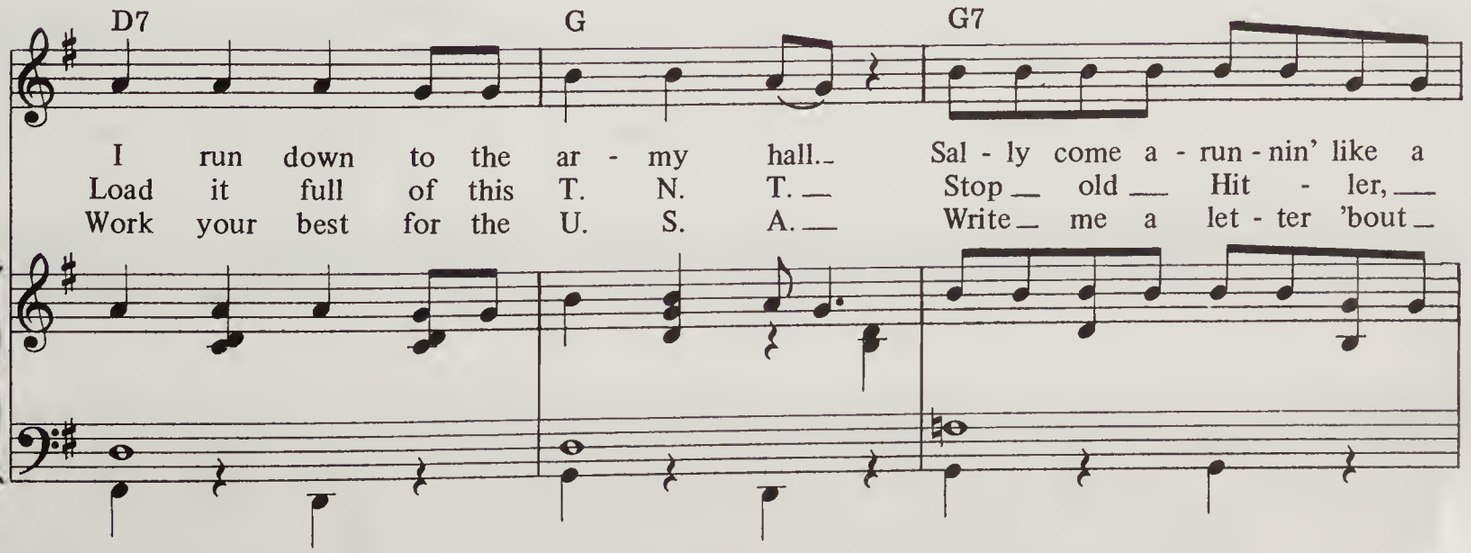
Moderately



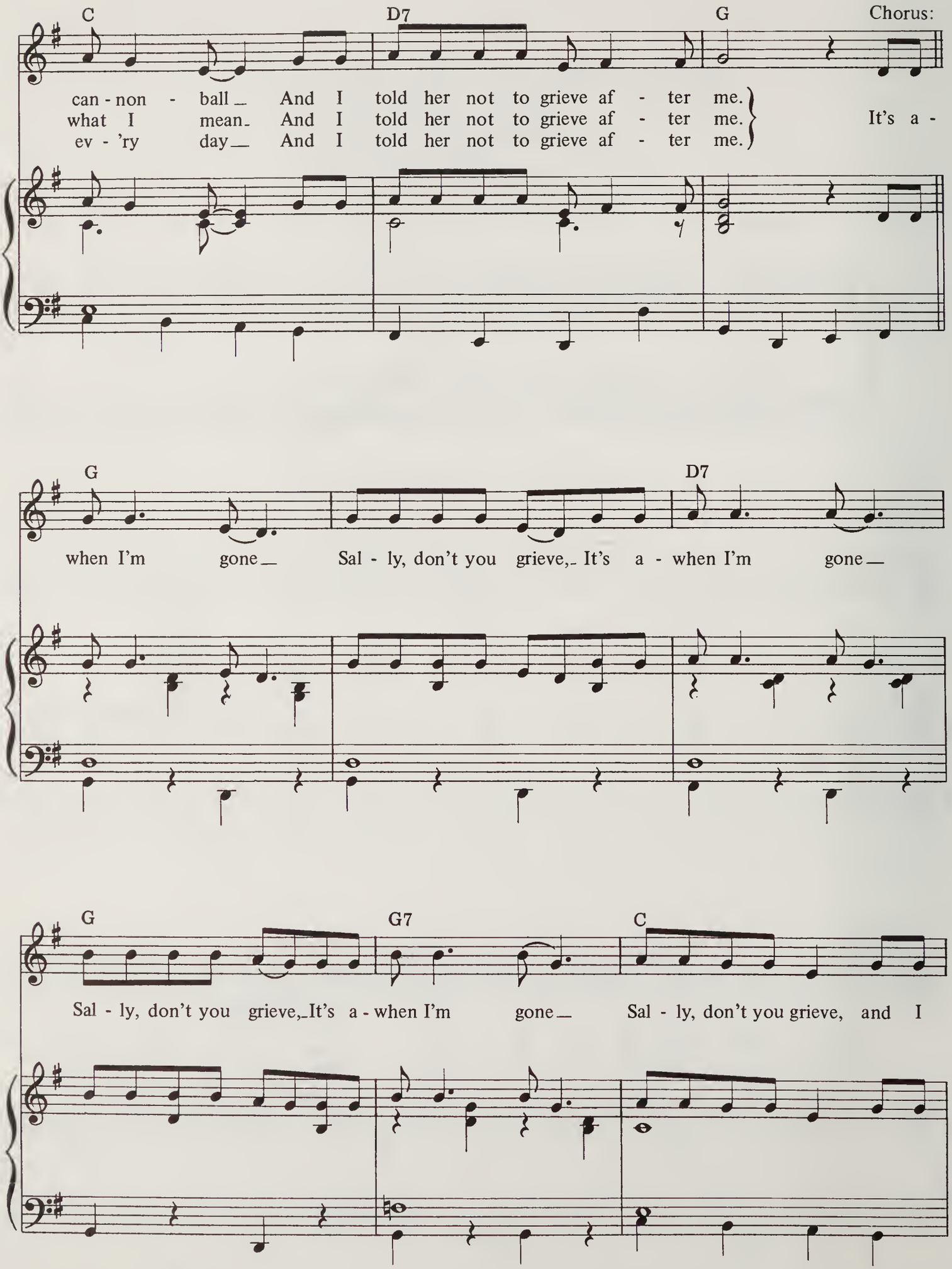
Verse:

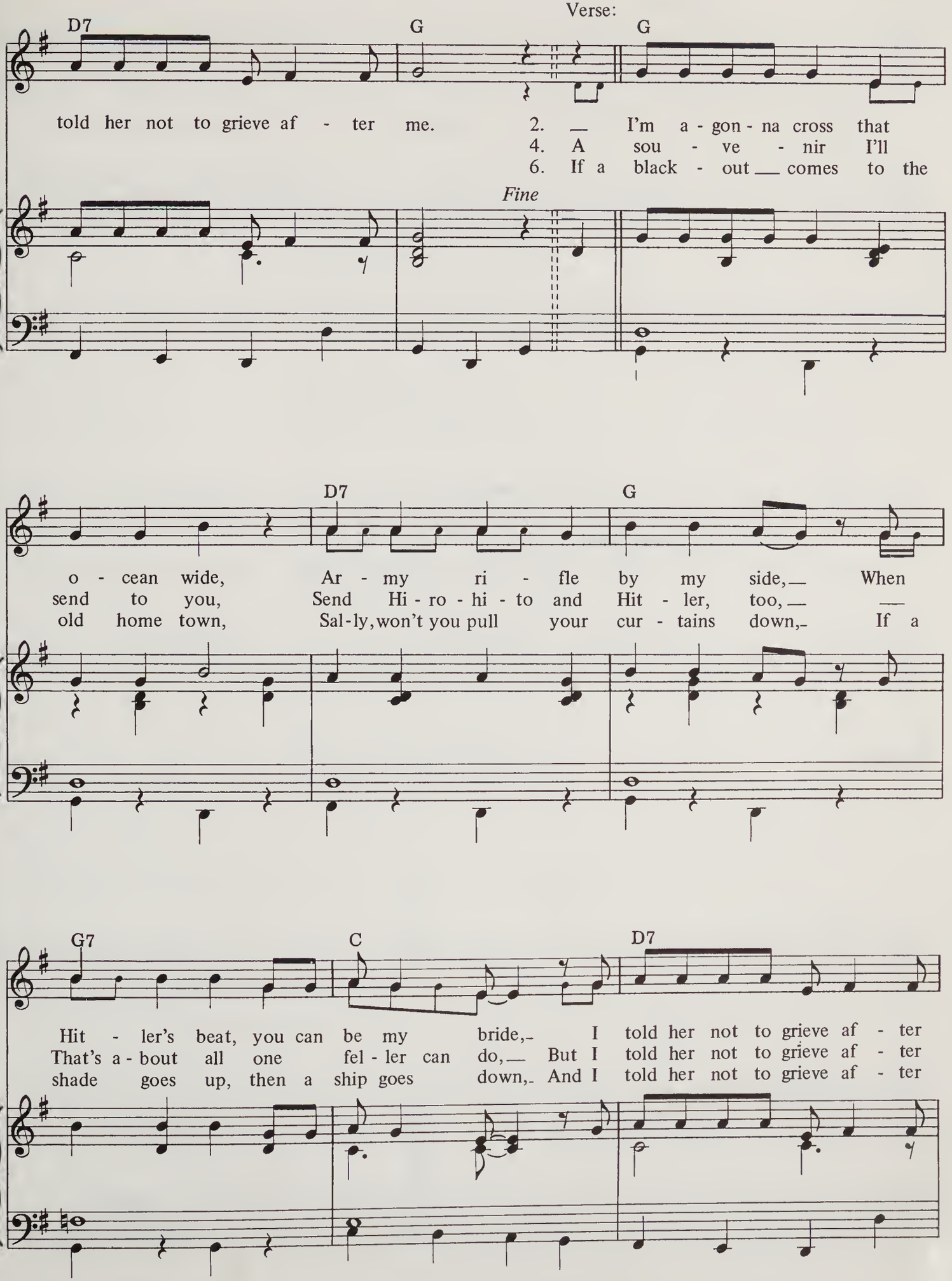


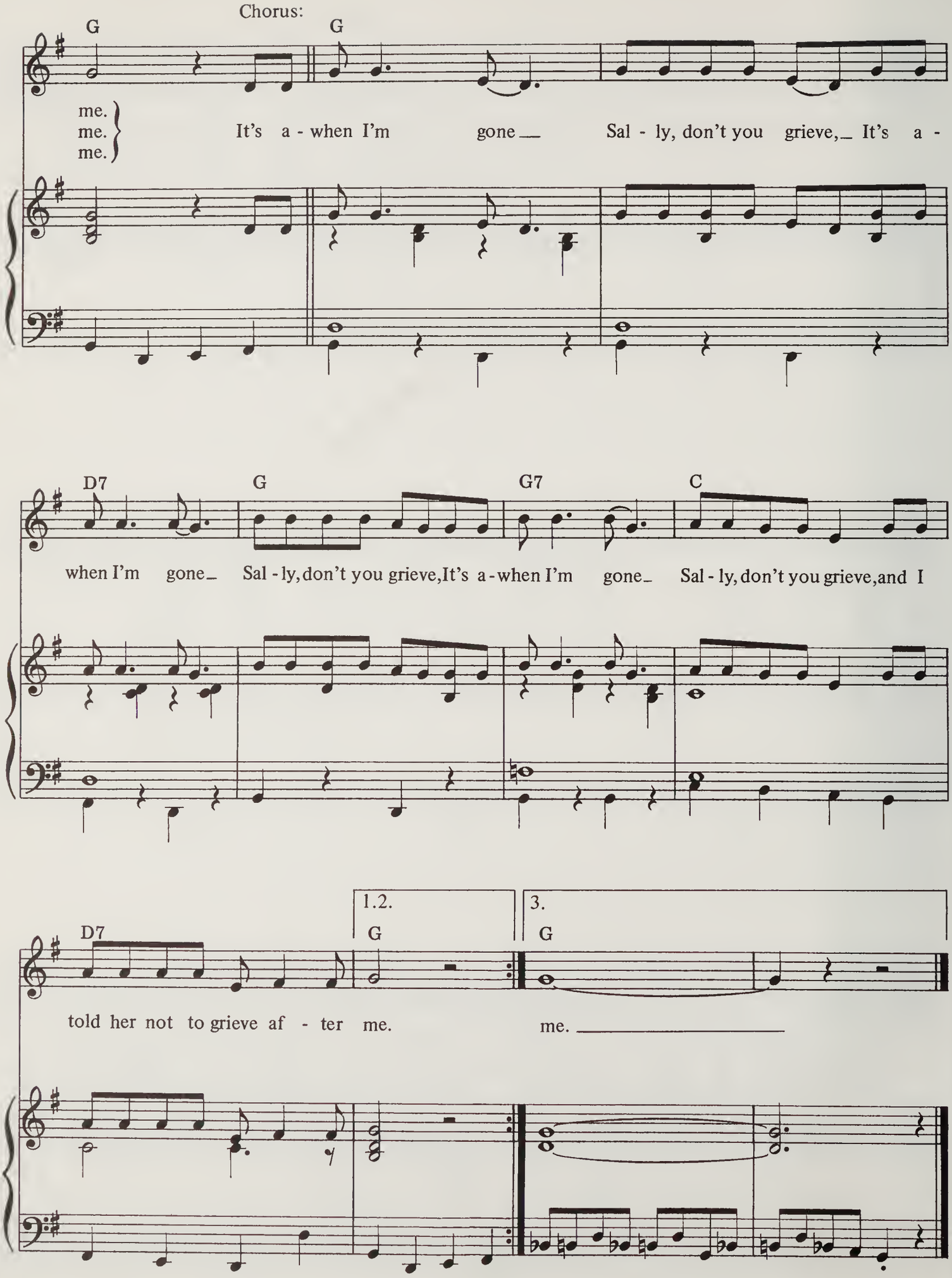
1. I just got my ar - my call,
3. I'm a - gon - na jump in a flying ma - chine,
5. Sal - ly, get a job and save your pay,



I run down to the ar - my hall. Sal - ly come a - run - nin' like a
Load it full of this T. N. T. Stop old Hit - ler,
Work your best for the U. S. A. Write me a let - ter 'bout


C
D7
G
Chorus:
can - non - ball_ And I told her not to grieve af - ter me.
what I mean_ And I told her not to grieve af - ter me.
ev - 'ry day_ And I told her not to grieve af - ter me.
It's a -
G
D7
when I'm gone_ Sal - ly, don't you grieve,_ It's a - when I'm gone_
G
G7
C
Sal - ly, don't you grieve,_It's a - when I'm gone_ Sal - ly, don't you grieve, and I


Verse:
D7
G
G
told her not to grieve af - ter me.
2. I'm a - gon - na cross that
4. A sou - ve - nir I'll
6. If a black - out comes to the
Fine
D7
G
o - cean wide,
send to you,
old home town,
Ar - my ri - fle by my side, When
Send Hi - ro - hi - to and Hit - ler, too,
Sal-ly, won't you pull your cur - tains down, If a
G7
C
D7
Hit - ler's beat, you can be my bride, I told her not to grieve af - ter
That's a - bout all one fel - ler can do, But I told her not to grieve af - ter
shade goes up, then a ship goes down, And I told her not to grieve af - ter


Chorus:
G
G
me.
me.
me.
It's a - when I'm gone
Sal - ly, don't you grieve, It's a -
D7
G
G7
C
when I'm gone
Sal - ly, don't you grieve, It's a - when I'm gone
Sal - ly, don't you grieve, and I
1.2.
3.
D7
G
G
told her not to grieve af - ter me.
me.

Goin' down th' avenue feelin' sorta funny
Found me a pockitbook chuck fulla money
Gal come along said kiss me honey
An' I told 'er not to grieve after me

It's when I'm gone Sally don't you grieve
It's when I'm gone Sally don't you grieve
It's when I'm gone Sally don't you grieve
An' I told 'er not to grieve after me

Went to th' show an' I seen it twice
My good gal wuz jist like ice
She seen my money an' she got perty nice
An' I told 'er not to grieve after me

Went to a barroom an' got me some likker
Took me a drink an' th' lights all flikkered
Got on my hoss an' he snorted an' he snicker'd
An' I told 'er not to grieve after me

Long ways t' town an' th' road's mighty muddy
So goldarn drunk that I cain't stand steady
Slippin' an' a slidin' in a bran' new buggy
An' I told 'er not to grieve after me

I went down to th' callioboose
Turn'd ever'body in th' callyboose loose
Caught me a train on th' last caboose
An' told 'er not to grieve after me

Went to a dance witha gal I know
But she won't ever go with me no more
I danc'd all night on th' end of 'er toe
An' I told 'er not to grieve after me

The Sinking of the Reuben James

Words and Music by Woody Guthrie

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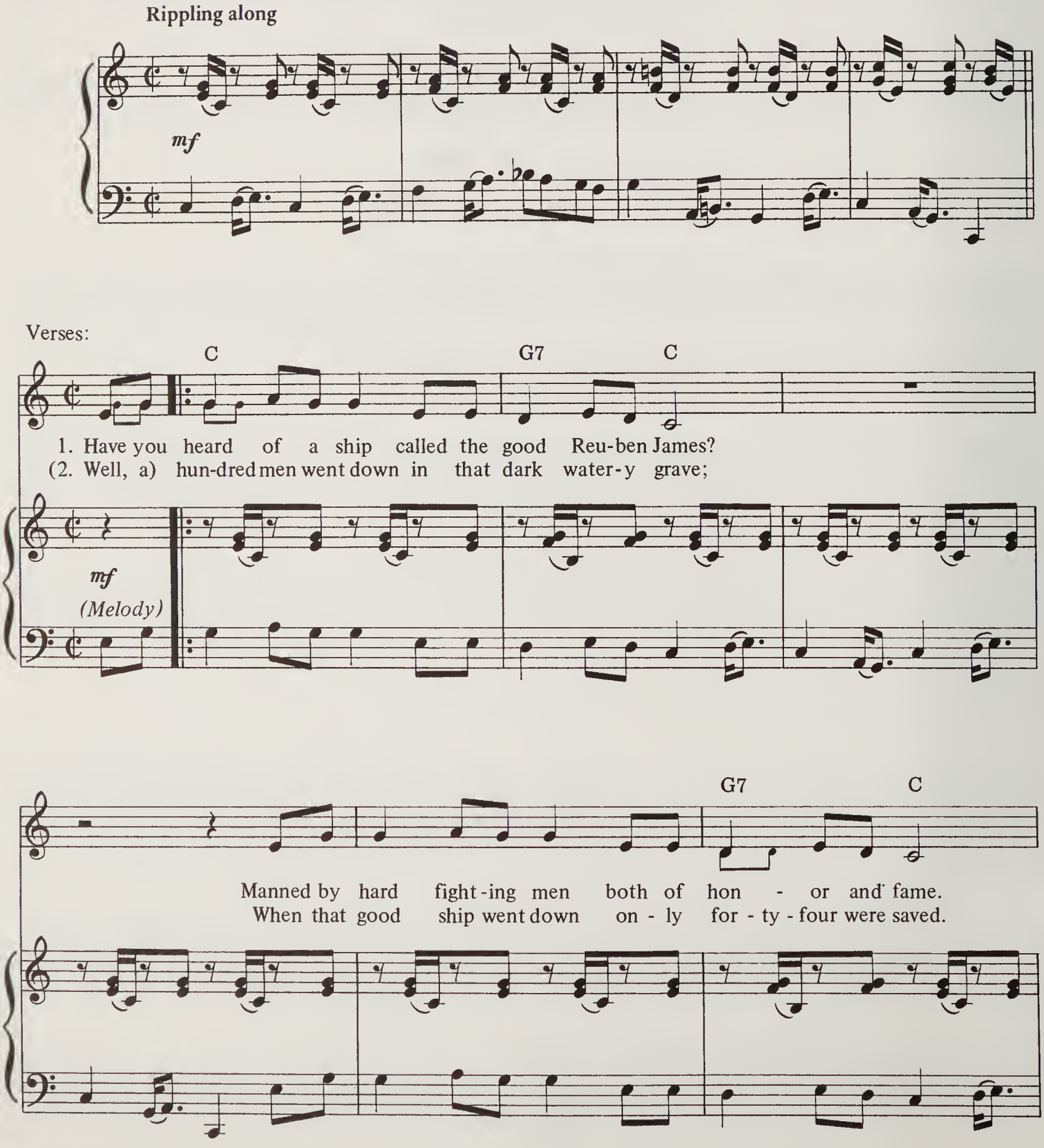
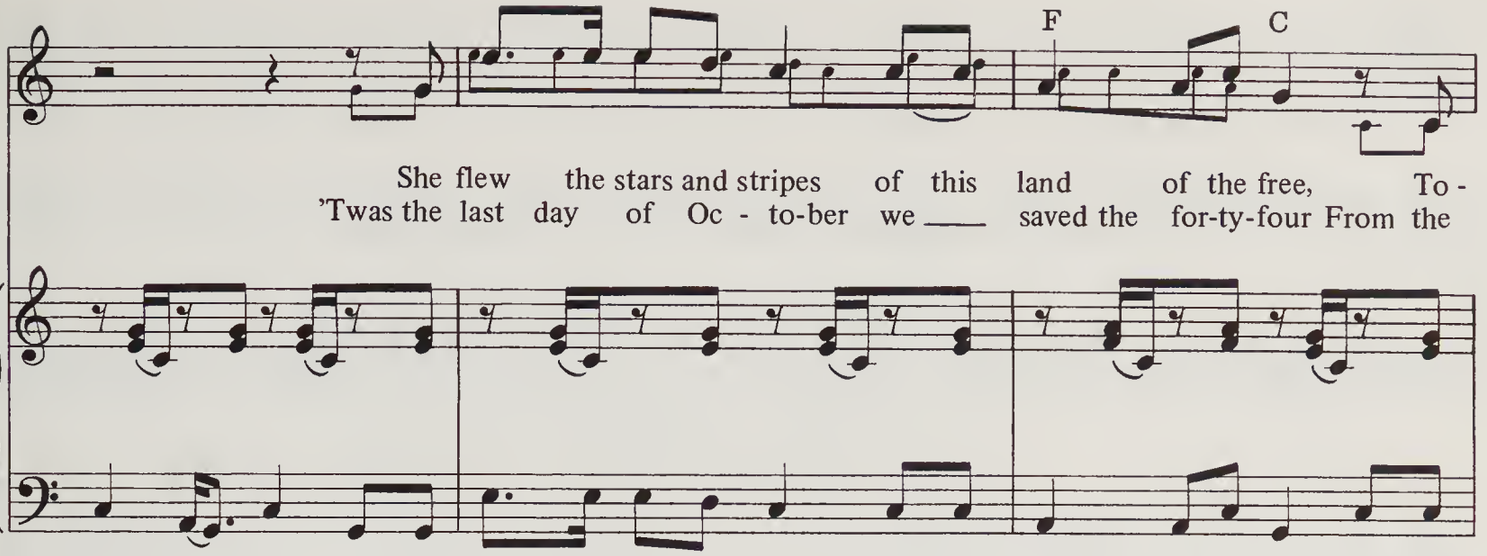
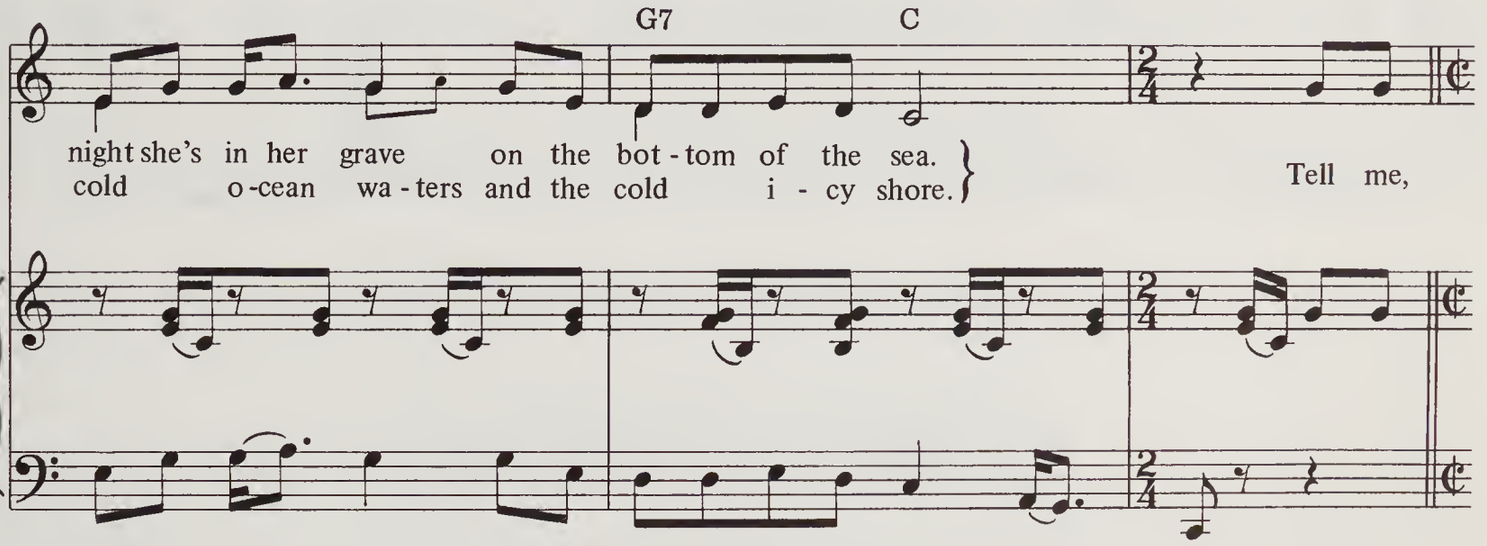
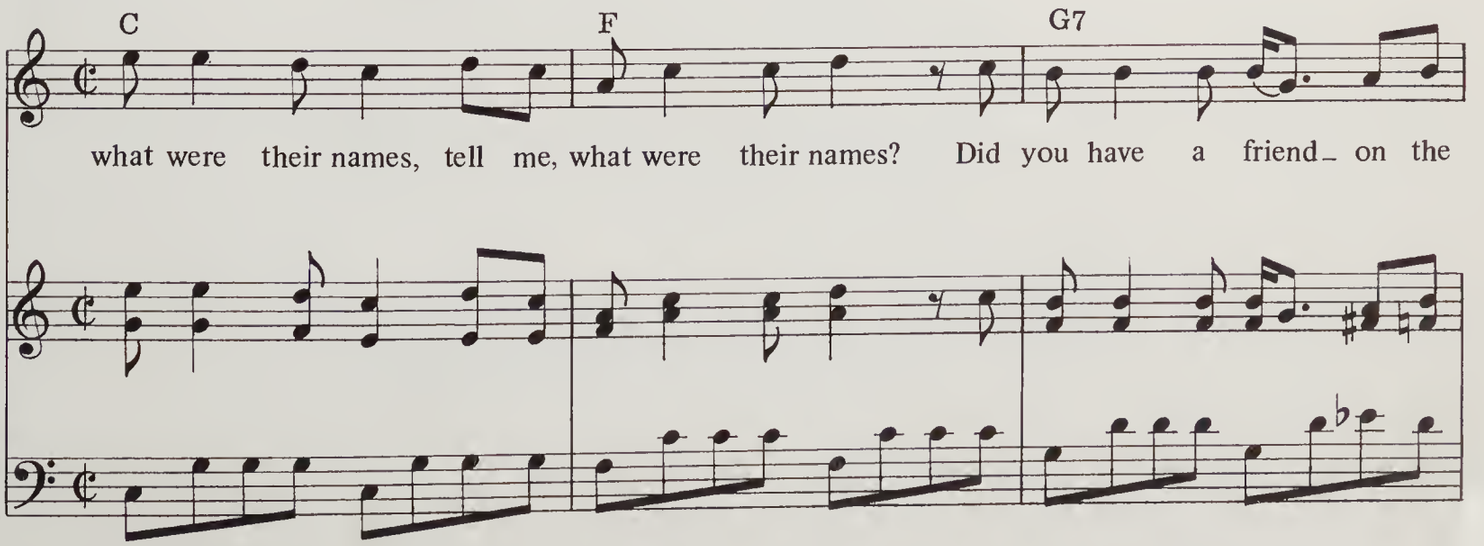
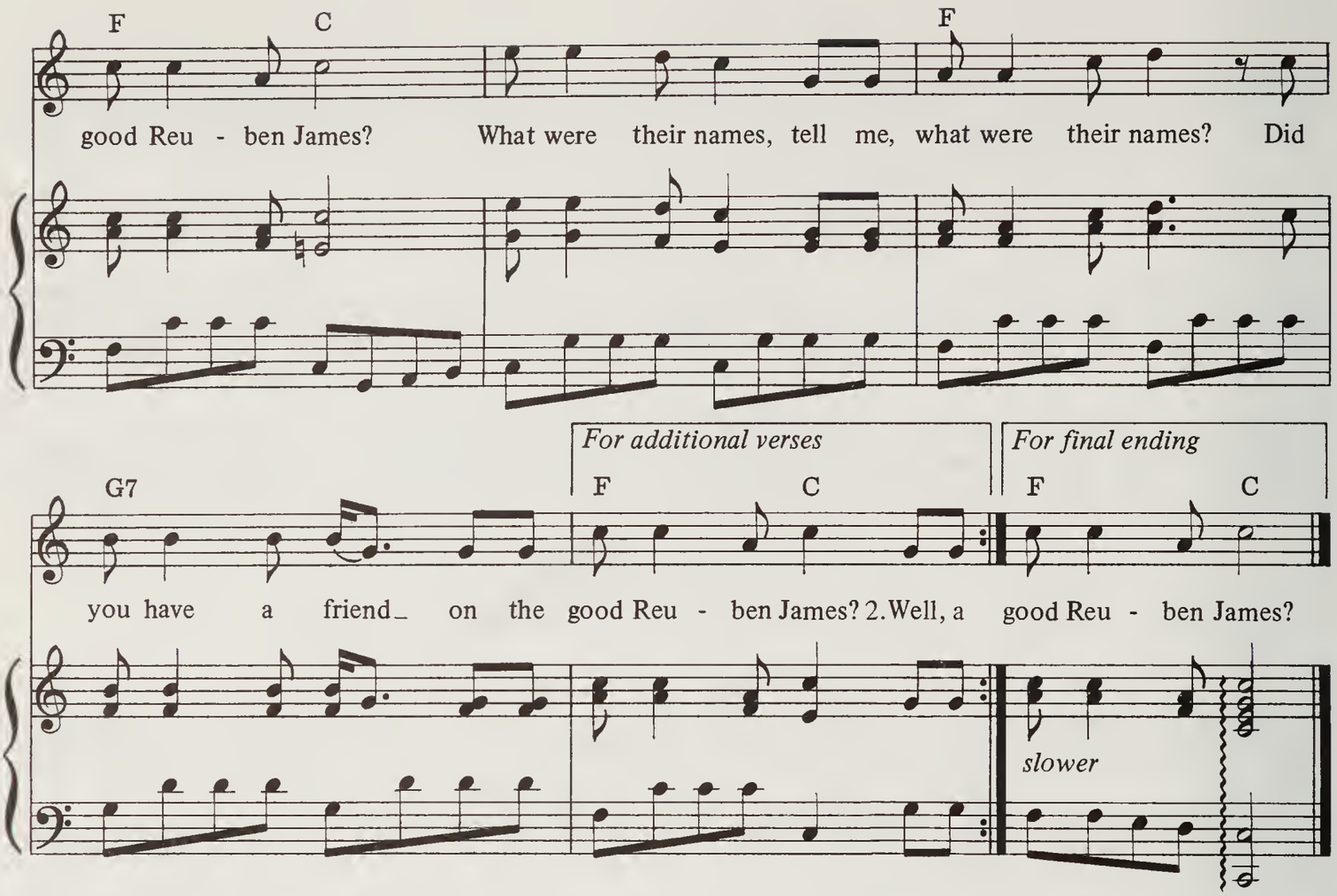



F
C
She flew the stars and stripes of this land of the free, To -
'Twas the last day of Oc - to-ber we ___ saved the for-ty-four From the


G7
C
night she's in her grave on the bot - tom of the sea.
cold o-cean wa - ters and the cold i - cy shore.
Tell me,

Chorus:


C
F
G7
what were their names, tell me, what were their names? Did you have a friend_ on the



3. It was there in the dark of that uncertain night
That we watched for the U-boats and waited for the fight.
Then a whine and a rock and a great explosion roared,
And laid the Reuben James on that cold ocean floor.
(Chorus)

4. Now tonight there are lights in our country so bright—
In the farms, in the cities, they're telling of this plight.
Now our mighty battleships will steam the bounding main
And remember the name of that good Reuben James.
(Chorus)

The Sinking of the Reuben James

Have you heard of the ship called the bold Reuben James,
Manned by hard fighting men both of honor and fame?
I will tell you a tale that will tell you the names
Of the men that went down on that good Reuben James . . .

There's Harold Hammer Beasley, a first rate man at sea,
From Hinton, West Virginia, he had his first degree.
There's Jim Franklin Benson, a good machinist mate,
Come up from North Carolina, to sail the Reuben James.

There was Carl Cooperider, that shared the Reuben's fate,
Bucyrus was his home town, and Ohio was his state;
And then come Randall Cosgrove, and gunning was his game;
And he went on to glory on the fighting Reuben James.

If you ask who was it handled our hot torpedo box,
A man from West Virginia, his name was Charlie Cox;
If you ask who was it that manned the cannon ball,
His name was Walter Sorensen, from the town of Omaha.

Jesse Weaver died a seaman as true as he could be,
And he come up from West Point, the state called Tennessee.
William Flynn done his best and his bravery I'll tell,
His home was Philadelphia where hangs the Liberty bell.

Dennis Howard Daniel, Glen Jones, and Harold Vore,
Hartwell Byrd, and Raymond Cook, Ed Musslewhite, and more;
Remember Leonard Keever, Gene Evans, and Donald Kapp,
Who gave their all to fight aboard this famous fighting ship.

Jack Campbell was our fireman, he stuck the battle through,
And there was Erastus Carbaugh from Mercer County, too;
Paul Magais stuck to the radio, and W.H. Kloepper, too;
Until the good ship Reuben James went down beneath the blue.

Eighty-six men were drowned, I can't give you all their names,
Only forty-four were saved from that good Reuben James;
It was the last day of October that we saved the forty-four
From the cold ocean waters 'long that long Iceland shore.

It was there in the dark of that uncertain night
That we watched for a U-boat, and ready for a fight;
Then a whine, and a rock, and a great explosion roared,
And they laid the Reuben James on the cold ocean floor.

Now tonight there are lights in our country so bright;
And friends and relations are telling of this fight;
And now our mighty battleships steam the bounding main
And remember the name of the great Reuben James.

This is the poem the Almanacs first wrote about the sinking of the Reuben James. Later, an hour or two at least, we ganged around the poem, and changed it into a good singing song with a chorus that you can join in easy. Come and sing with us. "We're gonna tear old Hitler down!" as Leadbelly says.

So Long It's Been Good to Know Yuh

(Dusty Old Dust)

Words and Music by Woody Guthrie

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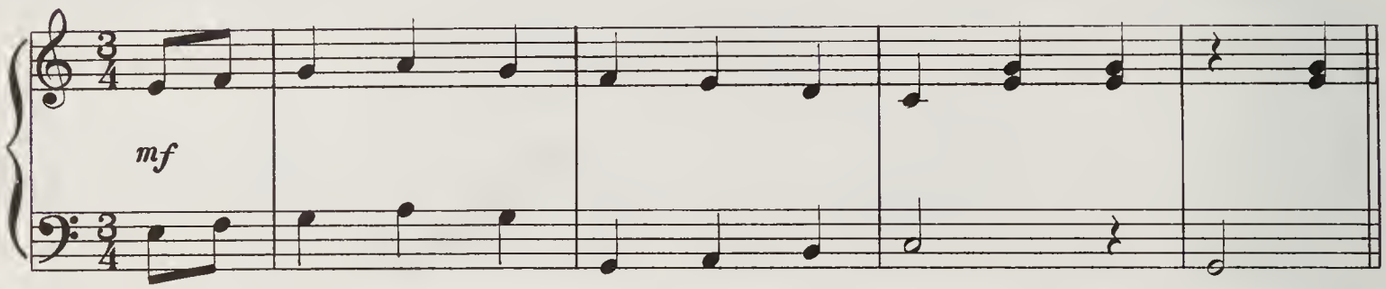
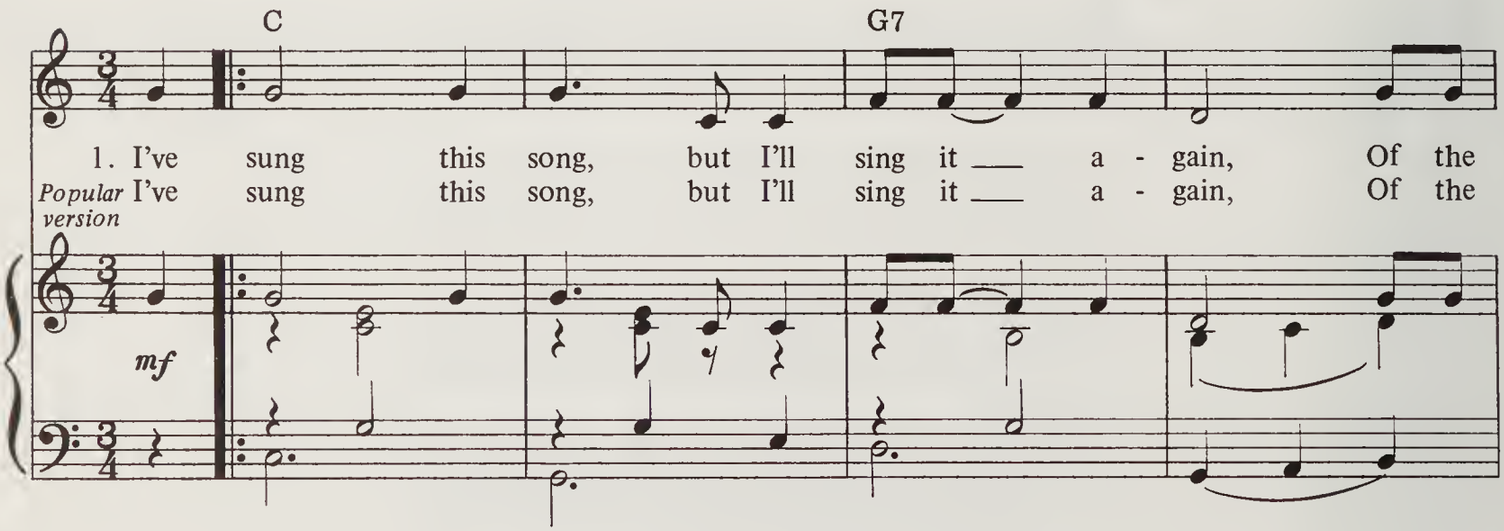
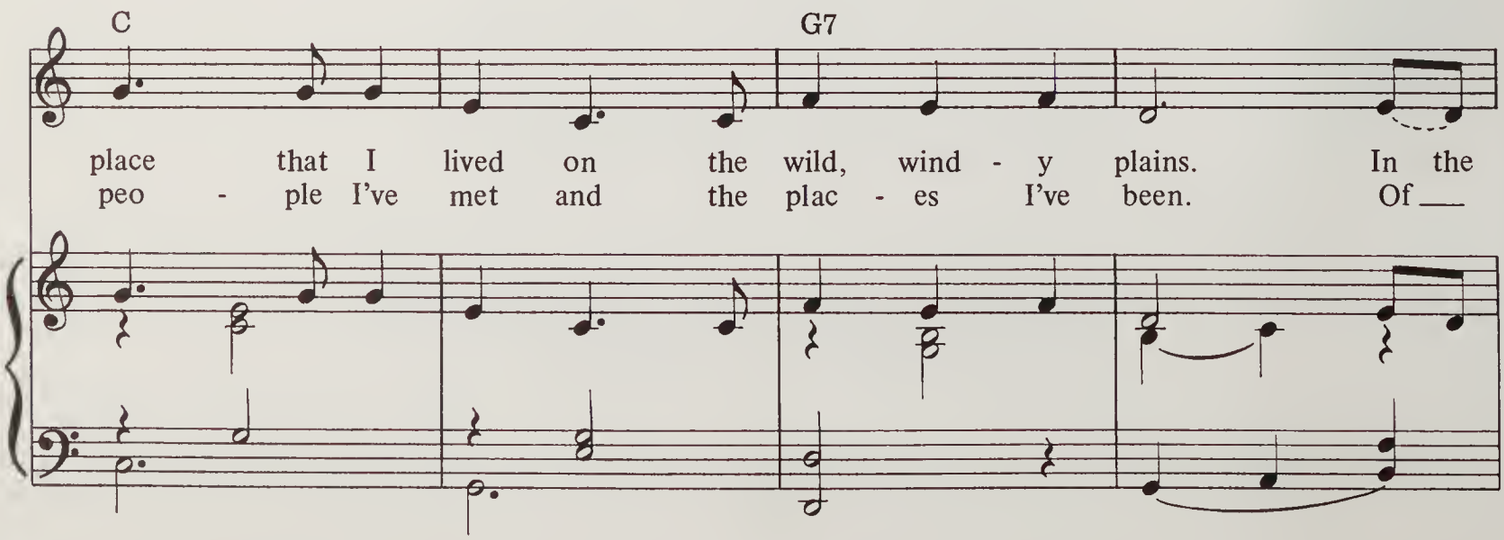
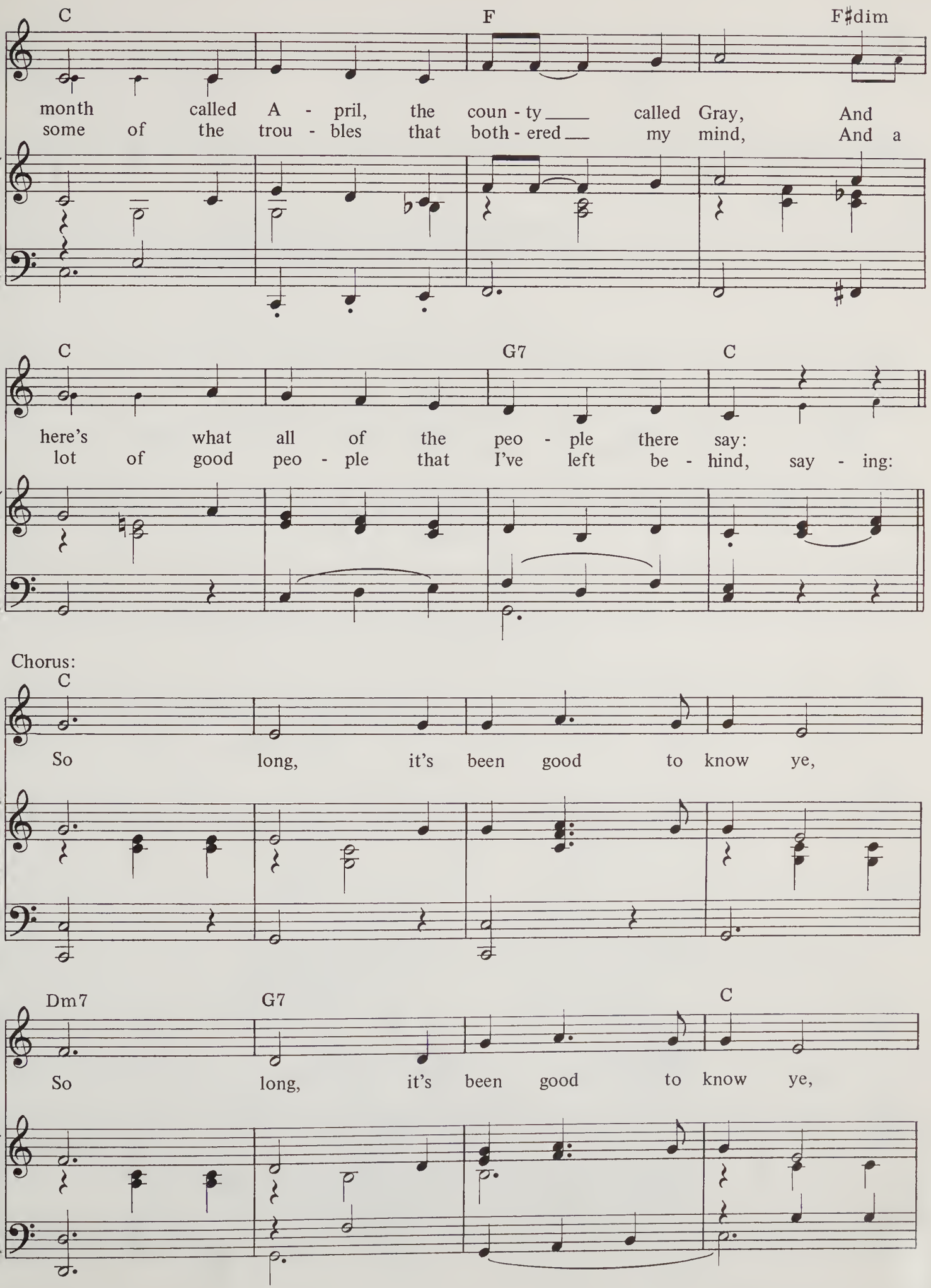
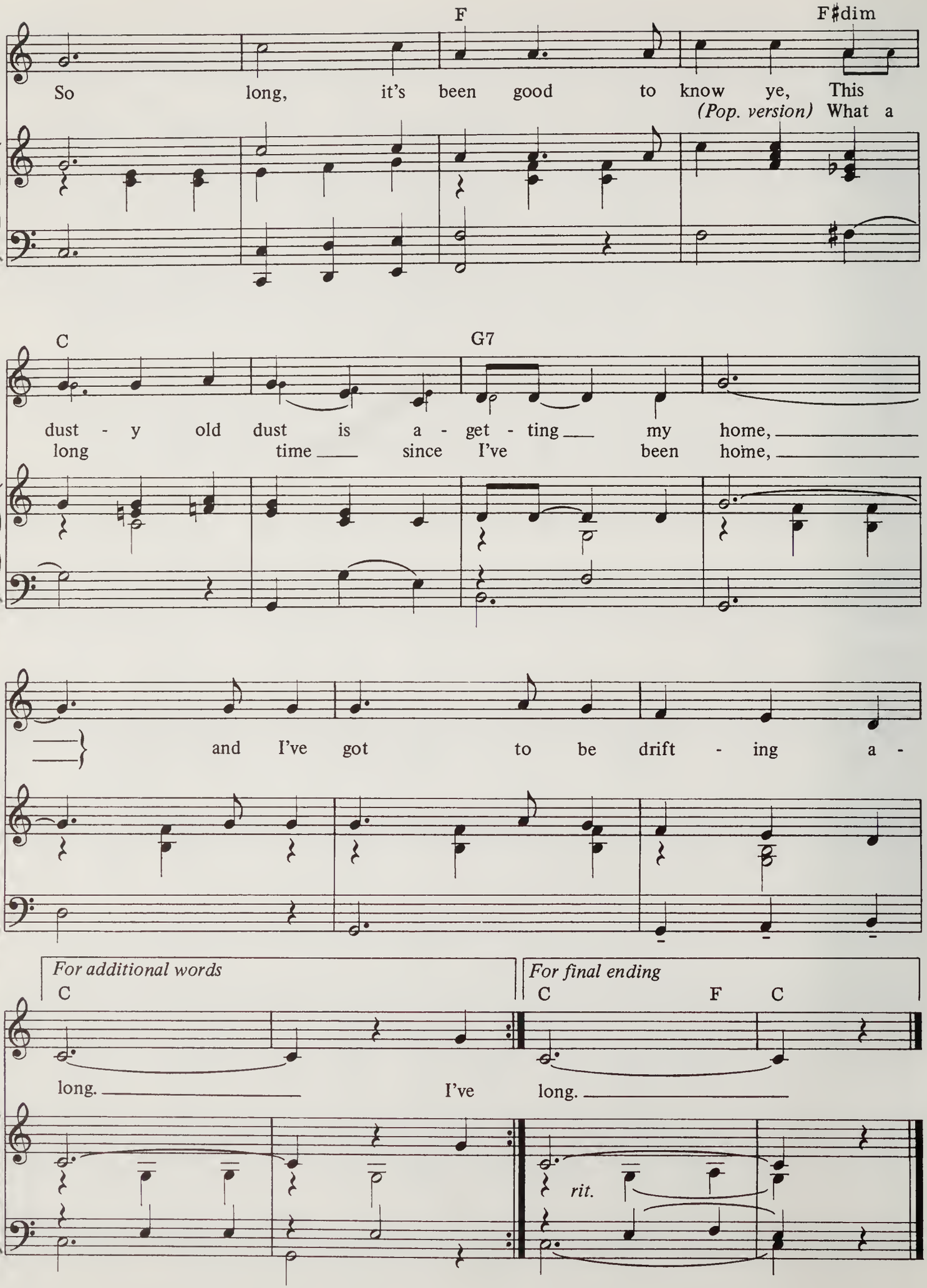
Rollicking tempo








C
F
F♯dim
month called A - pril, the coun - ty called Gray, And
some of the trou - bles that both - ered my mind, And a
C
G7
C
here's what all of the peo - ple there say:
lot of good peo - ple that I've left be - hind, say - ing:
Chorus:
C
So long, it's been good to know ye,
Dm7
G7
C
So long, it's been good to know ye,


F
F♯dim
So long, it's been good to know ye, This
(Pop. version) What a
C
G7
dust - y old dust is a - get - ting my home,
long time since I've been home,
and I've got to be drift - ing a -
For additional words
C
long.
I've
For final ending
C F C
long.
rit.

2. The sweethearts sat in the dark and they sparked,
   They hugged and kissed in that dusty old dark,
   They sighed and cried, hugged and kissed,
   Instead of marriage they talked like this: Honey (Chorus)

3. I went to your fam'ly and asked them for you.
   They all said, "Take her, oh, take her, please do!
   She can't cook or sew and she won't scrub your floor,"
   So I put on my hat and tiptoed out the door, saying: (Chorus)

4. I walked down the street to the grocery store.
   It was crowded with people both rich and both poor.
   I asked the man how his butter was sold;
   He said, "One pound of butter for two pounds of gold." I said: (Chorus)

5. My telephone rang and it jumped off the wall.
   That was the preacher a'making a call.
   He said, "We're waitin' to tie the knot;
   You're gettin' married, believe it or not!"

   (Sing verses consecutively)

6. The church it was jammed, the church it was packed;
   The pews were so crowded from front to the back.
   A thousand friends waited to kiss my new bride,
   But I was so anxious I rushed her outside. Told them:
   (Chorus to final ending)

Taking It Easy

Words and Music by Woody Guthrie and Paul Campbell

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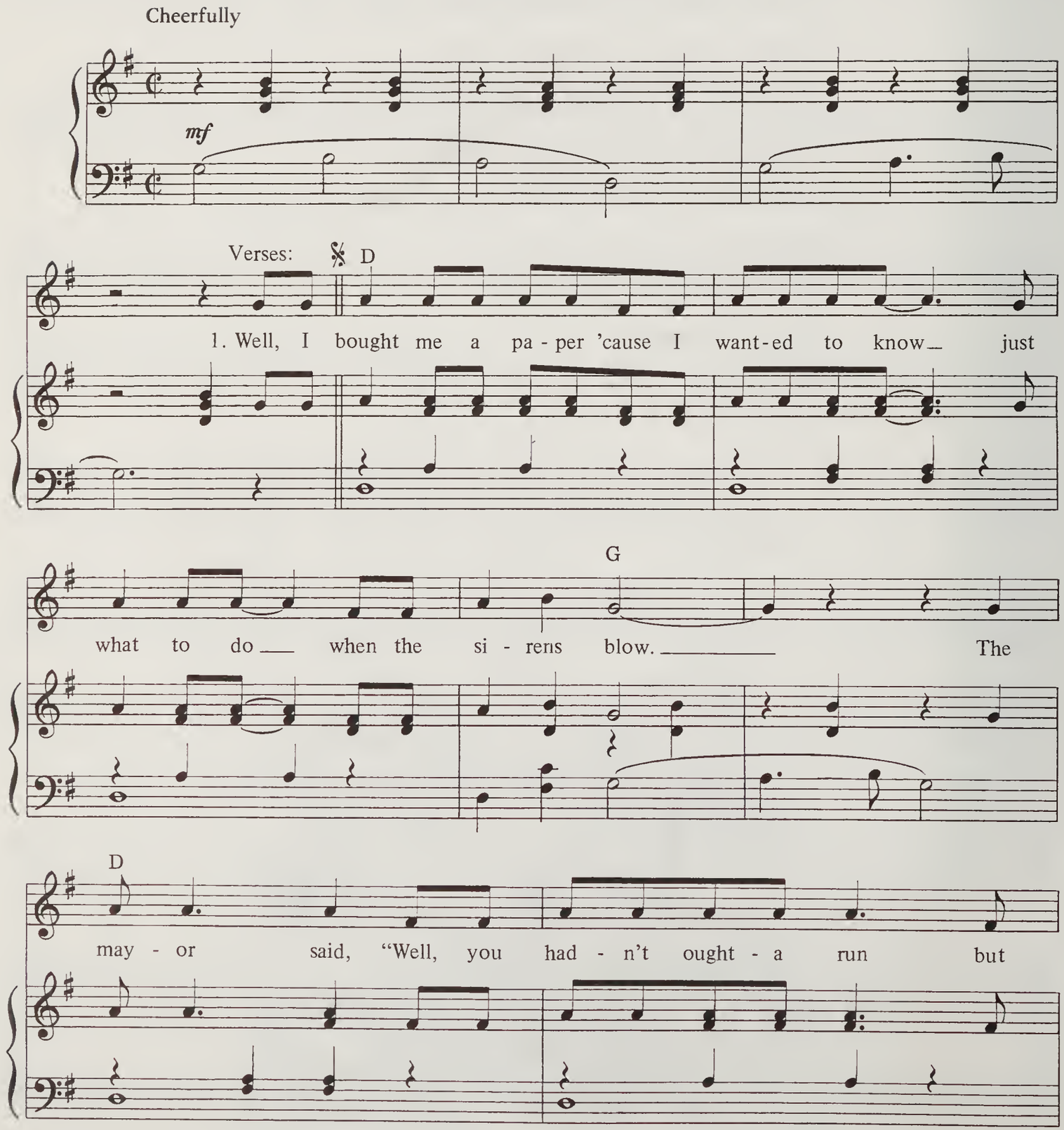

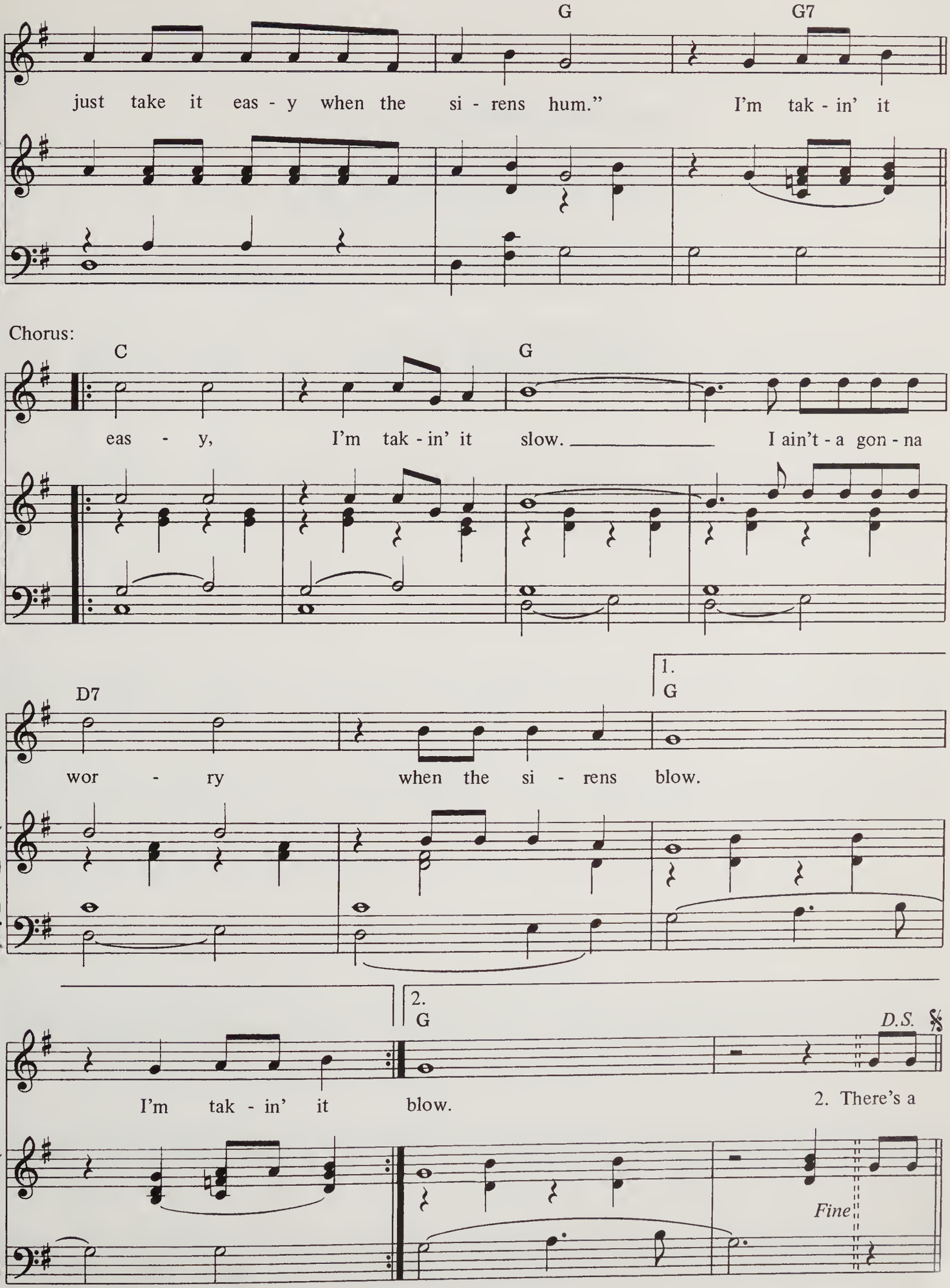
G
G7
just take it eas - y when the si - rens hum."
I'm tak - in' it
Chorus:
C
G
eas - y,
I'm tak - in' it slow.
I ain't - a gon - na
D7
1.
G
wor - ry
when the si - rens blow.
2.
G
D.S.
I'm tak - in' it
blow.
2. There's a
Fine

Taking It Easy (*continued*)

2. There's a pretty little woman lives down the street
   For years and years I been dying to meet;
   When the blackout came what did I find,
   Well, she had the same thing on her mind. (Chorus)

3. Well, the boat whistle blew way down on the dock
   I walked to the shelter down the block.
   When I got there what did I see
   But that pretty little woman by the side of me. (Chorus)

4. Well, I wanted her to know I was a natural man,
   So I took the situation well in hand;
   When the all-clear signal began to whine
   That pretty little woman said she'd be mine. (Chorus)

Talking Columbia

Words and Music by Woody Guthrie

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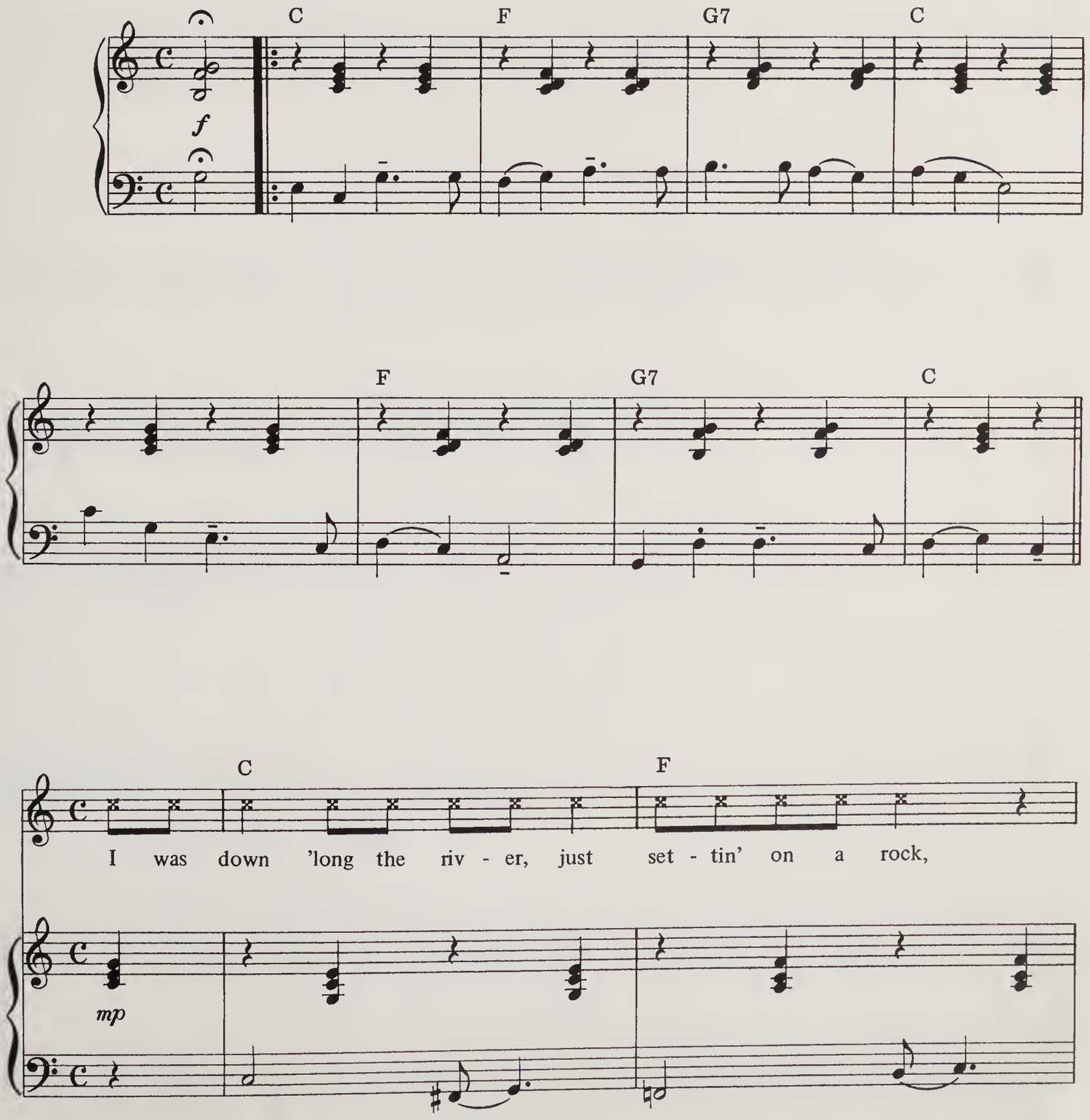
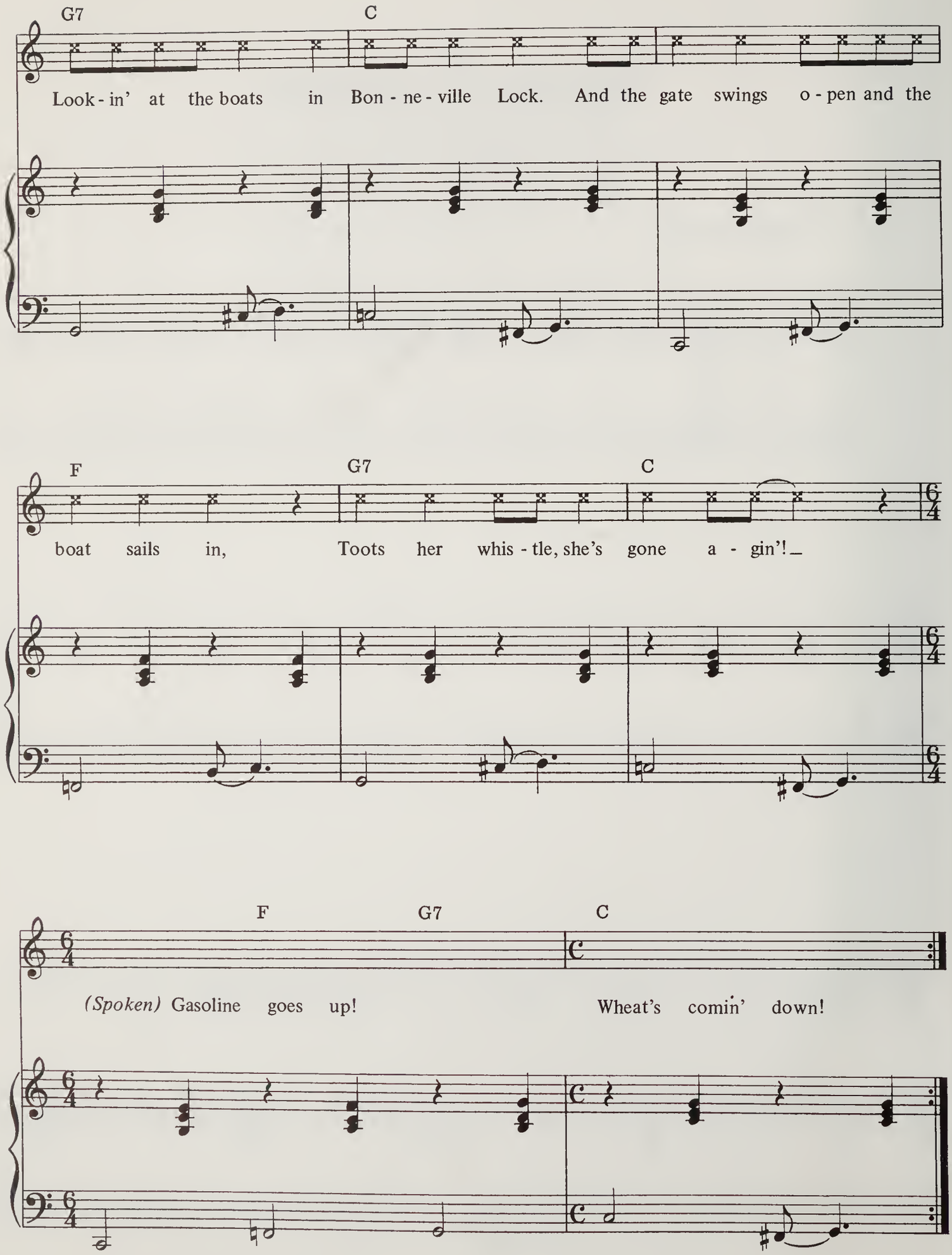
Bright and snappy




G7
C
Look - in' at the boats in Bon - ne - ville Lock. And the gate swings o - pen and the
F
G7
C
boat sails in, Toots her whis - tle, she's gone a - gin'!
F
G7
C
(Spoken) Gasoline goes up! Wheat's comin' down!

2. Well, I fills up my hat brim, drunk a sweet taste,
Thought 'bout the river goin' to waste,
Thought 'bout the dust, thought 'bout the sand,
Thought 'bout the people, thought 'bout the land.
Ever'body runnin' round all over creation,
Just lookin' for some kind of a little place.

3. Pulled out my pencil, scribbled this song,
I figgered all these salmon fishers can't be wrong.
Them salmon fish, they're mighty shrewd,
They got senators, politicians, too!
Just like a President, they run ever' four years.

4. Yes, them folks back east are doin' a lot o' talkin',
Some of 'em balkin' and some of 'em squawkin'
But with all their figgerin' and all their books,
Well, they just didn't know them raw Chinooks.
Salmon! that's a good river!

5. Just watch this river and pretty soon
Ever'body's goin' to be changin' their tune.
The big Grand Coulee and Bonneville Dam
Run a thousand factories for Uncle Sam.
An' ever'body else in the world
Makin' ever'thing from sewing machines to fertiliser . . .
Atomic bedrooms! . . . Plastic!
Ever'thing's gonna be made out of plastic!

6. Yes, Uncle Sam needs wool, Uncle Sam needs wheat,
Uncle Sam needs houses and stuff to eat,
Uncle Sam needs water and power dams,
Uncle Sam needs people and people needs land.
Don't like dictators not much, myself,
But I think the whole country ought to be run
By *e-lec-tri-ci-ty*!

Talking Dust Bowl

Words and Music by Woody Guthrie

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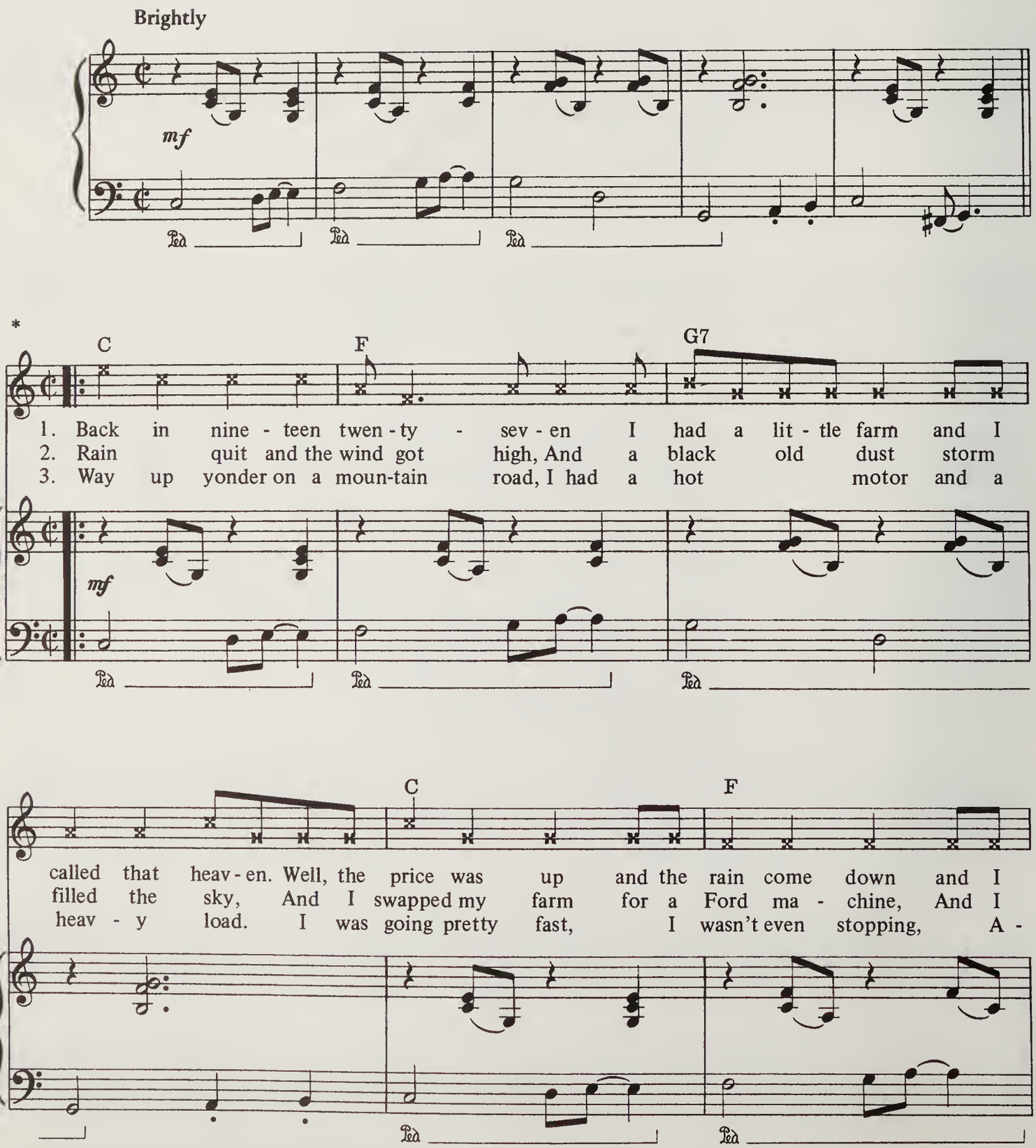
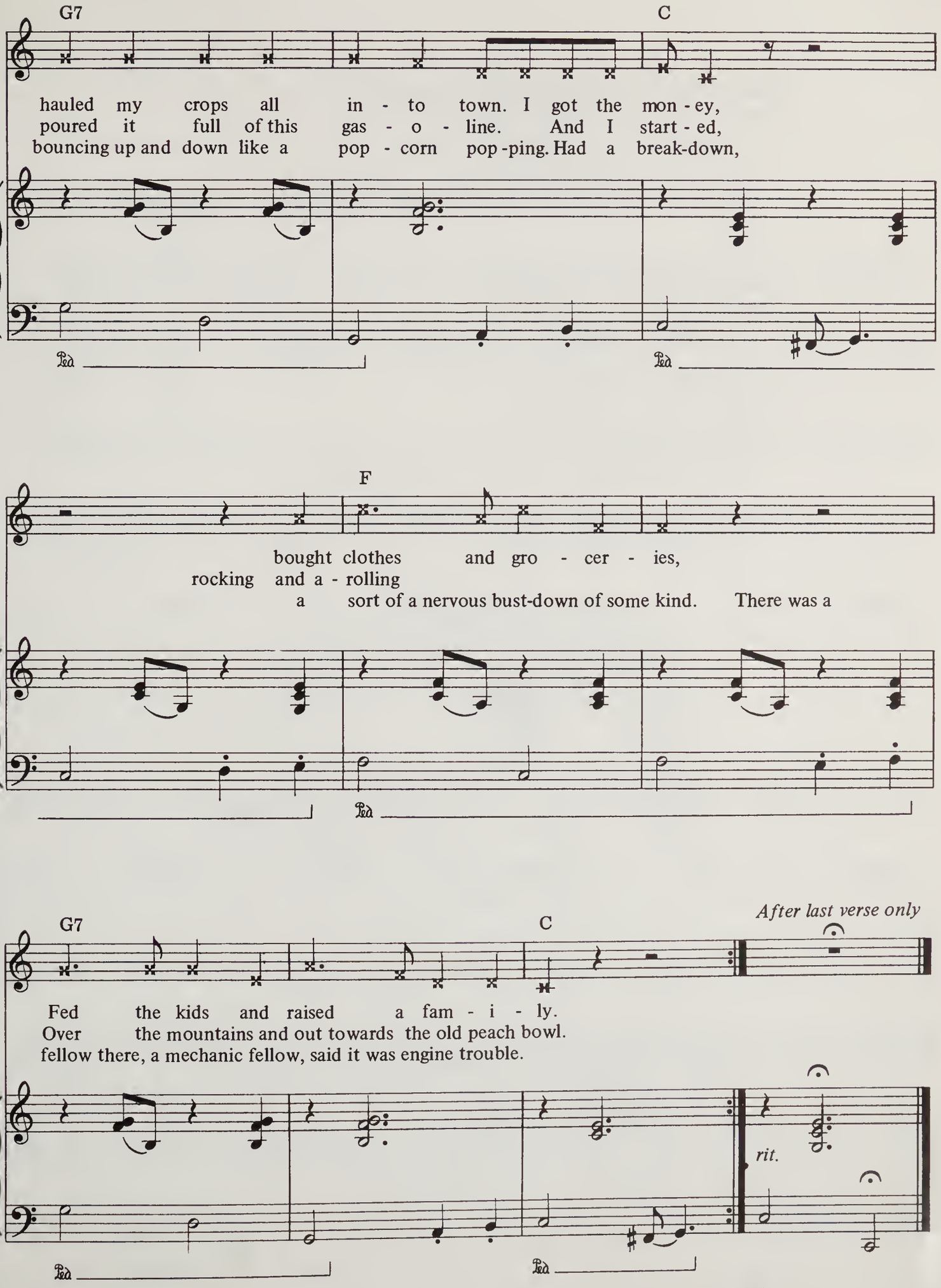


** Placing rhythmic symbols on the staff gives a rough approximation of the rise and fall of Woody's speech. The first stanza is merely a sample: other stanzas are different from it and from each other.*


G7
C
hauled my crops all in - to town. I got the mon - ey,
poured it full of this gas - o - line. And I start - ed,
bouncing up and down like a pop - corn pop - ping. Had a break-down,
Ped
Ped
F
bought clothes and gro - cer - ies,
rocking and a - rolling
a sort of a nervous bust-down of some kind. There was a
Ped
G7
C
After last verse only
Fed the kids and raised a fam - i - ly.
Over the mountains and out towards the old peach bowl.
fellow there, a mechanic fellow, said it was engine trouble.
rit.
Ped
Ped

Talking Dust Bowl (*continued*)

4. Way up yonder on a mountain curve,
   It was way up yonder in the piney woods,
   And I give that rolling Ford a shove,
   And I was going to coast as far as I could.
   Commenced coasting; picking up speed; (there) was a hairpin turn; I . . . didn't make it.

5. Man alive, I'm a-telling you
   The fiddles and the guitars really flew.
   That Ford took off like a flying squirrel
   And it flew halfway around the world.
   Scattered wives and childrens all over the side of that mountain.

6. We got out to the West Coast broke,
   So dad gum hungry I thought I'd croak,
   And I bummed up a spud or two,
   And my wife fixed up a 'tater stew.
   We poured the kids full of it.
   Mighty thin stew, though; you could read a magazine right through it.

7. Always have figured that if it had been just a little bit thinner
   some of these here politicians could have seen through it.

Talking Sailor

(Talking Merchant Marine)

Words and Music by Woody Guthrie

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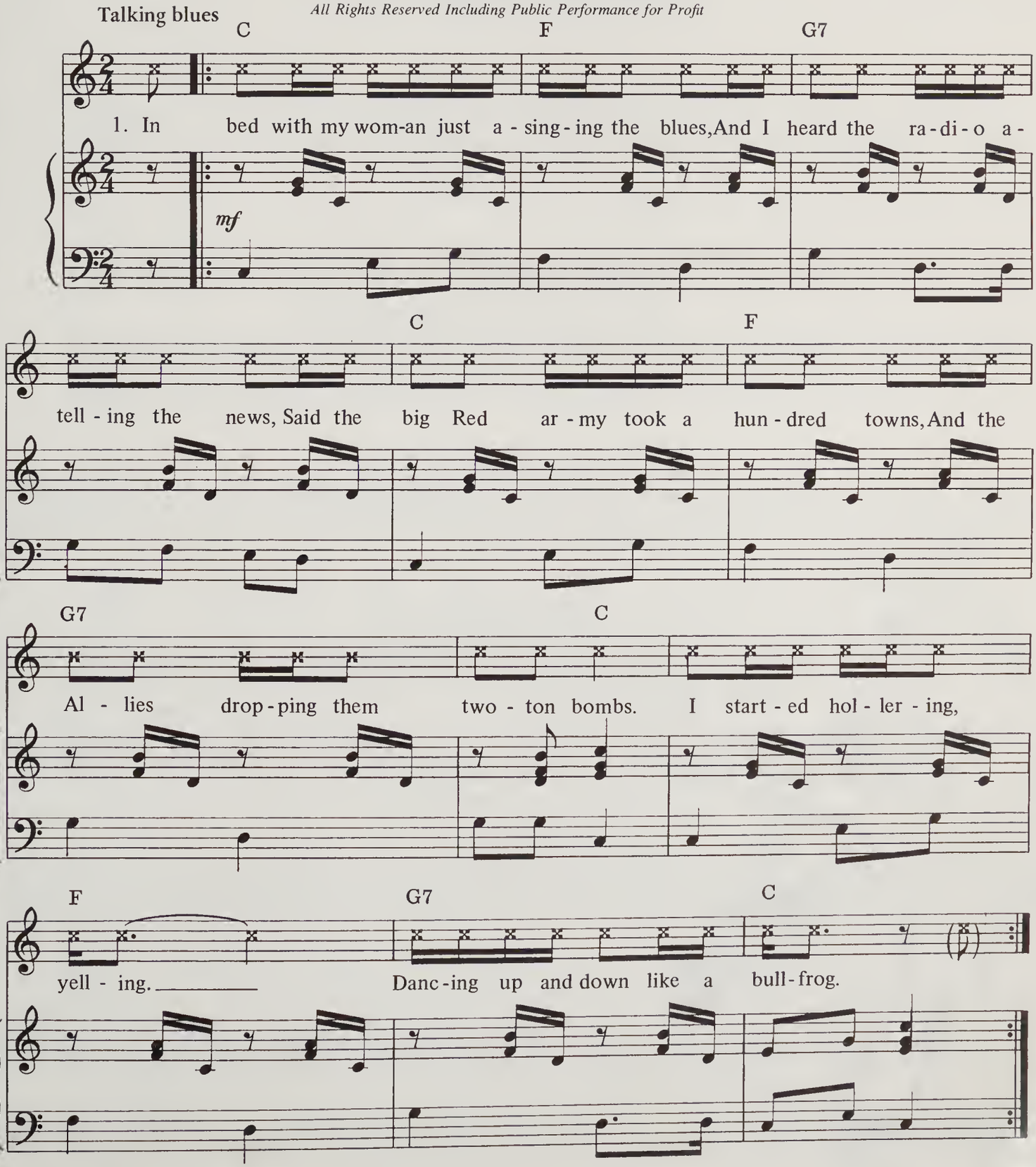


Note: See "Talking Dust Bowl" for pattern.

2. Door-bell rung and in come a man,
I signed my name, I got a telegram.
Says, "If you want to take a vacation trip,
Got a dish-washing job on a liberty ship."
Woman a-crying. Me a-flying.
Out the door and down the line.

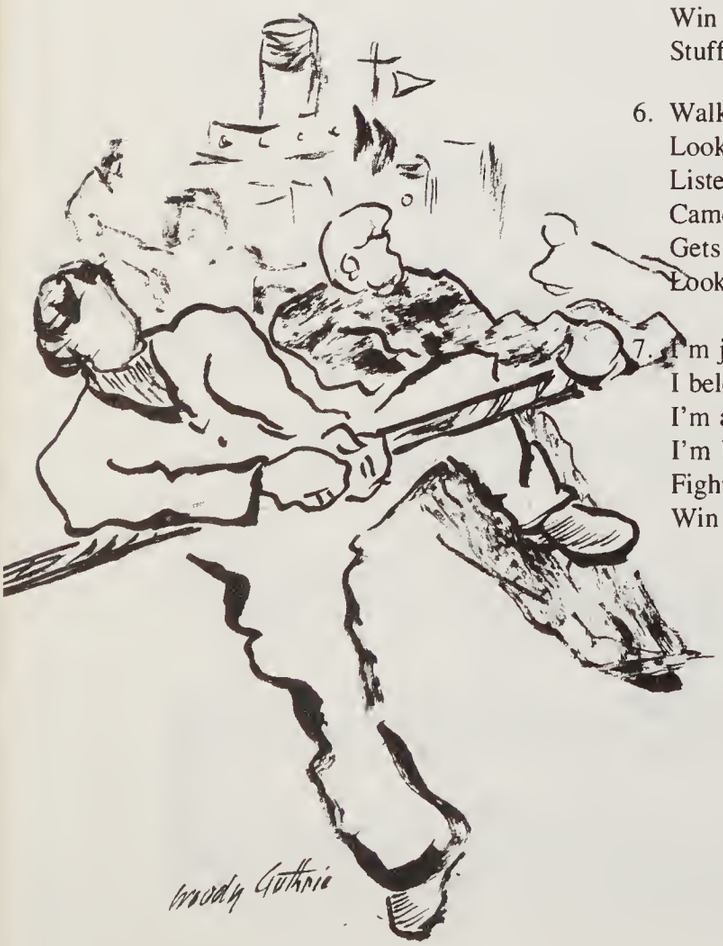
3. 'Bout two minutes I run ten blocks,
I come to my ship down at the docks.
Walked up the plank and I signed my name,
Blowed the whistle and was gone again.
Right on out and down the stream.
Ships as far as my eye could see.
Pulling away.

4. Ship loaded down with T.N.T.
All out across the rolling sea.
I stood on the deck and watched the fishes swim,
I was a-praying them fishes wasn't made of tin.
Sharks. Porpoises.
Jelly beans, rainbow trouts, mud-cats, jew-gars,
All over that water.

5. This convoy's the biggest I ever did see,
It stretches all the way out across the sea.
The ships blow their whistles and ring their bells,
Gonna blow them Fascists all to Hell.
Win some freedom. Liberty.
Stuff like that.

6. Walked to the tail, stood on the stern,
Looking at the big brass screw-blade turn,
Listened to the sound of the engines pound:
Came sixteen feet every time it went round.
Gets closer and closer.
Look out, you Fascists!

7. I'm just one of the merchant crew,
I belong to the union called the N.M.R.
I'm a union man from head to toe,
I'm U.S.A. and C.I.O.
Fighting out here on the waters.
Win some freedom. On the land.



This Land Is Your Land

Words and Music by Woody Guthrie

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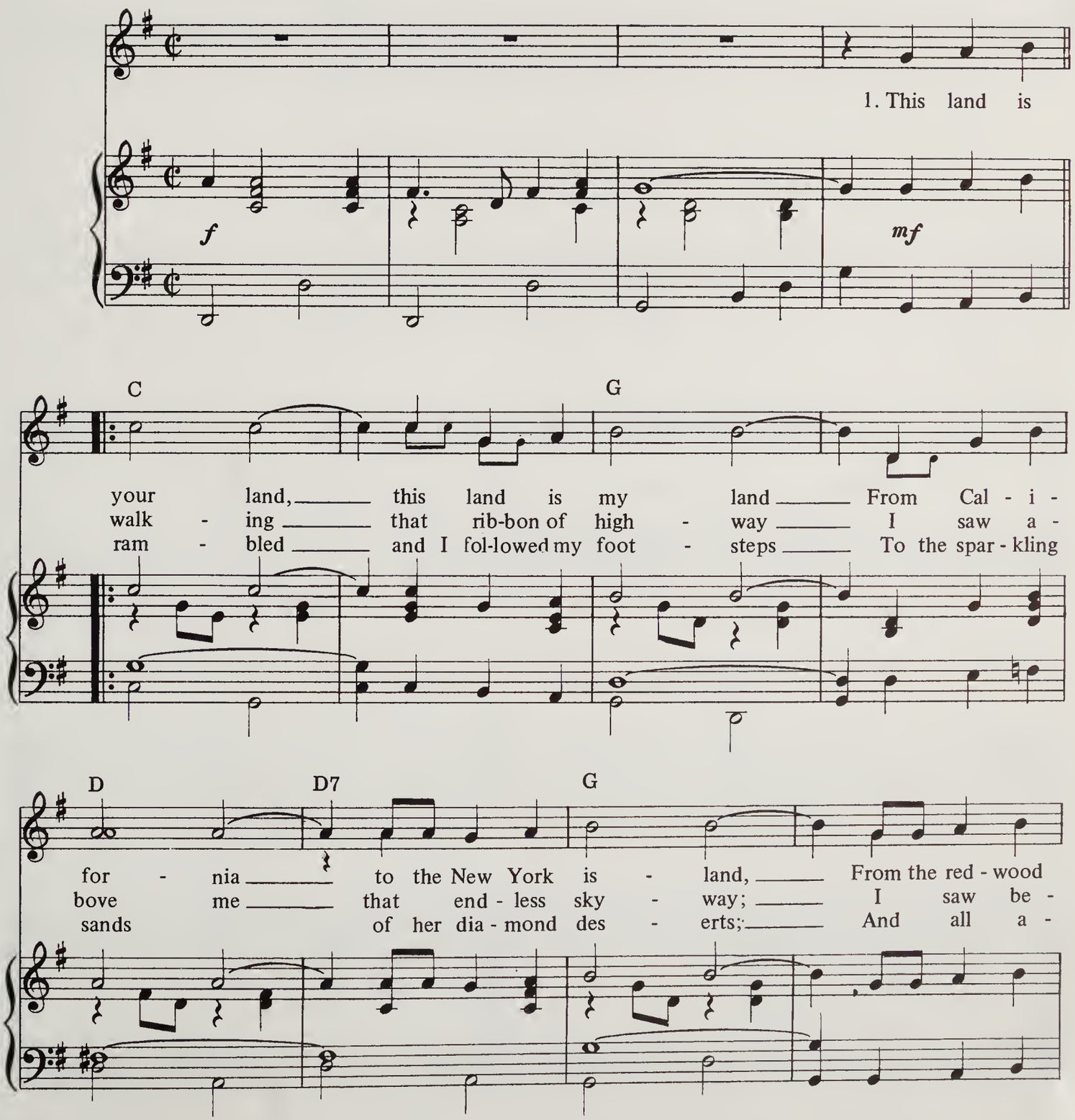
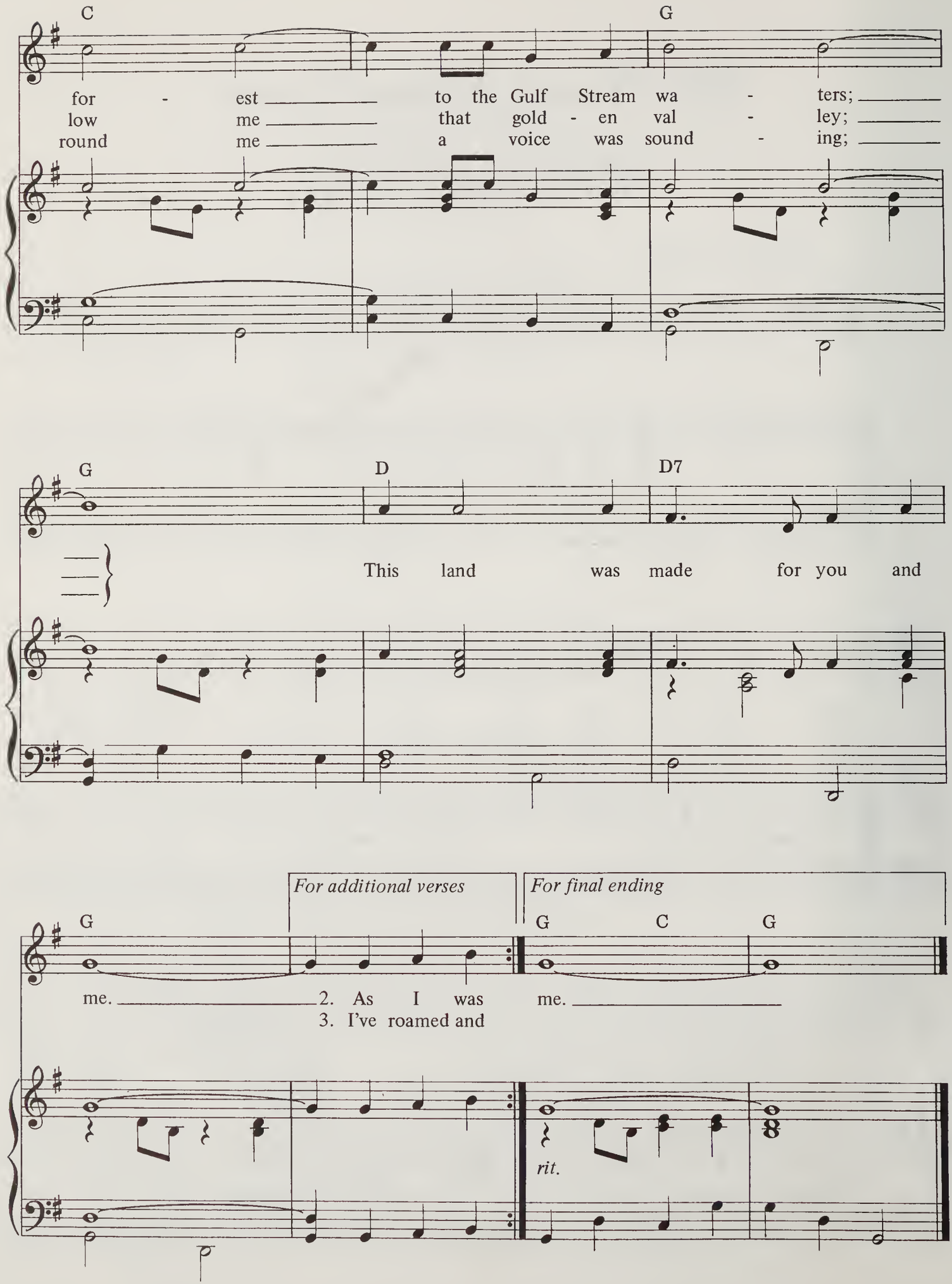
Bright and cheerfully




C
G
for - est to the Gulf Stream wa - ters;
low me that gold - en val - ley;
round me a voice was sound - ing;
G
D
D7
This land was made for you and
For additional verses
For final ending
G
G C G
me.
2. As I was
3. I've roamed and
me.
rit.

4. One bright Sunday morning in the shadows of the steeple
   By the Relief Office I seen my people;
   As they stood there hungry, I stood there whistling:
   This land was made for you and me.

5. When the sun came shining, and I was strolling,
   And the wheat fields waving and the dust clouds rolling,
   As the fog was lifting a voice was chanting:
   This land was made for you and me.

6. Nobody living can ever stop me,
   As I go walking that freedom highway;
   Nobody living can ever make me turn back,
   This land was made for you and me.

7. As I went walking, I saw a sign there,
   And on the sign it said "No Trespassing."
   But on the other side it didn't say nothing,
   That side was made for you and me.

All you can write is what you see.
February 23, 1940

This Train Is Bound for Glory

Words and Music adapted by Woody Guthrie

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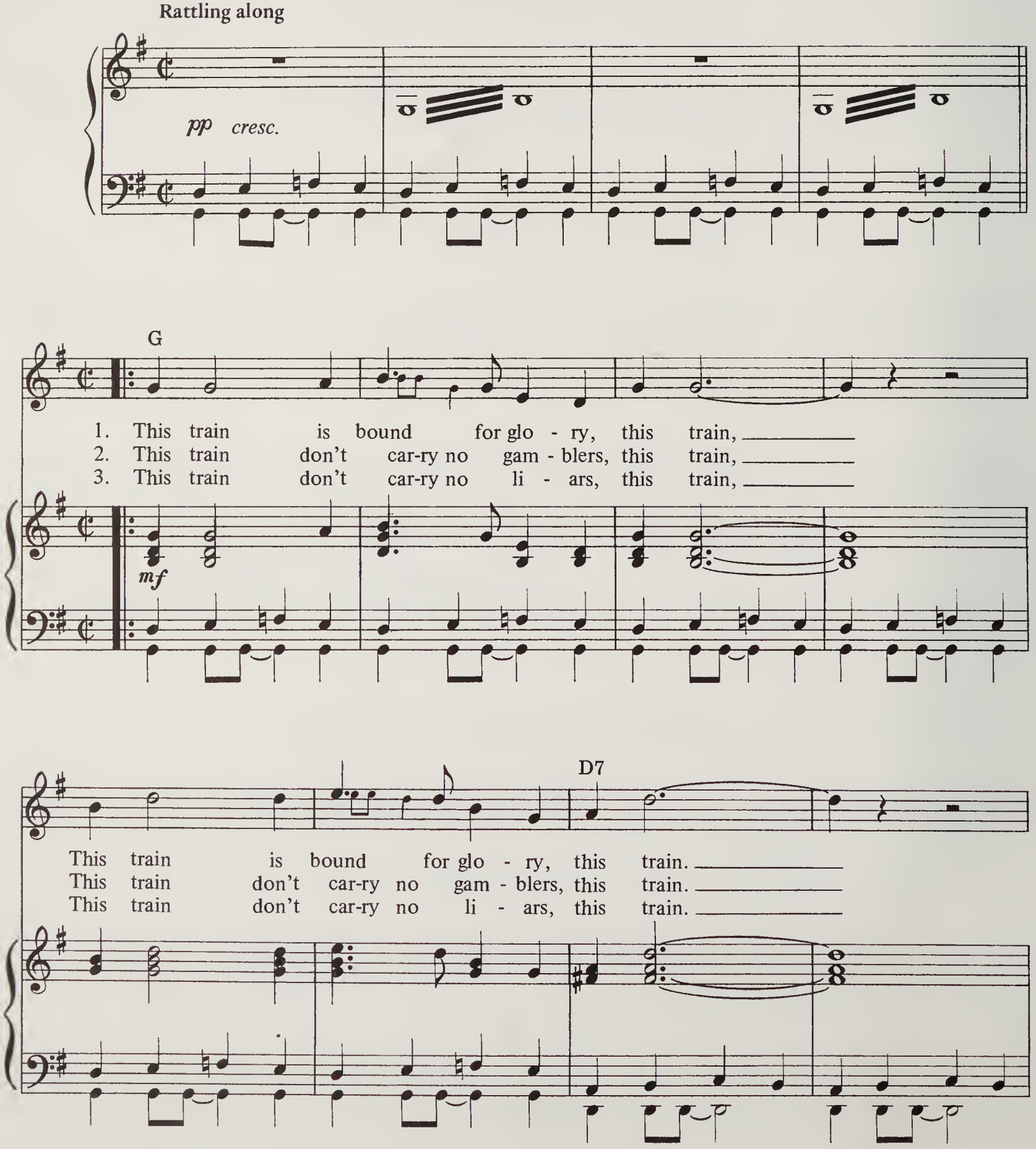

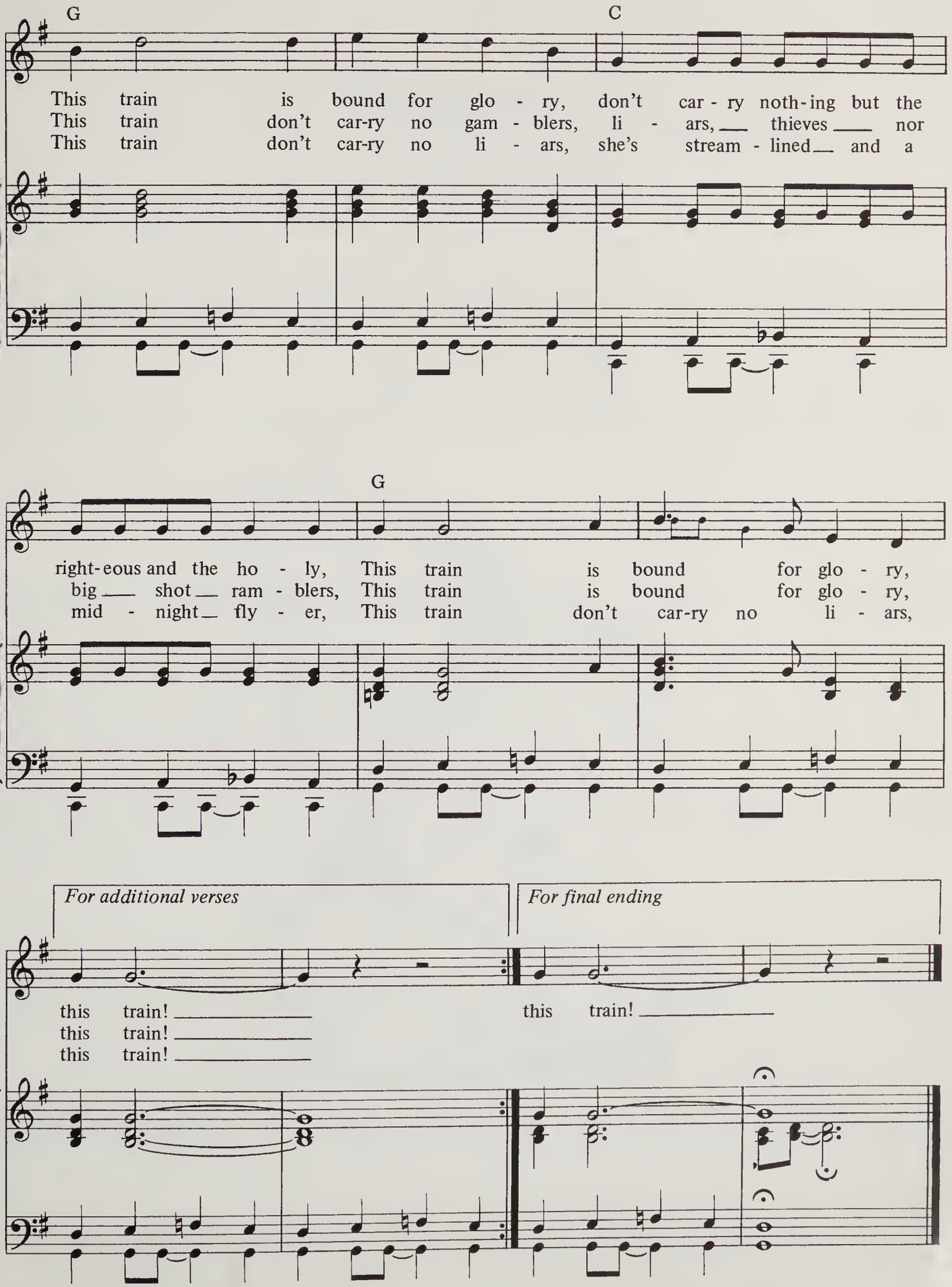
G
C
This train is bound for glo - ry, don't car - ry noth-ing but the
This train don't car-ry no gam - blers, li - ars, thieves nor
This train don't car-ry no li - ars, she's stream - lined and a
G
right-eous and the ho - ly, This train is bound for glo - ry,
big shot ram - blers, This train is bound for glo - ry,
mid - night fly - er, This train don't car-ry no li - ars,
For additional verses
For final ending
this train!
this train!
this train!
this train!

This Train Is Bound for Glory (*continued*)

4. This train don't carry no smokers, this train; (2)
   This train don't carry no smokers,
   Two-bit liars, small-time jokers,
   This train don't carry no smokers, this train.

5. This train don't carry no con men, this train; (2)
   This train don't carry no con men,
   No wheeler-dealers, here and gone men,
   This train don't carry no con men, this train.

6. This train don't carry no rustlers, this train; (2)
   This train don't carry no rustlers,
   Sidestreet walkers, two-bit hustlers,
   This train is bound for glory, this train.

Tom Joad

Words and Music by Woody Guthrie (Melody based on a traditional theme)

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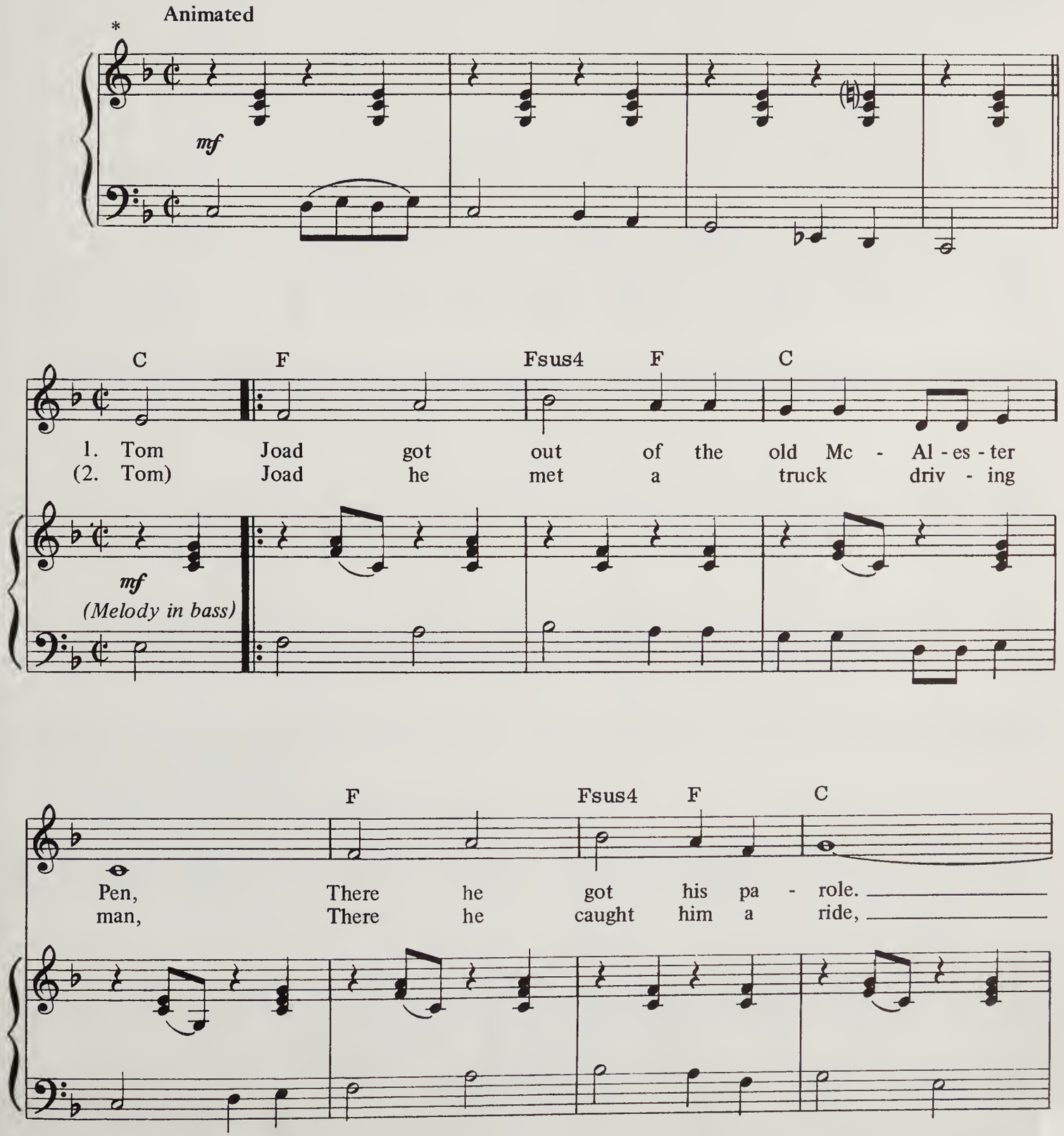
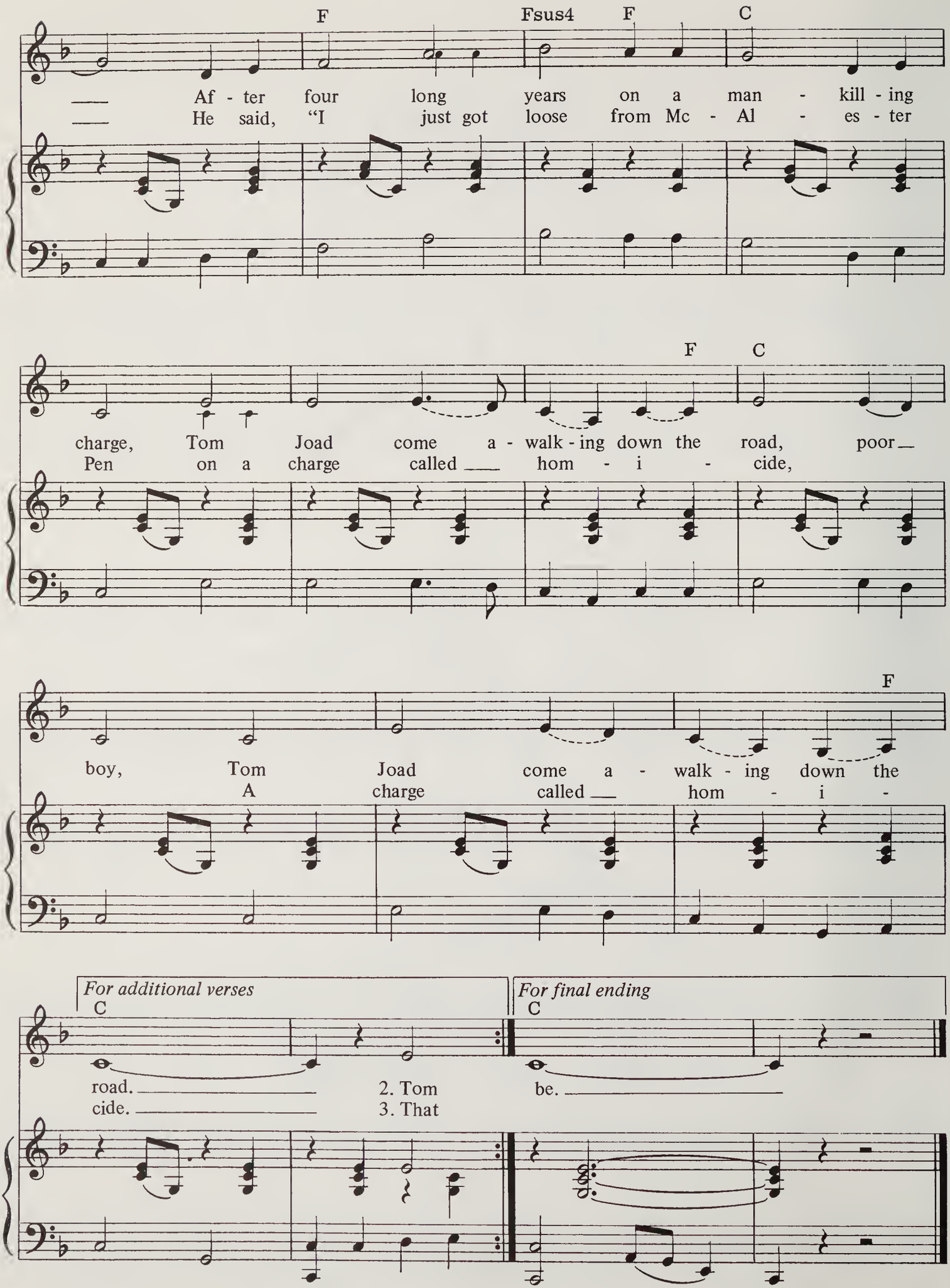


* *Not the key of F major, but a transposed Mixolydian mode on C. In other words, a C major scale with a flatted 7th, C D E F G A Bb C.*


F
Fsus4
F
C
Af - ter four long years on a man - kill - ing
He said, "I just got loose from Mc - Al - es - ter
F
C
charge, Tom Joad come a - walk - ing down the road, poor
Pen on a charge called hom - i - cide,
F
boy, Tom Joad come a - walk - ing down the
A charge called hom - i -
For additional verses
C
road.
cide.
2. Tom
3. That
For final ending
C
be.

3. That truck rolled away in a cloud of dust,
Tommy turned his face toward home,
He met Preacher Casey and they had a little drink,
But they found that his family they was gone,
He found that his family they was gone.

4. He found his mother's old-fashioned shoe,
Found his daddy's hat,
And he found little Muley and Muley said:
"They've been tractored out by the cats.
They've been tractored out by the cats."

5. Tom Joad walked down to the neighbor's farm,
Found his family.
They took Preacher Casey and loaded in a car
And his mother said: "We've got to git away."
His mother said: "We've got to git away."

6. Now the twelve of the Joads made a mighty heavy load,
But Grandpa Joad did cry.
He picked up a handful of land in his hand,
Said: "I'm stayin' with the farm till I die.
Yes, I'm stayin' with my farm till I die."

7. They fed him short ribs and coffee and soothing syrup
And Grandpa Joad did die.
They buried Grandpa Joad by the side of the road,
Grandma on the California side.
They buried Grandma on the California side.

8. They stood on a mountain and they looked to the West,
And it looked like the promised land,
That bright green valley with a river running through,
There was work for every single hand, they thought.
There was work for every single hand.

9. The Joads rode away to jungle camp,
There they cooked a stew,
And the hungry little kids of the jungle camp
Said: "We'd like to have some too."
Said: "We'd like to have some too."

10. Now a deputy sheriff fired loose at a man,
Shot a woman in the back.
Before he could take his aim again
Preacher Casey dropped him in his tracks.
Preacher Casey dropped him in his tracks.

11. They handcuffed Casey and they took him to jail,
And then he got away.
And he met Tom Joad on the old river bridge,
And these few words he did say, poor boy,
These few words he did say:

12. "I preached for the Lord a mighty long time,
Preached about the rich and the poor.
Us workin' folks is all get together
'Cause we ain't got a chance anymore,
We ain't got a chance anymore."

13. Now the deputies come and Tom and Casey run
To the bridge where the water run down.
But the vigilante thugs hit Casey with a club,
They laid Preacher Casey on the ground, poor Casey,
They laid Preacher Casey on the ground.

14. Tom Joad he grabbed that deputy's club,
Hit him over the head.
Tom Joad took flight in the dark, rainy night,
And a deputy and a preacher lying dead, two men,
A deputy and a preacher lying dead.

15. Tom run back where his mother was asleep,
He woke her up out of bed.
Then he kissed goodbye to the mother that he loved.
Said what Preacher Casey said, Tom Joad,
He said what Preacher Casey said.

16. "Ev'rybody might be just one big soul,
Well it looks that-a way to me.
Everywhere that you look in the day or night
That's where I'm gonna be, Ma,
That's where I'm gonna be."

17. "Wherever little children are hungry and cry,
Wherever people ain't free,
Wherever men are fightin' for their rights,
That's where I'm gonna be, Ma,
That's where I'm gonna be."

I wrote this song one night in New York. It was the night that I saw the moving picture, *The Grapes of Wrath* by John Steinbeck. If I could only think of the name of the friend that lived in that apartment I would sure like to say thank you. You are friendly and wine is good. And this is on a Victor Record.

woody guthrie

Union Maid

Words and Music by Woody Guthrie (Melody based on a traditional theme)

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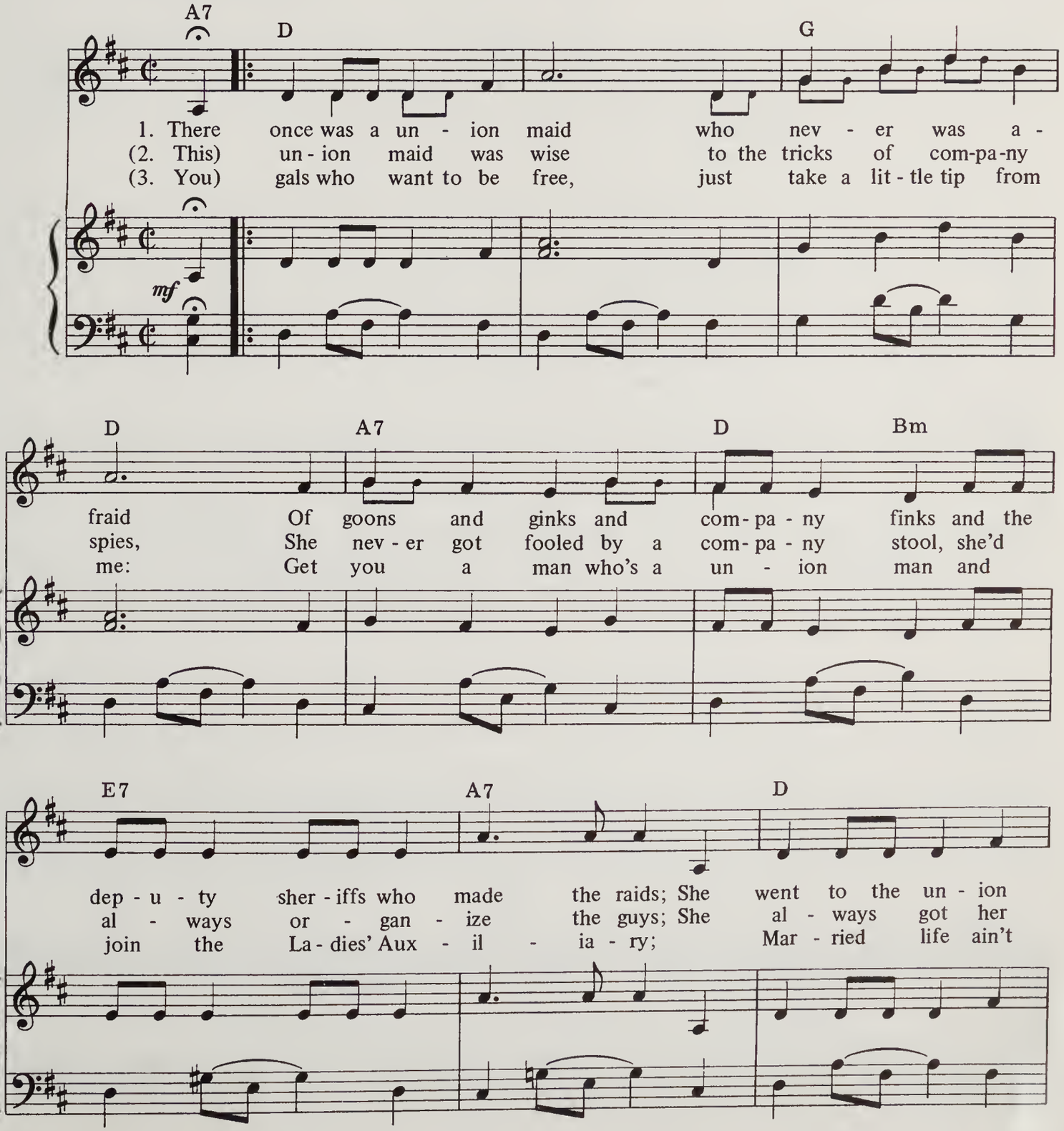
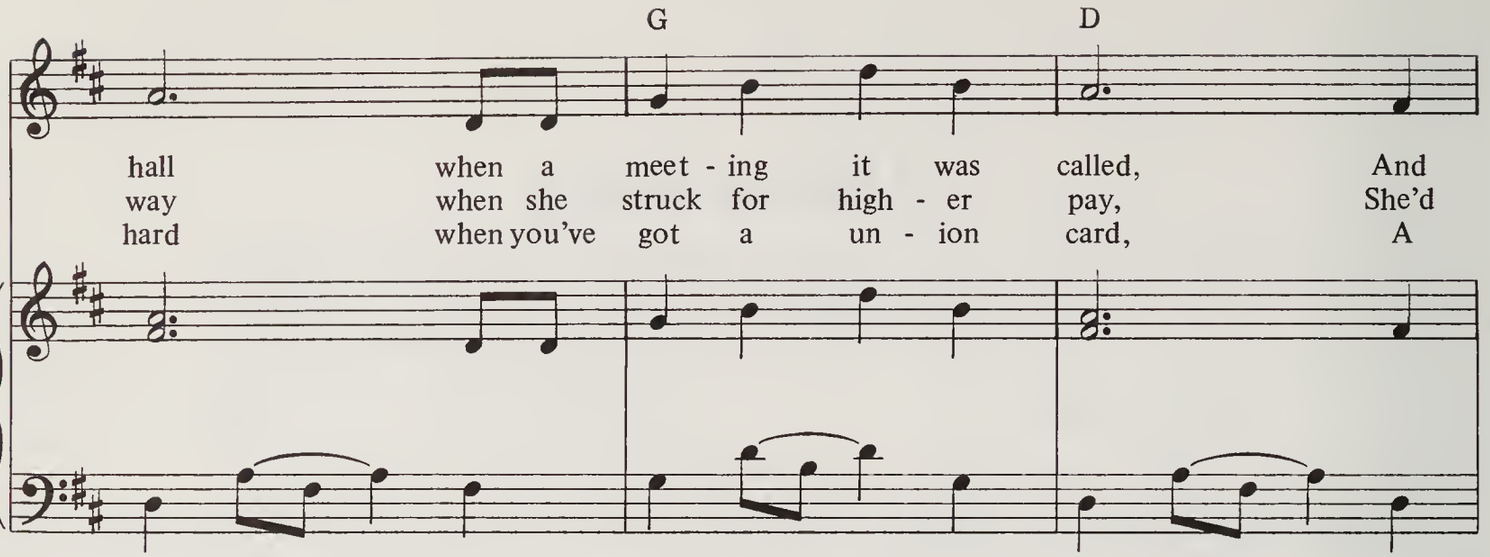
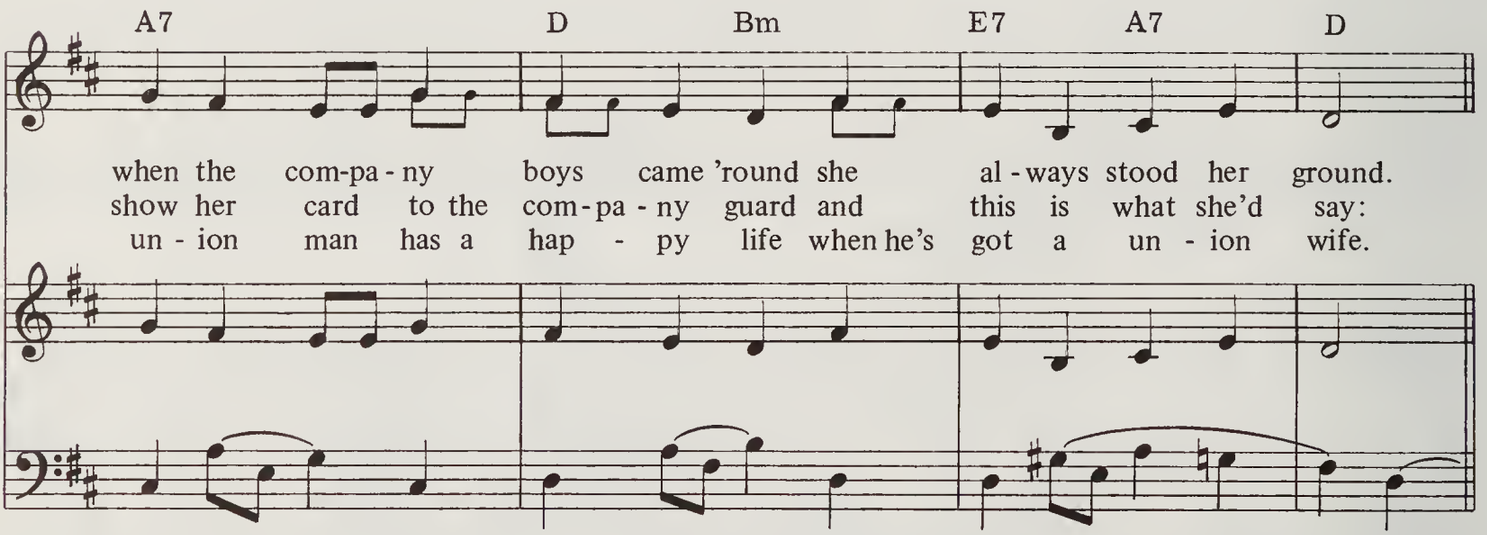
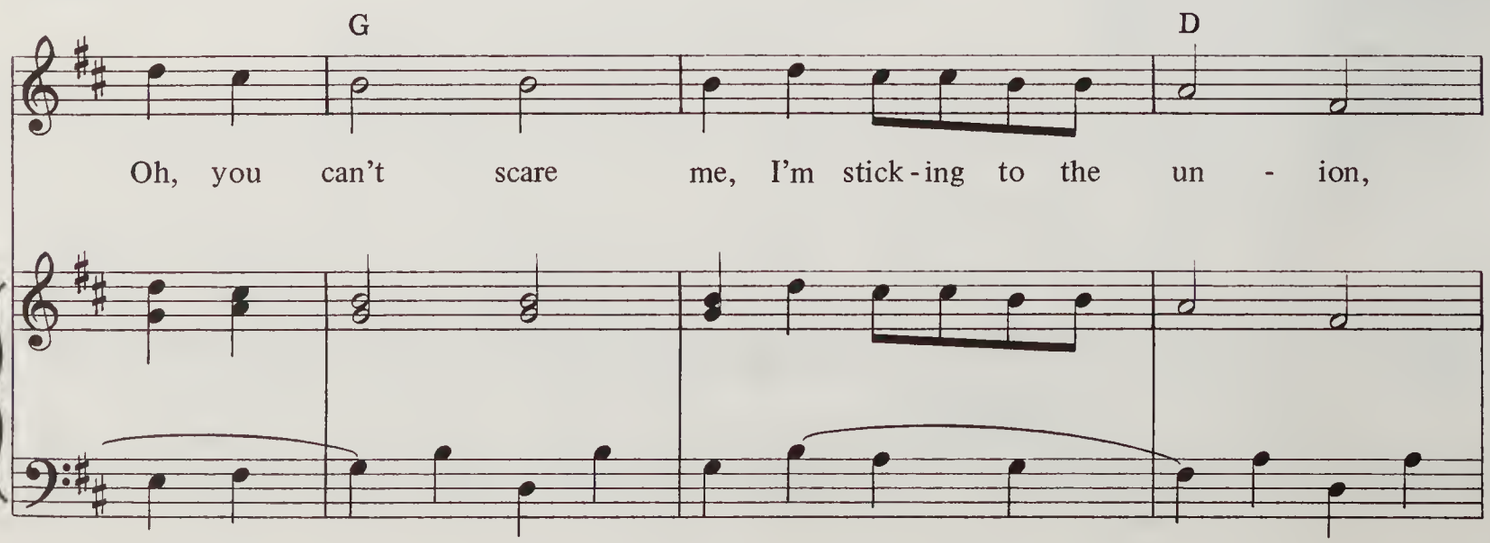
Lively and spirited

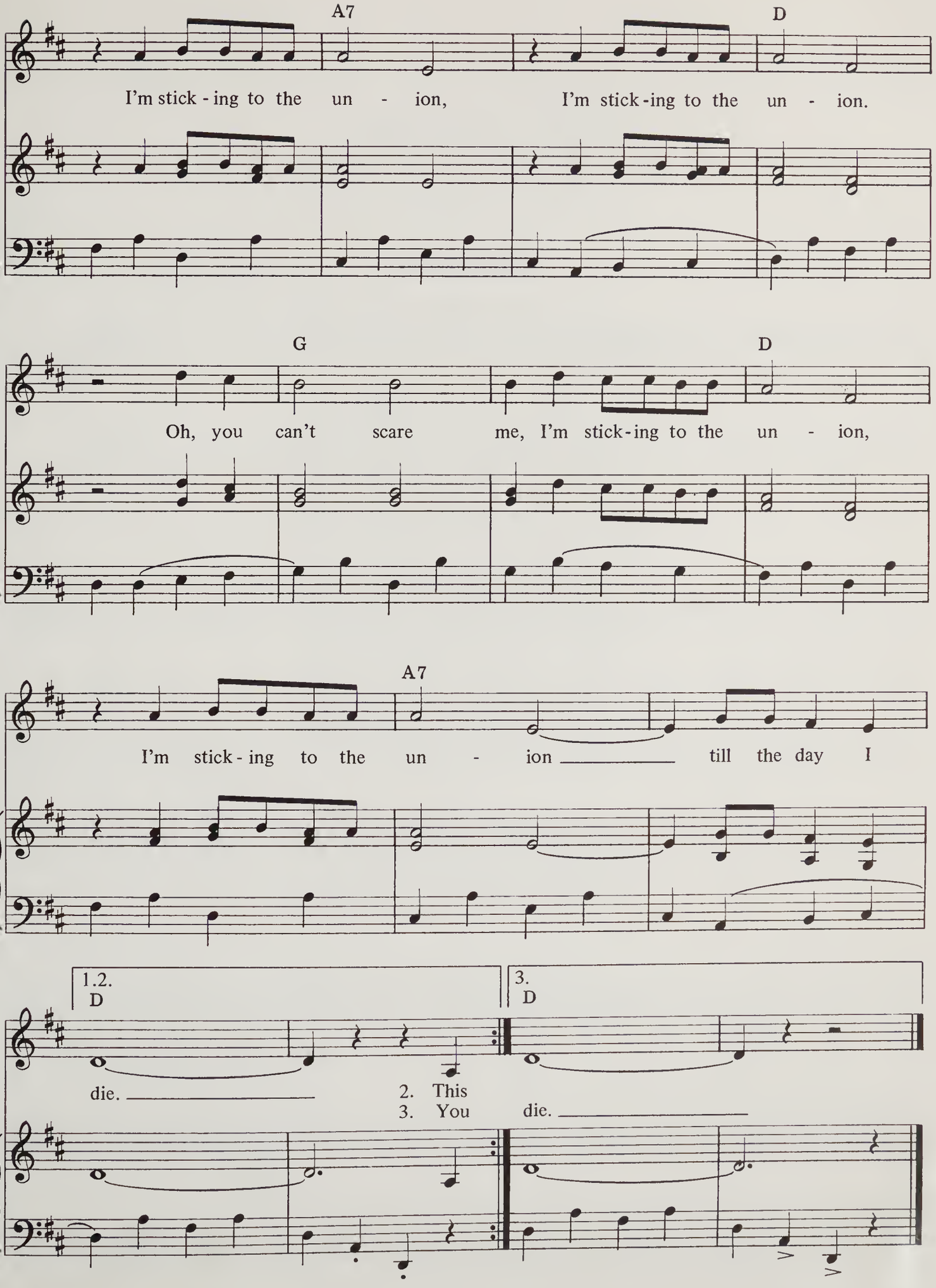



G
D
hall when a meet - ing it was called, And
way when she struck for high - er pay, She'd
hard when you've got a un - ion card, A


A7
D
Bm
E7
A7
D
when the com-pa - ny boys came 'round she al - ways stood her ground.
show her card to the com - pa - ny guard and this is what she'd say:
un - ion man has a hap - py life when he's got a un - ion wife.

Chorus:


G
D
Oh, you can't scare me, I'm stick - ing to the un - ion,


A7
D
I'm stick - ing to the un - ion, I'm stick-ing to the un - ion.
G
D
Oh, you can't scare me, I'm stick-ing to the un - ion,
A7
I'm stick - ing to the un - ion till the day I
1.2.
D
3.
D
die.
2. This
3. You die.

Union Maid

This song was made up in honor of Mrs. Merriweather. She's a woman that was stripped naked and beat up, and then hung to the rafters of the house till she was unconscious.

"Vaughn Ryles started doubling up the rope and told me to pull off all of my clothes. He said, 'Lay down across the chair. I want naked meat this morning.' I lay down across the chair and Ralph McGuire held my head for Ryles to beat me. He beat me about 20 minutes. He was beating me from the hips down. They beat me for about 15 minutes more. Then Vaughn Ryles put a loop in the rope and put the rope around my neck. One of them said, 'Let's carry her out to a damned limb somewhere.' Vaughn said, 'No, right here in the house will do.' Then he threw the rope over the rafters, and then he and Ralph McGuire drew me up about 2 feet from the floor. My sister-in-law said they kept me there for 15 or 20 minutes and then let me down. I was unconscious. She said I laid there about 10 minutes and got up."

Letters written to Roosevelt and others telling of how the poor Union Sharecroppers was being treated by the hired thugs of the landlord were opened by postmasters, and the dope was given to other thugs and killers who went out and beat and killed more Union Sharecroppers.

Jesus said something like this: "Woe unto ye rich in those days . . . it would be better that you had never been born."

Vigilante Man

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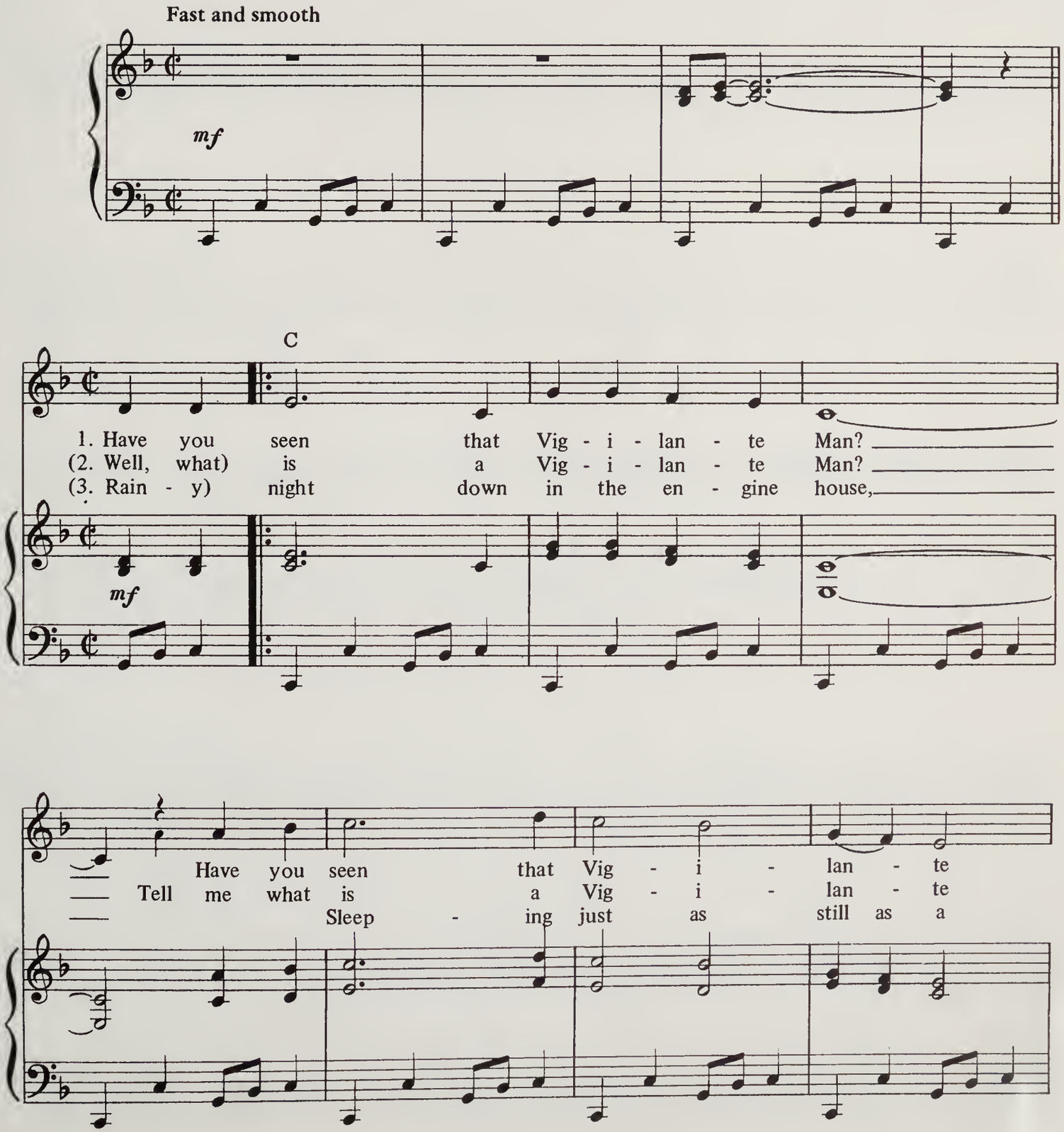
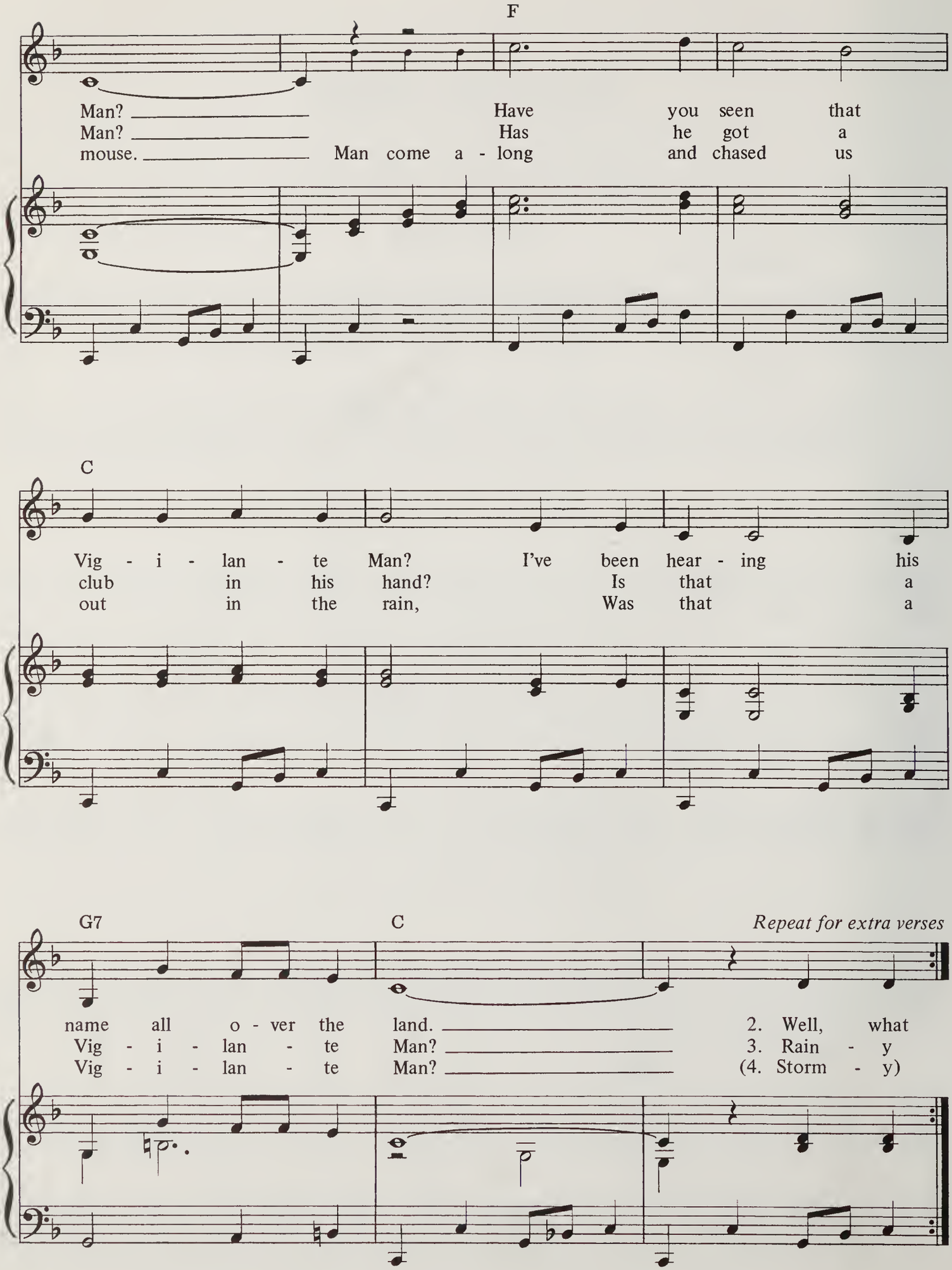
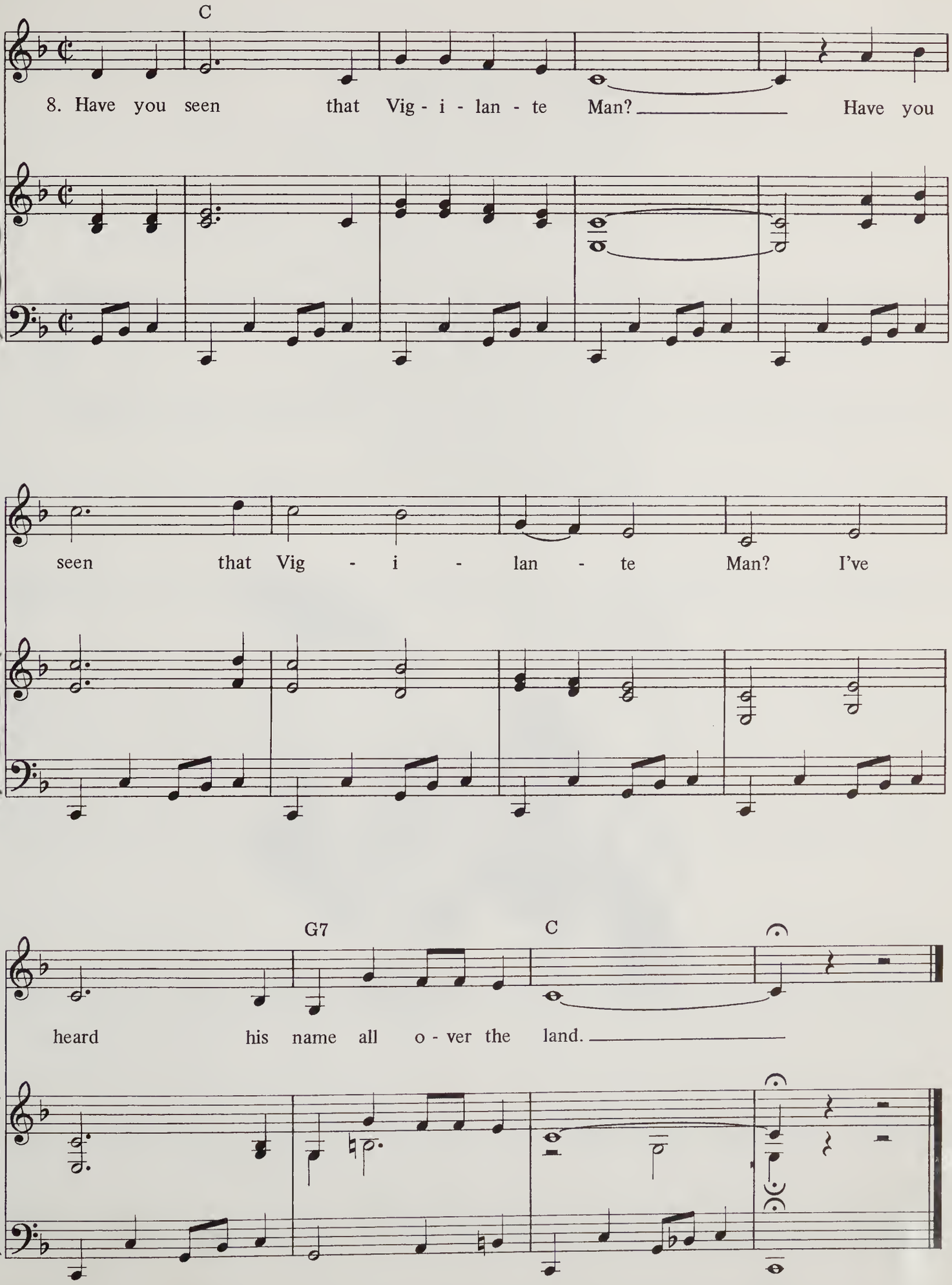



F
Man? Have you seen that
Man? Has he got a
mouse. Man come a - long and chased us
C
Vig - i - lan - te Man? I've been hear - ing his
club in his hand? Is that a
out in the rain, Was that a
G7
C
Repeat for extra verses
name all o - ver the land.
Vig - i - lan - te Man?
Vig - i - lan - te Man?
2. Well, what
3. Rain - y
(4. Storm - y)

Last verse:


C
8. Have you seen that Vig - i - lan - te Man? Have you
seen that Vig - i - lan - te Man? I've
G7
C
heard his name all o - ver the land.

Vigilante Man (*continued*)

4. Stormy days we'd pass the time away
   Sleeping in some good warm place
   A cop come along and we give him a little race,
   Say, was that a vigilante man?

5. Preacher Casey was just a working man,
   And he said, unite all us working men,
   They killed him in the river, some strange man,
   Was that your vigilante man?

6. Oh, why does a vigilante man
   Oh, why does a vigilante man
   Carry that sawed off shotgun in his hand?
   Would he shoot his brother and sister down?

7. I rambled around from town to town
   I rambled around from town to town
   And they herded us around like a wild herd of cattle
   Was that your vigilante man?

Why Oh Why

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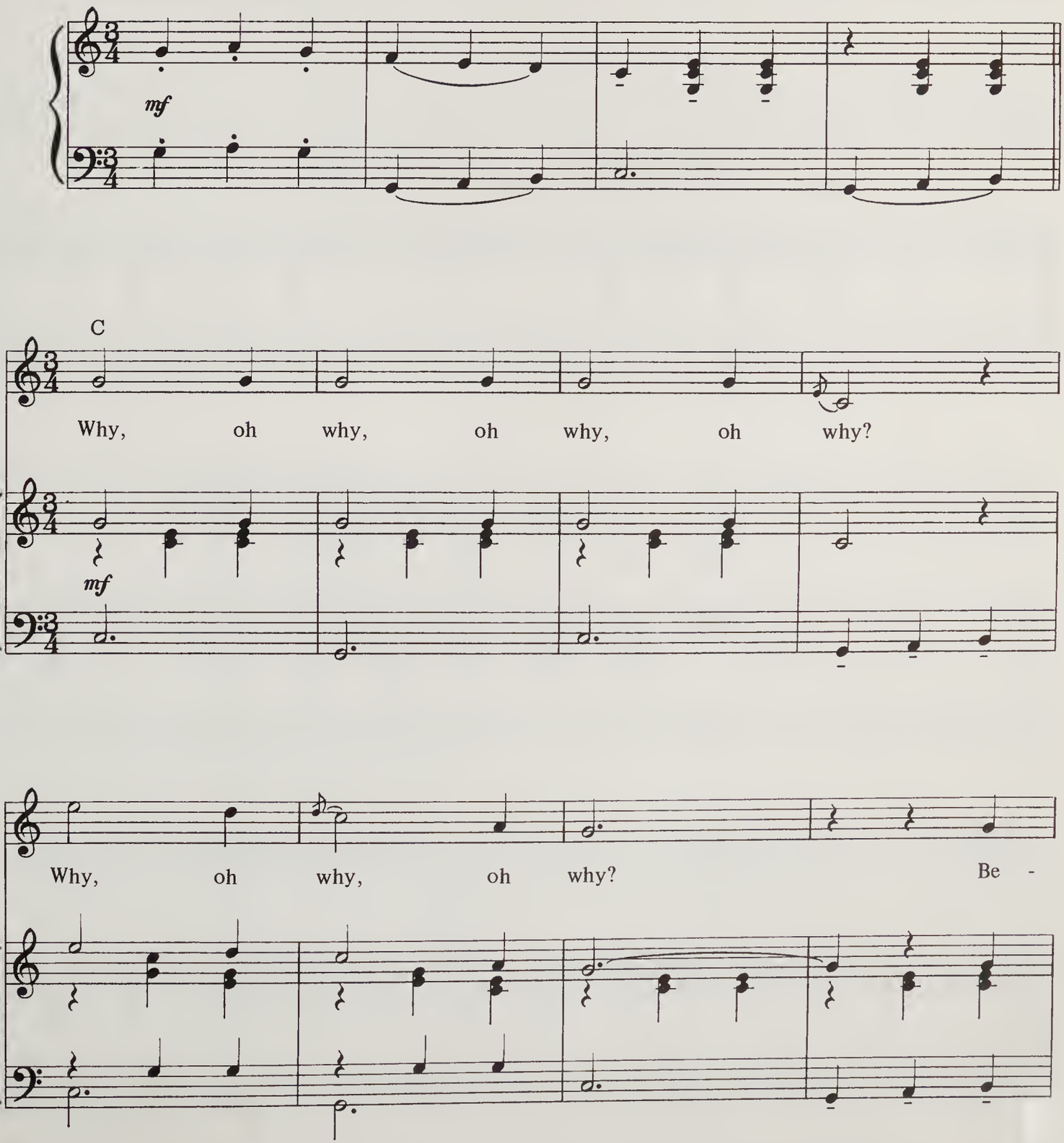
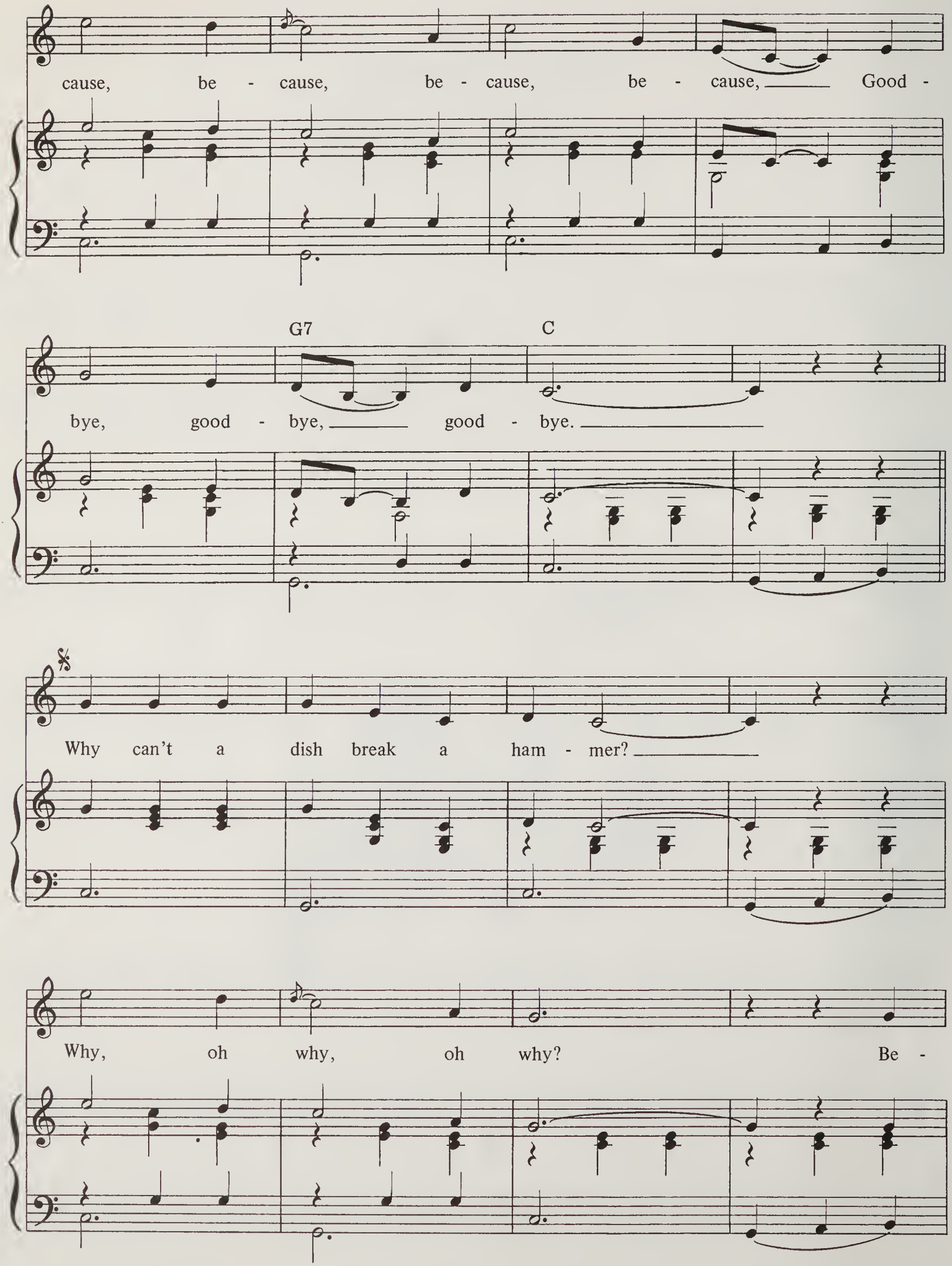
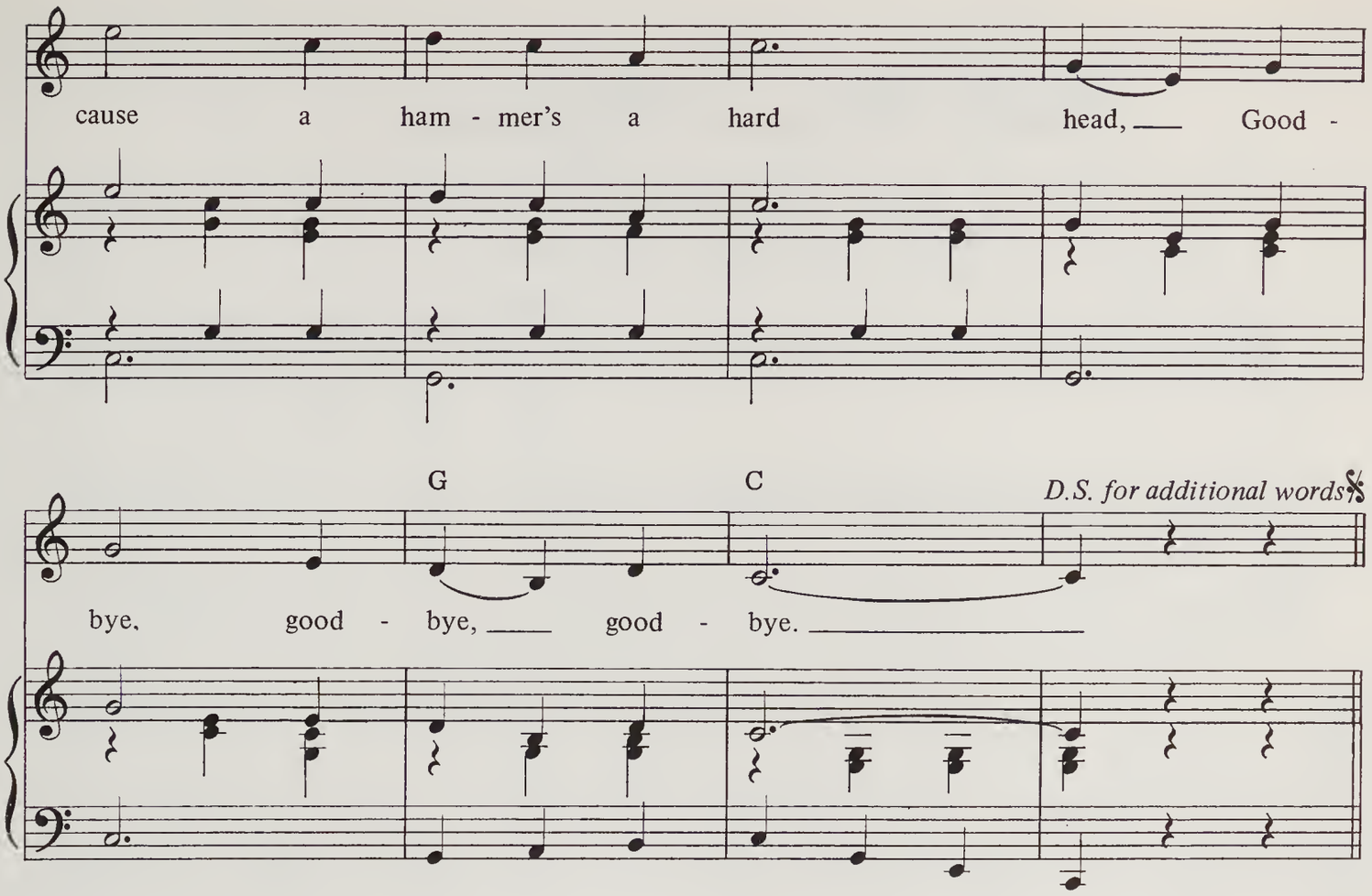
Moderately, with a lilt




cause, be - cause, be - cause, be - cause, Good -
G7
C
bye, good - bye, good - bye.
Why can't a dish break a ham - mer?
Why, oh why, oh why? Be -



2. Why can't a bird eat an elephant?
   Why, oh why, oh why?
   Because an elephant's got a pretty hard skin,
   Goodbye, goodbye, goodbye.

3. Why can't a mouse eat a street car?
   Why, oh why, oh why?
   Because a mouse's stomach ain't big enough to hold no street car,
   Goodbye, goodbye, goodbye.

4. Why does a horn make music?
   Why, oh why, oh why?
   Because the horn-blower blows it,
   Goodbye, goodbye, goodbye.

5. Why does a cow drink water?
   Why, oh why, oh why?
   Because a (spoken fast) cow gets thirsty just like you or me or anybody else.

6. Why don't you fly up toward the moon?
   (very fast) Because then I'll never be able to get back down, back home again,
   and see everybody again,
   might not get back home, never again,
   aaaaah,

7. Why don't you answer my questions?
   Because I don't know the answers.

Willy Rogers Highway

Words and Music by Woody Guthrie

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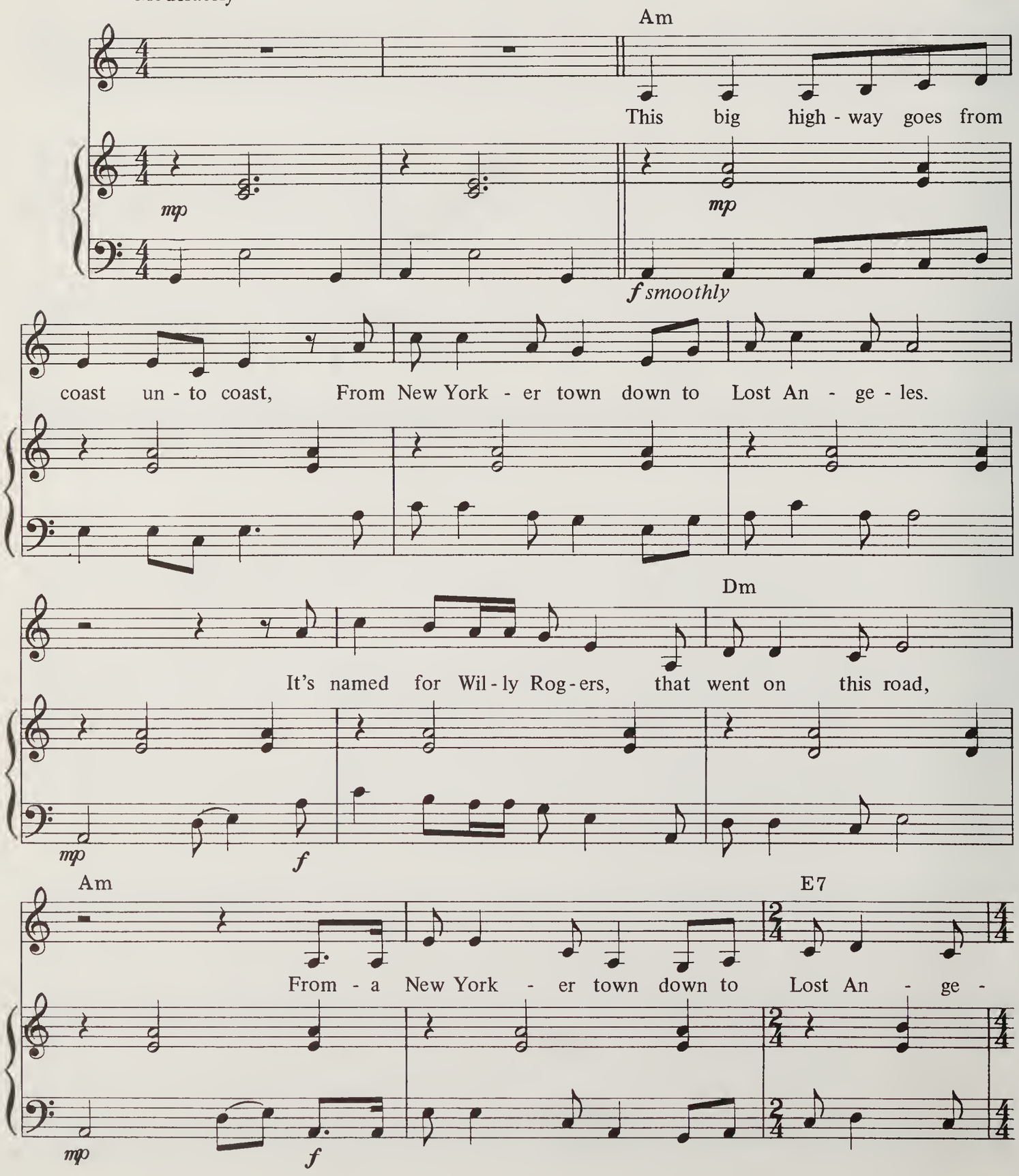
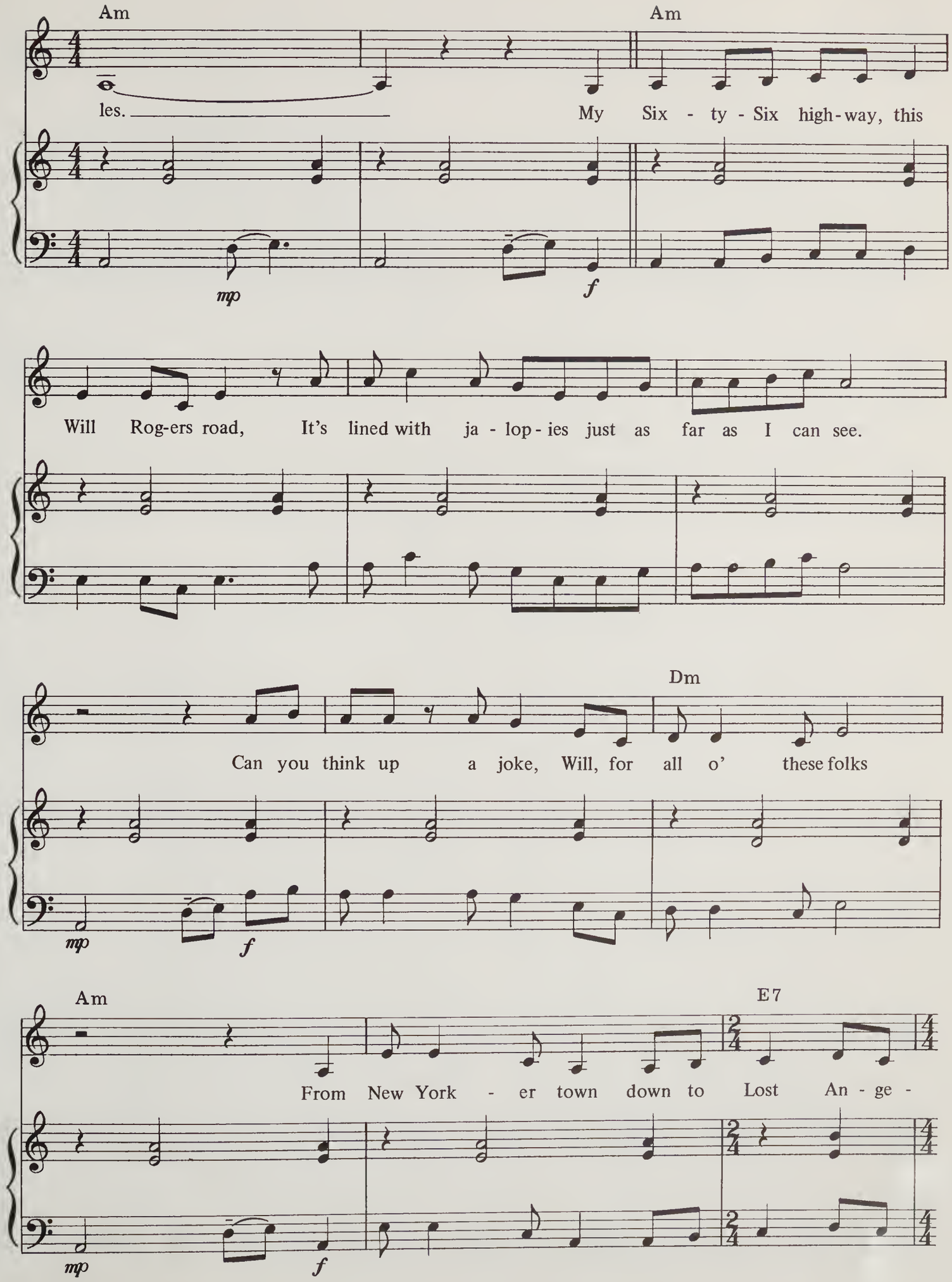
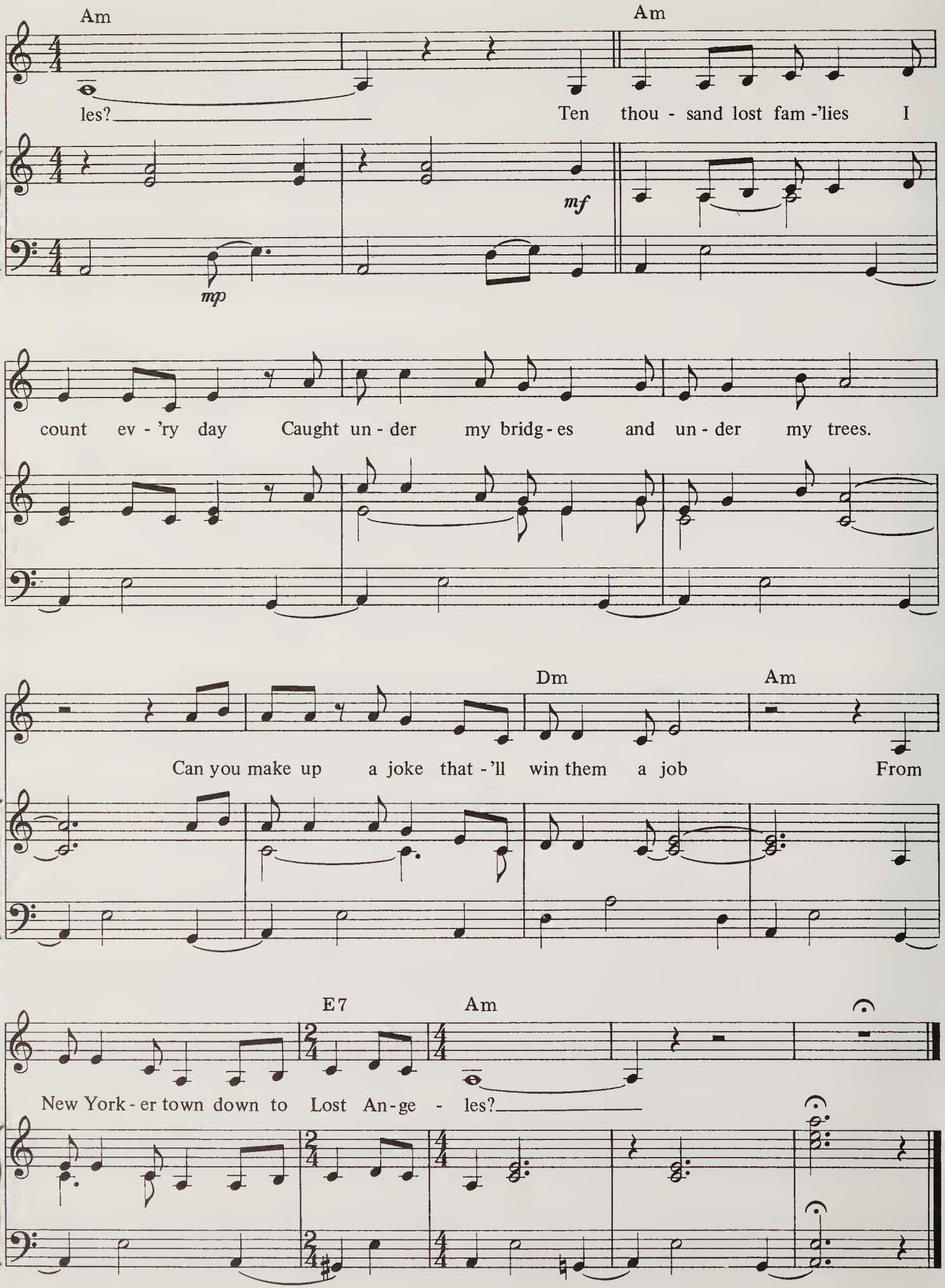



Am
Am
les.
My Six - ty - Six high-way, this
mp
f
Will Rog-ers road, It's lined with ja - lop - ies just as far as I can see.
Dm
Can you think up a joke, Will, for all o' these folks
mp
f
Am
E7
From New York - er town down to Lost An - ge -
mp
f


Am
Am
les?
Ten thou - sand lost fam -'lies I
mf
mp
count ev - 'ry day Caught un - der my bridg - es and un - der my trees.
Dm
Am
Can you make up a joke that -'ll win them a job From
E7
Am
New York - er town down to Lost An - ge - les?

Willy Rogers Highway (*continued*)

2. I love Willy Rogers, I love your big smile,
   I go to my showhouse, Will Rogers to see.
   Can you grin up a tale that'll feed my folks
   Stranded twixt New Yorker town and Lost Angelese.

3. This Will Rogers highroad I hitched lots o' times
   All day long you sizzle, all night long you freeze.
   Did you tickle Hoover enough to build us all a house
   From New Yorker town down to Lost Angelese?

4. Willy Rogers got born down around Oolagah,
   In my great Indian nation of the Cherokee
   My Indians all call this the Hungry Gut Highway
   From New Yorker town down towards Lost Angelese.

5. I bummed this good road with folks you call coons
   And your high families called us the lost refugees.
   You have to go back, Will, and tickle them again
   From New Yorker town down to Lost Angelese.

Willy Rogers Highway

Will Rogers at times acted as a true spokesman for the people who were hard hit not only in the Dust Bowl, nor the Mid West, but all over the world. He used the power of good humor and wit to win his own way to fame and fortune the world over. There are dozens of songs like this about Will Rogers and more, the things he stood for, and in lots of cases those songs turn into a kind of humor and wit that is a lot deadlier, when the time comes, to use it, than most so-called serious songs or speeches.

When you crank up the motor of your mind and travel around and look and think you'll find out it's really a big race.

If you give the average working man an even break he'll break even. And if you try to keep the working folks broke they'll break you.

To be lonesome is one of the first mistakes you can make and lots of fellers make a business out of it and claim that it's a good thing. No, it's a bad one. What would the world be like if everybody believed in not having anything to do with one another? It would really be a lonesome joint, wouldn't it?

But you learn how not to be lonesome by being lonesome. You learn how to cure it by having it. I suffered with it a mighty long time. It can come around several different ways. One is to be so interested in what you are a-doing that you forget what other folks are a-doing. Always take a part in what other people are a-working on and you'll never be plumb lonesome. Because men like women that do this and women like men that do this and where men like women and women like men it just don't leave no room for nobody to be lonesome. The main trouble with the rich folks is they're so lonesome. They get married and divorced so fast that even the lying newspapers cain't keep track of them and the reason why they get that-a-way is because they're lonesome and the mainest reason why they're lonesome is because amongst the rich folks it's every man for his self—in spite of their big clubs and organizations it's still every man for his self—that's the religion they believe in and it will cause them a lot of trouble, and not only cause them trouble but will really make times so hard that the poor folks will get together and take things over. It won't be because the rich folks are lonesome that they'll lose out but because they think too much of their own self and not enough about what other folks want to do."

You Gotta Go Down and Join the Union

Words and New Music Adaptation by Woody Guthrie

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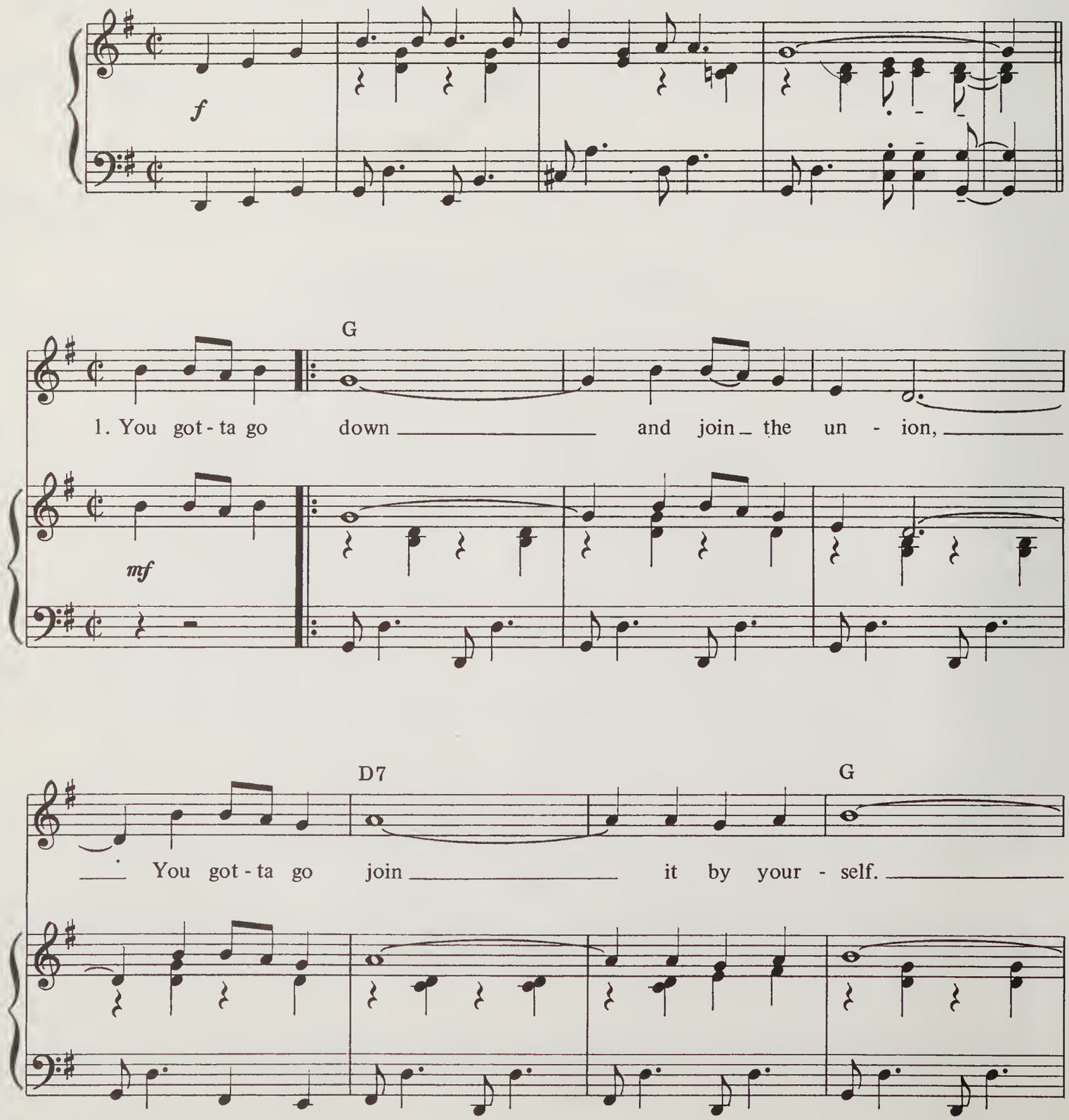
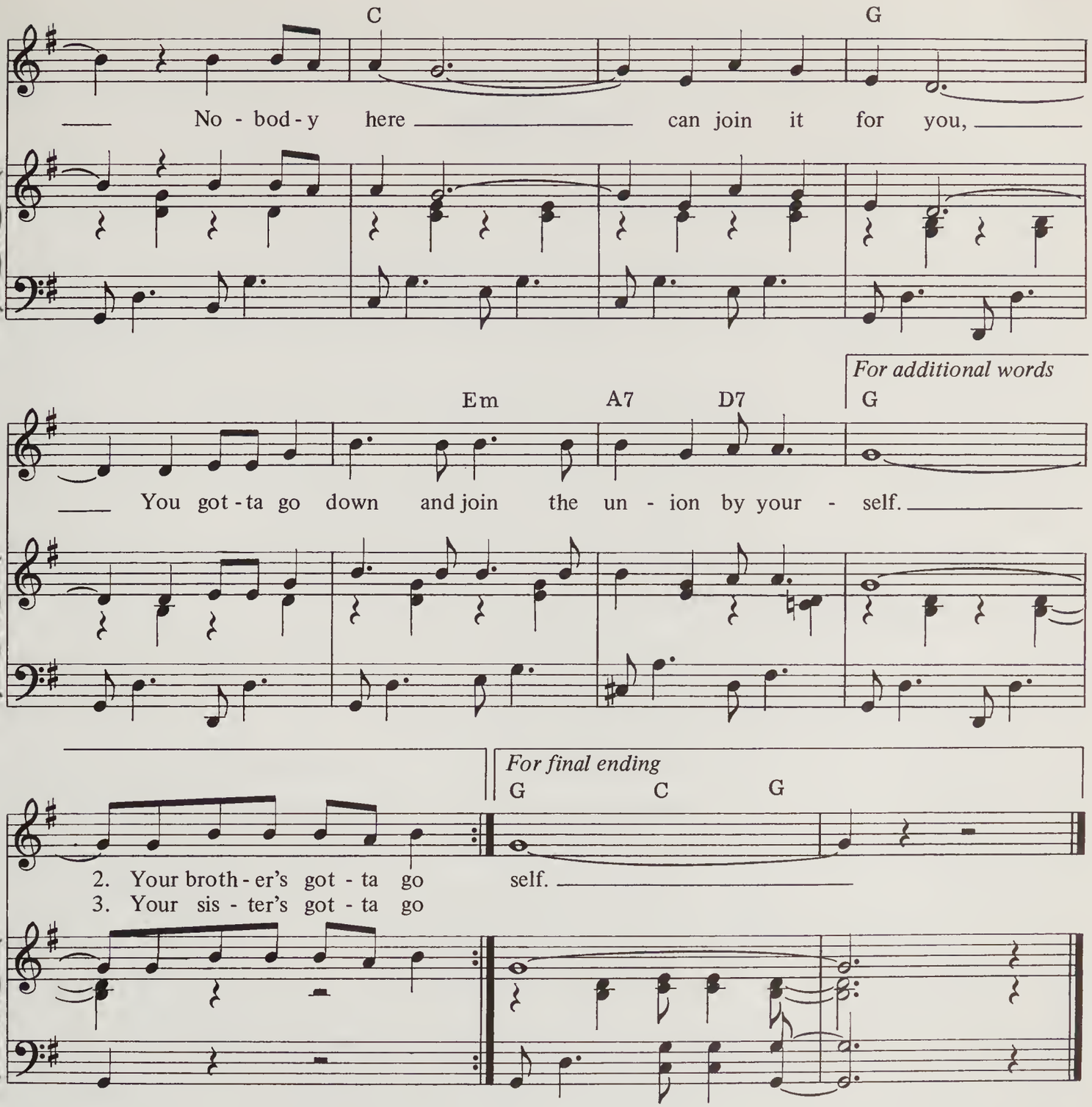
Jaunty and confident





4. I'm gonna go down and join the union, (etc.)

5. And when the road gets rough and rocky,
   and the hills get steep and high
   We can sing as we go marching
   And we'll win our big union by and by.

6. Repeat first verse.

Song Index

TITLE	PAGE	FIRST LINE
Belle Starr	53	Your Cherokee lover, Blue Duck was his name
Better World	56	There's a better world a coming, I'll tell you why, why, why
Biggest Thing That Man Has Ever Done	59	I'm just a lonesome traveler, the Great Historical Bum
Buffalo Skinners	62	Come all you old-time cowboys and listen to my song
Dead or Alive	66	Dead or alive, it's a hard road
Dear Mrs. Roosevelt	70	Dear Missis Roosevelt, don't hang your head to cry
Deportee	72	The crops are all in and the peaches are rott'ning
Dirty Overhalls	75	Well, the guns of war have roared and the bombs and shells have fallen
Don't You Push Me Down	78	Don't you push me, push me, push me
Do Re Mi	81	Lots of folks back east, they say, leavin' home ev'ry day
Dust Bowl Refugee	86	I'm a dustbowl refugee
Dust Can't Kill Me	89	That old dust storm killed my baby
Dust Storm Disaster	92	On the fourteenth day of April—Of nineteen thirty-five
The Dying Miner	95	It happened an hour ago—Way down in this tunnel of coal
East Texas Red	98	Down in the scrub oak timber of the Southeast Texas Gulf
End of My Line	101	'Long about nineteen thirty–one, My field burnt up in the boiling sun.
Going Down the Road	104	I'm blowin' down this old dusty road
Goodnight Little Arlo	106	Good night, little Arlo, good night
The Grand Coulee Dam	109	Well, the world has seven wonders that the trav'lers always tell
Gypsy Davy	112	It was late last night when my boss come home
Hangknot, Slipknot	115	Did you ever see a hangman tie a slipknot?
Hanuka Dance	119	It's tick tack toe, happy Hanuky, 'Round you go
Hard, Ain't It Hard	123	First time I seen my true love, He was a-walkin' by my door
Hard Travelin'	132	I've been having some hard traveling, I thought you knowed
How-Di-Do	135	You stick out your little hand at ev'ry woman, kid and man
I Ain't Got No Home	137	I ain't got no home, I'm just a-roamin' 'round
I'm Living in Coney Island till I Die	140	I'm a-livin' in Coney Island till I die (till I die)
I've Got to Know	144	I've got to know, yes, I've got to know, friend
Jackhammer Blues	147	I've got those jackhammer blues, I've been trippin' on a hard rock pile
Jackhammer John	150	Jackhammer John was a jackhammer man

Jesus Christ	153	Jesus Christ was a man who traveled thru the land
Ladies Auxiliary	157	Oh, the Ladies Auxiliary, It's a good Auxiliary
Mail Myself to You	160	I'm a-gonna wrap myself in paper
My Daddy	162	A curly headed kid with a sunshiny smile
New Found Land	166	Well, I just got up to my new found land
New York Town	169	I was standing down in New York town one day
1913 Massacre	174	Take a trip with me in nineteen thirteen
Oklahoma Hills	177	Many months have come and gone since I wandered from my home
Pastures of Plenty	181	It's a mighty hard row that my poor hands have hoed
Philadelphia Lawyer	183	Way out in Reno, Nevada, Where romance blooms and fades
Pretty Boy Floyd	186	If you'll gather round me children, A story I will tell
Ramblin' 'Round	188	Ramblin' around your city, Ramblin' around your town
The Ranger's Command	191	Come all of you cowboys all over this land
Riding in My Car	193	Take me riding in the car, car
Roll On, Columbia	196	Roll on, Columbia, roll on
Sally Don't You Grieve	199	I just got my army call
The Sinking of the Reuben James	204	Have you heard of a ship called the good Reuben James?
So Long It's Been Good to Know Yuh	208	I've sung this song, but I'll sing it again
Taking It Easy	212	Well, I bought me a paper 'cause I wanted to know
Talking Columbia	215	I was down 'long the river, just settin' on a rock
Talking Dust Bowl	218	Back in nineteen twenty-seven I had a little farm and I called that heaven
Talking Sailor	221	In bed with my woman just a-singing the blues
This Land Is Your Land	223	This land is your land
This Train Is Bound for Glory	226	This train is bound for glory, this train
Tom Joad	229	Tom Joad got out of the Old McAlester Pen
Union Maid	233	There once was a union maid who never was afraid
Vigilante Man	237	Have you seen that Vigilante Man?
Why Oh Why	241	Why, oh why, oh why, oh why?
Willy Rogers Highway	244	This big highway goes from coast unto coast
You Gotta Go Down and Join the Union	248	You gotta go down and join the union

Recordings Made by Woody

American Folksay Ballads and Dances. Asch Records, A432; 10'', 78 rpm. Performances by Bess Lomax, Baldwin Hawes, Peter Seeger, Sonny Terry, Alex, Cisco Houston, Woody Guthrie, Josh White, Leadbelly.

Bound for Glory. Folkways Records, FP 78–1, 1956; 12″, 33⅓ rpm. Songs and story by Woody Guthrie, edited by Millard Lampell. Autobiographical selections read by Will Geer; musical selections with guitar accompaniment composed and played by Woody Guthrie.

Chain Gang. Stinson Records, SLP–7, SLP–9; 2 discs, 10″, 33⅓ rpm. Performances by Woody Guthrie, Sonny Terry, Alek Stewart.

Early Leadbelly, 1935–1940. Biograph Records, BLP 12013 (Blues re-issue series), 1969; 12″, 33⅓ rpm, stereophonic. Sung by Leadbelly; narrated by Woody Guthrie.

The Greatest Songs of Woody Guthrie. Vanguard Records, VSD 35–36, 1972; 2 discs, 12″, 33⅓ rpm, stereophonic. Performances by Woody Guthrie, Joan Baez, The Baby Sitters, Country Joe McDonald, Jack Elliott, Cisco Houston, Odetta, The Weavers.

Immortal Woody Guthrie. Olympic Records, OL 7101 (E) (Gold Medal collection), 1973; 12″, 33⅓ rpm, stereophonic, electronically re-recorded to simulate stereophonic sound. Performances by Woody Guthrie with assisting artists.

The Legendary Woody Guthrie—In Memoriam. Tradition Records, 2058 (''An Everest Records Production''), 1967; 12″, 33⅓ rpm, stereophonic. Taken from recordings originally released on 78 rpm discs.

Poor Boy. Folkways Records, FTS 31010, 1968; 12″, 33⅓ rpm, stereophonic. Previously issued under title *Bed on the Floor*.

Songs to Grow On. Folkways Records, FP 5, FP 20, 1951; 2 discs, 10″, 33⅓ rpm. Volume 1: ''Nursery Songs,'' composed and sung by Woody Guthrie; Volume 2: ''School Days,'' a collection of American folk songs for children, sung by Pete Seeger and others.

Talking Dust Bowl; Dust Bowl Ballads. Folkways Records, FP 11, 1950; 10″, 33⅓ rpm. Composed and sung by Woody Guthrie accompanying himself on guitar and mouth organ.

Woody Guthrie Sings Folk Songs. Folkways Records, FA 2483, 1962; 12″, 33⅓ rpm. Assisted by Leadbelly, Cisco Houston, Sonny Terry, Bess Hawes.

Recordings of Woody's Songs, Sung by Woody's Friends

Children's Songs. Folkways Records, FC 7503, 1974; 12″, 33⅓ rpm. Performed by Logan English.

Cisco Houston Sings Songs of Woody Guthrie. Vanguard Records, VRS 9089, 1961; 12″, 33⅓ rpm.

Pete Seeger Sings Woody Guthrie. Folkways Records, FTS 31002, 1968; 12″, 33⅓ rpm, stereophonic.

Thinking of Woody. Vanguard Records, VSD 6546, 1969; 12″, 33⅓ rpm, stereophonic. Performed by Country Joe McDonald.

A Tribute to Woody Guthrie, Part 1. Columbia Records, KC 31171, 1972; 12″, 33⅓ rpm. Performances by Judy Collins, Bob Dylan, Arlo Guthrie, Richie Havens, Odetta, Tom Paxton, Pete Seeger; narration by Will Geer and Robert Ryan.

A Tribute to Woody Guthrie, Part 2. Warner Brothers Records, BS 2586, 1972; 12″, 33⅓ rpm, stereophonic. Highlights from concerts at Carnegie Hall, January 20, 1968, and the Hollywood Bowl, September 12, 1970. Performances by Joan Baez, Judy Collins, Jack Elliott, Richie Havens, Odetta, Arlo Guthrie, Country Joe McDonald, Tom Paxton, Earl Robinson, Pete Seeger; narration by Peter Fonda, Will Geer and Robert Ryan.

Books and Magazine Articles by or about Woody

"Autobiography of Woody Guthrie." R. Gilman. *The New Republic* 159 (October 5, 1968), pp. 19–21.

Born to Win. Woody Guthrie. Edited by Robert Sheldon. New York: Macmillan Inc., 1965.

Bound for Glory. Woody Guthrie. New York: E.P. Dutton & Co., Inc., 1943, renewal © 1968.

"Bringing It Together." *Time* 99 (April 10, 1972), p. 86.

"Hootenanny." *Time* 47 (April 15, 1946), pp. 71–73.

"It's Been Good to Know Him." Nat Hentoff. *The Reporter* 32 (January 14, 1965), pp. 48–49.

"Marjorie Guthrie's Fight against Her Husband's Killer." W. Cole. *Good Housekeeping* 176 (March 1973), p. 64.

A Mighty Hard Road: The Life of Woody Guthrie. Henrietta Yurchenco. New York: McGraw-Hill Inc., 1970.

"Notes and Comment." *The New Yorker* 43 (February 3, 1968), p. 21.

"Portrait." *Saturday Review of Literature* 26 (April 17, 1943), p. 14.

"So Long, Woody, It's Been Good to Know Ya." Pete Seeger. *Life* 63 (November 10, 1967), p. 8.

"Tribute." *The New Yorker* 47 (January 29, 1972), pp. 30–31.

"Woody Guthrie: Father of the Folk Singers." J. Reddy. *Reader's Digest* 92 (June 1968), p. 229.

"Woody Guthrie, Songwriter." Pete Seeger. (Excerpt from *The Incomplete Folksinger*. Edited by J. Schwartz.) *Ramparts* 7 (November 30, 1968), pp. 28–33.

Woody Sez. Woody Guthrie and Woody Guthrie Publications. New York: Grosset & Dunlap, Inc., 1975.

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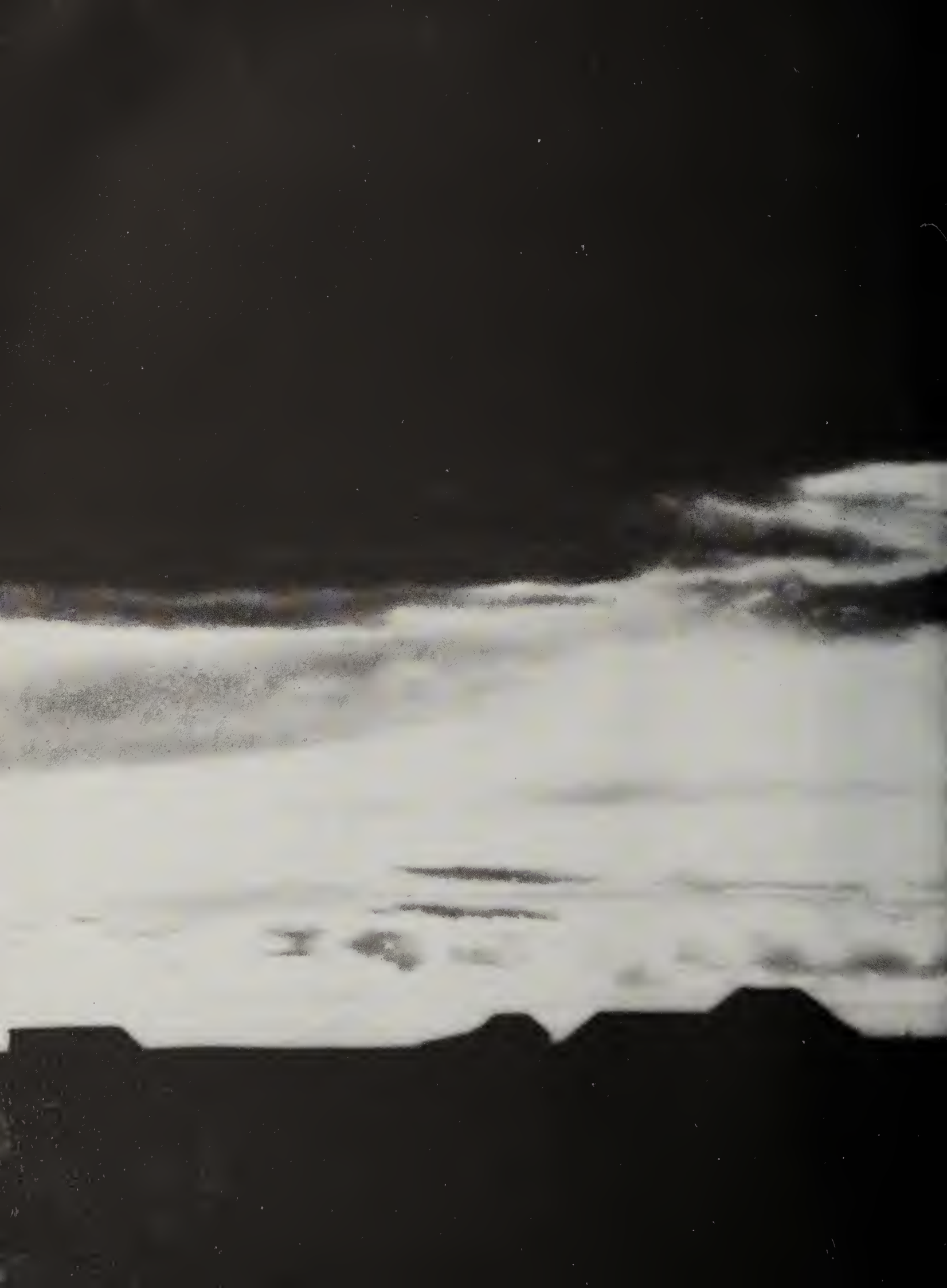

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The Woody Guthrie Songbook

"Woody's musical training came from songs he heard as a kid. Songs about the people who lived before him. Songs about outlaws and lovers and about everything else that was going down when they were written."

Arlo Guthrie
It's a Mighty Hard Road

"Here's to Cisco and to Sonny and to Leadbelly too
And to all the good people that travelled with you.
Here's to the hearts and hands of the men
That came with the dust and are gone with the wind."

Bob Dylan
from "Song to Woody"

"Woody is right beside me, strumming along. I know his songs will go on travelling around the world and will be translated into many languages during the coming century, and will be sung by many people who never heard his name."

Pete Seeger
The Incompleat Folksinger

"That's the astonishing thing about Woody, how prolific he was. He'd write a new ballad every hour or two. He wrote constantly all day long and for the thousands of ballads we have, there's literally hundreds of thousands we don't have."

Will Geer
The Woody Guthrie Songbook

"Woody Guthrie, our own made-in-America product, ranks with Scotland's Robert Burns, with the American Negroes' Huddie Ledbetter and Bill Broonzy, and with the famous Shakespeare himself, as one of a handful of the world's greatest all-time balladeers."

Studs Terkel
"Last of the Great Balladeers"
Climax

"Woody Guthrie was an inspiration to all of us who knew his music and the very deep struggle that he went through in his life to remain always aware of his fellow human beings; his writing of the hopes and the anguishes and the joys of Americans has given us all courage to live and to make music in the face of adversity, struggle, and in rare times of calm."

Judy Collins
January 21, 1976

"All you can write is what you see."

Woody Guthrie
February 23, 1940

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